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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE

VOLUME III.

The Cour de France Edition

LIMITED TO TWELVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NUMBERED SETS, OF WHICH THIS IS

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Louis XIV.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE

ON

ANNE OF AUSTRIA AND HER COURT.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

C.–A. SAINTE–BEUVE.

Translated by

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE ORIGINAL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.

I.

1651.

When Cardinal Mazarin fully comprehended the angry temper of the princes towards him and had learned the exact state in which the queen then was, he resolved, seeing that his affairs were going from bad to worse, to make his way toward the frontier of Picardy, attended by a hundred horsemen. His friends and those belonging to him made up this cavalcade. He met with no annoyance except at Abbeville, where they refused him entrance; but he was received at Dourlens by de Bar, who was governor, and on his side. He stayed for some time in that place, intending to wait for news of what was happening in Paris. It was bad; the mutterings against the queen were so many that she was constrained to send Beringhen and Ruvigny to beg him to go farther away; which he did, after refusing reiterated offers from the governors of places on the frontier, who were more faithful to him than his friends at Court.

He wrote the queen a letter, which was read before the council and thought fine enough to be publicly praised. Here is a copy taken from the original: —

"MADAME,—As soon as I saw in the letter that your Majesty has done me the honour to write to me, and perceived by what M. de Ruvigny added to it, that the king's service and yours required that my retirement from Court should be followed by my departure from the kingdom, I assented very respectfully to your Majesty's decision, the commands and laws of which will ever be the sole rule of my life. I have already despatched a gentleman to seek an asylum for me; and though I am without suitable attendance and denuded of everything necessary for a long journey, I start, without fail, to-morrow morning to go direct to Sedan, and from there I shall continue on to whatever place may be obtained for my residence. I am too much bound to defer to the wishes of your Majesty to hesitate the least in the world in taking this resolution.

"It is not, madame, that many others in my place, with the justice and the number of friends that I possess, would not have found means to shelter themselves from the persecutions I endure; on which I will not think, preferring to satisfy the passion of my enemies rather than do aught that might be prejudicial to the State, or displeasing to your Majesty.

"Although on this occasion they have had the power to prevent his Royal Highness from following the instincts of his natural kindness, they have not failed to show him, against their will, that they had a very good opinion of my fidelity and zeal for the good of the State and my entire resignation to the orders of your Majesty. For, unless they were wholly convinced that I am immovable in those sentiments, they would not have had so little prudence as to push me with such violence without reflecting on the knowledge I must have of the secret and most important affairs of the kingdom (having managed them so long) or on

the friends that my services and your Majesty's good-will have obtained for me, and who are considerable, in numbers, rank, and the ardour they have shown for me in this crisis.

"But I have too great a sense, madame, of the favours I have received from your Majesty to be capable of doing aught to displease you; and if I must need sacrifice my life I will do it with pleasure to give you satisfaction. I shall have much in the midst of my misfortunes if your Majesty will have the goodness to retain some recollection of the services I have rendered to the State since the late king, of glorious memory, did me the honour to intrust me with the principal management of his affairs, and to request your Majesty, several times before his death, to maintain me in the same office.

"I have fulfilled that employment with the fidelity, zeal, and disinterestedness of which your Majesty is aware, and (if it becomes me to say so) with some success, inasmuch as all persons of sense, and even the Spaniards, admit that they were less astonished at the great conquests of our armies during the first five years of your regency than they have been to see that during the last three we have been able to sustain under assaults and save from wreck the vessel battered on all sides and furiously shaken by the storms that domestic differences have raised.

"I could have wished, madame, to hide from foreigners the bad treatment I have received, and so prevent the blame of it from recoiling upon a nation I have always honoured and cherished tenderly; but when they see me wandering among them with the persons who are nearest to me in search of shelter, they will have some reason to be astonished that a cardinal, who had the honour to be sponsor to the king, should be treated in such a manner, and that twenty-two years of faithful service should not have won for him a

safe retreat in some portion of the kingdom, the limits of which have been so notably extended by his efforts.

"I pray God, madame, that inasmuch as what has now happened to me can never change the inviolable passion I shall preserve till death for the prosperity of your Majesties and the grandeur of the State, it may conduce to the speedy cessation of disorders, and thus show that those who have attacked me were against my person only."

From Dourlens Cardinal Mazarin went to Germany, and his longest residence was at Bruhl, a town in the electorate of Cologne. Great honours were shown to him in all the lands of the King of Spain. It is to be believed that foreigners were friendly to him because the persecution done to him was to their advantage.

The queen having appeared to abandon Cardinal Mazarin to parliament, that body resolved to draw up a declaration against him such as the Assembly desired. In this declaration it was proposed that all cardinals, French or foreign, should be excluded from the government; and it was thought that the Duc de Beaufort, being then dissatisfied with the coadjutor, because on two or three occasions he had concealed from him the inward mystery of their negotiations, had inserted this clause as a vengeance upon him. The reason given was that cardinals, both French and foreign, swore fidelity to the pope. The exclusion had been proposed on certain occasions, but never decided; but parliament now in forbidding the return of Cardinal Mazarin excluded from the ministry all those in the position of the coadjutor, whose great passion was to become both cardinal and prime minister.

The queen, thinking to thwart that ambitious man, was delighted at what parliament was doing on this occasion, and

offered cordially to send them the declaration in that very form. The chief-president sent her word that if she would hold firm on that point he would support it and serve her in every possible way. The coadjutor, however, made so many intrigues and worked so successfully that the clergy opposed it.

That body, in which there is, to say the least, in certain individuals as much ambition as piety, and more desire for the honours of earth than for the glories of heaven, assembled to complain of the wrong done them by this proposed exclusion from the ministry. They deputed the Archbishop of Embrun to see the queen and entreat her not to send that declaration to parliament, because it took from her the liberty of using such of their profession whose merits and capacity had heretofore given to our kings very able ministers. The Duc d'Orléans also opposed it and the contest lasted a long time; but finally, as I shall relate elsewhere, the declaration had no effect on French cardinals, although the chief-president made great efforts to maintain it as it was, in order to thwart the coadjutor and to keep his promise to the queen.

The queen gave the declaration the princes demanded and in terms very honourable to them. She recognized their innocence, and declared that she gave them their liberty at the prayer of France, and restored to them the possession of all their property and all their dignities. She also annulled the declarations which had been made against Madame de Longueville, the Vicomte de Turenne, and all others of their party, and restored them to their first estate.

Beringhen, who had gone with Ruvigny by order of the queen to see the cardinal, returned on the first of March. He told us he found him in the greatest need; he was encumbered with his nephew and nieces, and had neither

household nor money, and he felt great pity for him. As the cardinal now feared everything, and no longer despised any one, Beringhen told me that he spoke of me as if desiring that I would be his friend; but I was not clever enough, or sufficiently attentive to my interests, to profit by his good moments.

Madame de Longueville, vindicated and triumphant, thought of nothing now but of getting back to Paris and excusing herself to the Spaniards, with whom she had made a treaty. They had begged her, seeing the state of affairs in France, to remember that she had pledged herself not to separate from them until the general peace was signed. But she now sent them word that she wished to go to Paris to work for that peace, and if, after making every effort to succeed they were not satisfied, she promised to return to Stenay in order to completely fulfil her promise. She sent Sarrazin, secretary of the Prince de Conti, to Brussels to thank the archduke for the help she had received; and that prince, by advice of the Spanish minister, was satisfied with what she promised. Accordingly they allowed her to return to Court in the hope that she would, at least, cause fresh disturbances by which they might profit as much as by the peace she offered them but could not bring about. At the end of a few days she arrived in Paris, as much pleased with the present prosperity of her brothers as she had formerly been distressed at their misfortune.

In the position in which the Prince de Condé and Madame de Longueville now found themselves, it may be judged that if they had carried their good fortune as far as it might have gone, this family would have risen to the highest degree of extreme power to which princes of the blood could attain. But God, who chose to protect France from their ambition, permitted the Prince de Condé to make two fortunate blun-

ders which deprived him of his new friends and forced them to hate him more than ever. Having agreed between the Duc d'Orléans and himself to the marriage of the Duc d'Enghien with Mademoiselle d'Alençon, the duke's daughter, he did nothing to bring it to a conclusion. And he followed the wishes of Madame de Longueville in relation to the marriage of the Prince de Conti to Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, which she advised him, as soon as she returned to Paris, to break off. She did not think it desirable to bring into the family a person who, as the wife of her brother, would have preceded her everywhere, and who, moreover, being young and beautiful, might have effaced, and would certainly have shared, her own gratification in pleasing and in receiving adulation. Neither did she wish that a sister-in-law should take from her the influence she wielded over the mind of her young brother, by which she had been able hitherto to make herself of importance to her family.

To persuade the Prince de Condé, she made him feel that the Prince de Conti, if he married, would claim the share that he owned in the family property. Through this personal interest she made him resolve to break the promise to Madame de Chevreuse; and this failure was a first great obstacle to his future greatness; for that princess had far too much ability and influence to receive such an insult without finding means to avenge it. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld had encouraged Madame de Longueville in this bad purpose. He hated the *frondeurs;* and declared that Madame de Chevreuse had not recognized the great services he had rendered her during the dismissals she had to bear under Cardinal Richelieu.

The queen, who readily understood how much there was to fear from a marriage of the Prince de Conti to Made-

moiselle de Chevreuse, saw with much pleasure the obstacles that Madame de Longueville was putting in its way; and the service she thus did her, though unintentional, diminished the annoyance she felt in seeing her work openly for peace with Spain without counting herself as having any part in it, and receiving, with the disdainful smile that was natural to her, not only the people of Paris, but the greatest seigneurs who flocked in adoration around her.

The Prince de Conti did not dislike Mademoiselle de Chevreuse; he had an understanding with her through Laigues, confidant of Madame de Chevreuse; but the Prince de Condé, to disgust him with her, told him she had lovers who did not displease her; and in this way he roused a little jealousy in his brother's soul which worked as he desired. So that finally the queen, after many negotiations, let Madame de Chevreuse know, with the consent of the whole Condé family, that she did not desire the marriage to take place, because it had been arranged for purposes against the service of the king. This command caused all the propositions on the subject to vanish and nothing more was heard of them.

The Prince de Condé did this outrage to Madame de Chevreuse without making any excuse to her, or even trying to heal the vexation she must surely have felt by soothing words. In this way he lost a friendship which being, as he deserved, converted into hatred, caused the princess, for the purpose of being revenged upon him, to turn to the queen and serve her so usefully that she contributed largely to the return of Cardinal Mazarin.

The Prince de Condé also lost the coadjutor; not only because the latter took sides in all things that related to Madame and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, but because he found himself powerless to make the Prince de Condé obtain

for him the hat, which was the end and aim of all his intrigues and (it may be said) of his crimes and his virtues. So that, changing his feelings to the prince as soon as he no longer hoped anything from him, he made his friends, both men and women, talk to the queen and try to reconcile her to himself; and there is no doubt that he also sent to negotiate with the cardinal.

The queen, about this time, said to me one day, speaking of the coadjutor and of how he was making everybody address her in his behalf, that the Duchesse d'Aiguillon urged her to pardon him and to make use of him in order to get herself out of the position in which she then was. And she added these very words: "That she saw the duchess was right; policy required it; but she had such horror of that man that she could not bring herself to do it." I urged her to dissemble on this occasion, and not to listen to her resentment, however reasonable, so that she might the sooner be in a position to act freely, whether in friendship or in enmity.

Some time later she was almost forced to have intercourse with him and try if she could, through the unruliness of his passions, find a remedy for her troubles. De Lyonne saw him by her command; I think at Montrésor's house. The propositions were cruel on the part of the coadjutor against the life of the Prince de Condé. They were such that the queen, who was good and generous, could not approve them, and the aversion she then showed put a stop to these conferences. It was supposed that de Lyonne, not wishing to injure the prince, warned the Maréchal de Gramont, who immediately told Chavigny, and Chavigny revealed the danger to the prince; and this produced in the end great events through the precautions which he believed he owed it to himself to take. But the queen would seek no peace

through ridding herself of an enemy by iniquitous measures. A Christian princess of moderation and virtue was not capable of entering in any way into sentiments as violent as those of the coadjutor.

The Prince de Condé also lost the chief-president, Matthieu Molé, because he declared that he would never be satisfied until he had driven Le Tellier from the council and from the service of the king, in order to put in his place President Viole, whom he preferred to Champlâtreux, son of President Molé, who hoped to become secretary of State. The most virtuous men cease to be virtuous when their interests are concerned. There lay the source of all the faults of this wise magistrate. His firmness, his integrity, the zeal he had for the good of the State and for the service of the king which shone through his weakness, all his virtues in short lost their full brilliancy because he did not do all that he ought to have done. By that alone he deprived himself of the advantage he might have had in being esteemed as one of the first men of his period. His family pretensions had made him too much of a partisan of the Prince de Condé and had often caused him to fail in his duty; but the mortifications the prince put upon him, which were constantly increasing made him more faithful. It is to be wished he had served as a lesson to those who came after him.

The Prince de Condé also lost in course of time the Duc de Bouillon and the Vicomte de Turenne for having, so they said, supported their interests very faintly on several occasions. Even the princess-palatine, who was not satisfied with his gratitude, seemed in some way less attached to him. Nevertheless, she did all she could to induce him to put himself on good terms with the queen, and Madame de Longueville thought for some time that the thing could be

done; but the prince would not enter into any such relation on account of the obligations he had lately contracted to the Duc d'Orléans, from whom he thought he ought not to separate.

It is to be believed also that the engagement he was under to hate Cardinal Mazarin, more from honour than from actual feeling, embarrassed him, and that he did not choose to follow in any way the example of the *frondeurs*, who were constantly feigning contradictory sentiments at one and the same time. These were, according to all appearances, the real reasons which kept him from allying himself with the queen; and this uncertain state stopped the legitimate projects he might have formed to the advantage of his future greatness. It is difficult for a man to satisfy all his obligations, his interests, and his sentiments. These things bear within them difficulties which set him adrift in a multiplicity of thoughts and desires which he makes for himself, and often force him to follow a path he does not wish to follow.

Thus the Prince de Condé remained undecided in presence of all that came before him, and from having too much good fortune he found at last that he had not as much as he might have had. He had only understanding enough with the queen to bring about some change in the council, and to obtain the government of Guienne, for which Servien and de Lyonne, by advice of the princess-palatine, made him hope. It was under an appearance of acting for the public good that they worked for it, but it was really more in the hope that the prince would drive out Le Tellier, whom they did not like and whose office perhaps they wanted. He was, in fact dismissed soon after, at which he was greatly pained; but this dismissal was no loss to him, for he kept both happiness and fidelity; which rarely happens.

The Keeper of the Seals, Châteauneuf, discovering that he

had contributed to drive away the cardinal only to become himself a mere figure-head of a minister to the king and queen, was filled with bitterness and vexation. He knew that the queen confided in others than himself; and that she regarded him as an enemy. He tried in every way to acquire her confidence; and often protested to her that he wished to be solely attached to her interests; he offered to separate from the Duc d'Orléans and all the other persons who gave her umbrage; he offered also to reconcile her with the princes, and, in short, neglected nothing to make her feel she would find in him a minister more useful in her service than the one she had lost. The queen received these offers with apparent good-will, but, in reality, she did not allow herself to be moved by his promises. Her confidence was wholly given to another. Believing that she did her duty, she was not capable of weakly changing her course, and she listened to these propositions only to humour the speaker. He ought to have known the impossibility of his design in view of the many intrigues he had gathered about his person, which the queen must necessarily fear. Had he been wise he would have seen that the sole reward which all those intriguers could look for would come from repentance.

At length the queen, unable to endure him any longer, desired to give the Seals to the chief-president [Matthieu Molé], who had served her well after the return of the princes and also since; for, on becoming detached from the Prince de Condé, he had applied himself wholly to her interests — expecting now to receive from her the favours he had hoped from others. But the Maréchal de Gramont, a friend of Chavigny, Longueil, now become chancellor to the queen, and some others brought the queen and the cardinal to consider favourably Chavigny's return to Court. They made the queen see that to make the change she

desired and to gain more influence in parliament she must feign to no longer desire the return of Mazarin, and bring back Chavigny, his greatest enemy. They wrote to Bruhl and made the cardinal understand that Chavigny's return was necessary to throw dust in people's eyes, and, moreover, that it was better to have him in the council than Châteauneuf because the cabal of the latter was the dominant one, and consequently Chavigny was less to be feared. However that might be, the cardinal consented, because at that time his strongest passion, as he wrote his friends, was to change the council and get rid of the Keeper of the Seals. This was one of the things I saw later in the letters he wrote at this time to Madame de Navailles.

While all these things were taking place the Keeper of the Seals, who was ignorant of them, who hated Chavigny, and felt the coming of his own dismissal, saw plainly that great affairs were going on without him and against him. He must have been aware that he was about to lose the Seals, for he could scarcely suppose the queen had changed the council and brought back Chavigny, in spite of the Duc d'Orléans, to pause there and go no farther in satisfying her resentments; and shortly after she sent him her commands to return them. He did so, and the chief-president, Molé, received them at once on condition that he would not leave his office of president. The queen then sent a despatch to Chancellor Séguier ordering his return to Court, to hold the council on business affairs, and to be present at all the councils of the king as chancellor of France. The Prince de Condé, who heard of the appointment of Molé as Keeper of the Seals through Chavigny and Lyonne, had some understanding as to these changes with the queen, who made them the more boldly because she believed they would tempt him to return to her.

What Châteauneuf suffered when he saw himself without the Seals cannot be stated too strongly; he alone whose ambition is excessive can form any idea of it. His first thought was to rush to the Luxembourg with the Seals, demand the protection of the Duc d'Orléans, and hold out against the queen. After he had given them up he repented not having carried out this idea; but the queen had taken him by surprise; the summons came unexpectedly, and gave him no time to deliberate on what he should do. God willed this for the preservation of France, to which this action would have cost much blood. I wish to believe also that his own will restrained him, and that, loving the State, he would not for his own interests risk its ruin.

This man had great qualities. He had a firm soul, a bold mind, and a heart that desired glory; he was skilful at intrigue and had great experience in managing affairs. He was so respected by friends and enemies that he refused to both sides equally what he did not think it right to give without either of them daring to complain. But he had much for which to humble himself before God and men in having formerly, in the days of Cardinal Richelieu, condemned to death an innocent man, the Maréchal de Marillac. The universal opinion was that his ambition had then caused him to basely betray his conscience and his honour.

He had another fault, which made him ridiculous; he was too fond of ladies; their companionship and their flatteries pleased him; and the ladies, for their selfish ends, sought him too eagerly. By their intrigues they greatly contributed to his grandeur and his fortune, while at the same time they made him contemptible. Besides these humiliating stains, it may be said that the desires which Court favour excited in his soul made him unworthy to live, be-

cause to live an exalted life he did base things that did not become a man such as he desired to seem.

The news of his downfall having reached the Luxembourg, the Duc d'Orléans became excited in a manner that was quite terrible, and his anger seemed likely to cause strange effects. He fulminated against the queen, and swore she should suffer for this affront. The coadjutor, or Montrésor by his order, or both together, told the duke that, inasmuch as the queen had dared to strike this blow as regent, he ought to do the same and strike another as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. They proposed to him to make the burghers take arms, and the Duc de Beaufort offered him all his influence for that purpose. They said that the *canaille* ought to be roused; that they ought to go to the Palais-Royal and carry off the king, and to the president and take away the Seals by force, and if he made any resistance kill him and fling him into the street. In short, all that can be imagined most cruel, most violent, even against the person of the queen, was proposed on this occasion, and, according to appearances, the execution thereof was ardently desired by the coadjutor, — no doubt by Châteauneuf also, who had, as I have just said, very criminal moments; both these men being filled with the most violent passions that ever occupy the human soul.

The Prince de Condé, who was present at these furious proposals, after assuring the Duc d'Orléans that he had nothing to do with the return of Chavigny and that he wished to remain inviolably attached to his interests, declared that he could not approve of such violent counsels, the execution of which would be difficult and blamable. He told the Duc d'Orléans that he was ready to put himself at the head of his troops and shed the last drop of his blood in his service, but that he could not take part in

things that would no doubt be disapproved by all right-minded persons. This wise address silenced the most rebellious, because reason and authority combined have great force. The recent obligations the Prince de Condé was under to President Molé, the friendship he had for Chavigny, and some natural humanity, which never abandons heroic souls, made him hold this language. Moreover, he desired at this time, as I have said already, to obtain from the queen the government of Guienne, of which he was not yet quite secure, and his interest therefore lay in pleasing her. He now acted advantageously for her in averting this storm, the mere threatenings of which were horrible.

It is therefore to the Prince de Condé alone that we must give the glory of having prevented this mad project which would have doubtless turned to a second Saint-Bartholomew. Madame de Longueville told me afterwards that she believed on that day that Paris would be destroyed by fire and blood; that the anxiety was great throughout the whole royal family; and that she spent the night, without going to bed, in expectation of the evils that might happen; and when the morning came and she saw that the designs of the coadjutor had not been put into execution she flung herself on the bed of the Prince de Condé, dressed as she was, to sleep a few hours; but her mind was too full of all the things that fatal counsel might have produced, and her soul was long depressed with gloom and horror. As for the queen, she had no share in this anxiety, and knew nothing of the danger she had been in until it was over.

The chancellor, Séguier, arrived the next day, and was received by the queen with every demonstration of good-will. If he had shown that alacrity which is praiseworthy when a man can legitimately pretend to the grandeurs of

fortune, he might have filled his office amply. He was learned, eloquent, and skilful in affairs of the council. The queen had need of a minister, a man of honour, who, with upright intentions, should undertake to serve her well. He had a portion of those good qualities; but his soul was not sufficiently filled with a desire for the fame which virtue alone can give, and he did not make himself esteemed as much as, perhaps, he deserved to be. We soon saw him return into nothingness, and come out of it again, without ever having really had what is called favour and consideration. He was so little of a courtier that he asked the queen what he had to do, and when she told him to rest and not to come to the Palais-Royal unless there was need of it, he accepted that permission and went there so little that presently he did not go at all. He piqued himself on a certain humility that did not care for authority but preferred to continually obey a superior. This submissiveness caused him to enjoy a peaceful good fortune, which was of longer duration than most, but also less brilliant.

When the coadjutor saw that his terrible counsels were not followed, he wished to retire from Court, and told the Duc d'Orléans that, not being useful in his service, it was better he should separate from him, for the queen, who hated him, might be more tractable if he were gone. Followers of the Prince de Condé told me that one of the reasons which forced him to abandon President Molé was this feigned retirement of the coadjutor; for seeing that the Duc d'Orléans had really some ground for complaint, and being, if the coadjutor left him, the only person in his confidence, he could not avoid entering somewhat into his interests. But this departure of the coadjutor was mere dissimulation. He took leave of the Duc d'Orléans in Holy Week; and for

some time only saw him secretly; but he soon returned to him openly. I never knew the true reason of this sham separation.

The Duc d'Orléans, however, continued to complain of the queen, and the queen to defend herself. This quarrel threatened France with a great contest and caused anxiety to those who longed for the good of the State. But at last it became necessary that the queen's firmness should be conquered, and she herself made to yield to reason and to the anger of the Duc d'Orléans. The ministers, to please the duke, all worked upon her to change her mind; the friends of President Molé were the first to advise her to abandon him; telling her that it was better to take the Seals from him than to drive the Duc d'Orléans into civil war. The queen, being persuaded by these reasons, consented to satisfy the duke's demands. The new Keeper of the Seals who had only appeared at the council once or twice, was compelled to fall back into his old position. This was against his will, but he did it, nevertheless, with very good grace. The queen sent for him and, much ashamed at what she did, asked him to bear with patience this sacrifice for the good of the State. She told him that to satisfy Monsieur she was compelled to ask him to return what she had given him; she said she was in despair at this necessity, but she assured him that as soon as she was able to bring it about the Seals should be again in his hands. The president, without seeming shocked, but with a smiling face, told her that he was only too happy to know by this means the esteem in which she held his fidelity, and too happy also to be able to contribute to her repose. Then, taking from his neck the key of the Seals which hung there, he gave it to her, until such time as she sent for the keys themselves. The queen was much gratified; the keys were brought to her and given to Chancellor

Séguier, who was not sorry to have them once more in his own keeping.

The Duc d'Orléans being satisfied in this way, the persons he had driven from the council remained apparently quiescent, and the queen believed she might now hope for a truce to her troubles. To be the more secure, she resolved to give the Prince de Condé the government of Guienne. Having pacified the Duc d'Orléans she wanted also to gain the prince; truly trying to win back his friendship either by obliging him or through the influence of his friends, especially that of the princess-palatine; but all was in vain. Whether on the side of policy he did wrong in holding firmly out against the queen's advances I leave to the judgment of those who desire to reason upon it, and can say no more than I have already said; but, if I dared, I should find much to say against the dissimulation he employed with the queen to obtain the government of Guienne. For at this time he made her hope for his friendship; and when I took the liberty to speak to her about it, she told me that she believed that through this benefit he would become entirely her friend, and that he had spoken of it in that manner.

When the rumour got about that the queen meant to give him this government many persons represented to her that she would ruin herself and was not following the maxims of either prudence or the State. The queen, struck by the arguments of her own servants, paused, and was some time in doubt whether she ought to execute the agreement. The Prince de Condé, warned of this cooling of her intention, proposed to her, in Chavigny's presence, to give it up, protesting that he wished for nothing that would cause her uneasiness. Chavigny, to please the queen, said to the prince before her: "Monsieur, is it in earnest that you return to the queen the promise she made you on this

affair?" The prince having answered yes, the queen thanked him and said no more; so that matters remained for some time uncertain. But the Prince de Condé, of a temper that chose to have whatever he had once desired, and who knew the great advantage of this government, set the creatures of Cardinal Mazarin, Servien and de Lyonne, to work in his favour; and the queen was at last brought by their intervention to bestow it. They told her it was advantageous to give Guienne to the Prince de Condé in order to detach him in some degree from the Duc d'Orléans, and reunite him with herself; that he possessed already the affection of that province, so that she was giving him nothing new; that the government of Bourgogne, which he held at present, could be given to the Duc d'Épernon in exchange for that of Guienne, which would thus put a final end to the complaints of the Bordeaux people.

Among the conditions of this exchange it was agreed, in view of other considerations, that the Duc de Candale should give Auvergne to the Duc de Mercœur. This gratified the queen, because the latter was soon to marry Mademoiselle Mancini; and in order to encourage that marriage she wished to do him every favour that would bind him to it. This desire of the queen, which could only have been inspired in her by the cardinal, showed plainly that the negotiators were acting under orders from him.

The Duc de Longueville, who had retired a little into the background after making certain advances to the queen, now addressed himself to de Lyonne, and through him recovered some intimacy with her, which was, no doubt, like everything else, concerted with Cardinal Mazarin.

Madame de Longueville, who was now on bad terms with her husband and had her private intrigues and fancies to carry on at Court, not wishing to have the queen wholly

against her, sent her friend the princess-palatine to promise the queen on her behalf all she could desire of her. After much consultation, the princess sent Bartet to the cardinal to assure him of Madame de Longueville's regard, and at the same time hold out to him the hope that they would work together to restore to him the good-will of the Prince de Condé.

Many other persons now held communication with the cardinal, because the firmness of the queen astonished the Court and convinced them that the minister would speedily return. For this reason, each of his friends and his enemies desired to negotiate with him, and all, except the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé, sent messengers to him, asking his protection in various matters. These journeys led to great negotiations, but none that equalled that of the two most ardent lovers of Dame Fortune — I mean old Châteauneuf and the coadjutor. The first, at the close of life, after having upset the State to drive out the cardinal and been punished by his own dismissal, desiring now to re-enter the cabinet, formed an intrigue in favour of the man he had so lately driven away. Not ashamed of his perpetual variations he asked the Marquis de Senneterre and the Maréchal d'Estrées to say to the queen that if she would replace him as Keeper of the Seals he would promise to be the servitor and friend of Cardinal Mazarin; assuring her also that he would restore between the cardinal, herself, and the Duc d'Orléans a perfect union.

At first the queen paid no attention to this proposal, because she did not think it sincere and because she had so great a contempt for Châteauneuf. But he, not rebuffed, sent his sister Madame de Vaucelas to entreat the Marquis de Senneterre to see him. Senneterre, knowing the queen's disgust at anything that came from that man, refused to go,

and sent the Maréchal d'Estrées in his stead. The latter on his return begged Senneterre to allow Brachet (a man formerly his servitor, whom he had given to the cardinal) to go to the cardinal and assure him of Châteauneuf's entire fidelity if he would reconcile the queen to him and replace him as Keeper of the Seals.

I must here note the remarkable circumstance that Châteauneuf in sending this pledge to the Marquis de Senneterre, let him know, through the Maréchal d'Estrées, that, this alliance once made with Cardinal Mazarin, he, Châteauneuf, would agree with them all to put the Prince de Condé in prison for the second time. But Senneterre, as he then told me, did not approve of the proposal and saw plainly that passion and a desire for revenge had inspired it; and, moreover, that it came originally from the coadjutor, and perhaps from Madame de Chevreuse also. He eluded any reply, and Brachet departed bearing to the cardinal the compliments of the poor madman.

That is the name which we must give to those who have the unbridled desires to which courtiers are subject. The madness that makes them run after honours at the cost of their peace and their safety is a horrible blindness, which prevents their seeing that these dignities, with which they are so infatuated, are only imaginary blessings which they must quit in twenty-four years at most. Senneterre was not a man disillusioned of vanities and ambition; his soul was only too much attached to earth; but he was virtuous and sensible, and in confiding to me these secrets he did not cease to wonder at the extreme avidity that these two men showed for favour, what they would endure to get it, and the readiness with which they would undertake anything to reach their ends.

The cardinal, seeing that the gift of Guienne had not

brought the Prince de Condé to live better with the queen, listened to the proposals of Châteauneuf, in which the coadjutor had a share. I do not know all the particulars of this negotiation, in which there were many actors. But it seemed to me that they proposed the union of the Duc d'Orléans with the queen, provided she would put the Prince de Condé again in prison, according to proposals already made, and also replace Châteauneuf as Keeper of the Seals until the return of Cardinal Mazarin. The coadjutor pledged himself to work for this; but in all his conduct, it seemed to me, so far as the queen did me the honour to tell me about it, that it tended much more to ruin the prince than to favour the cardinal.

None of these proposals pleased the queen, who listened to them all, detesting the bad ones, and distrusting the others. She asked counsel of a few persons who would give it conscientiously. Senneterre, to whom she spoke, and whose capacity she valued, told her frankly (though he was no adherent of the Prince de Condé) that he advised her not to risk putting him again in prison; because those who were now beginning to dislike him and complain of him would turn in his favour as soon as they saw him attacked; and that she would only give mischief-makers the opportunity for further mischief; and, moreover, that by such an act she would establish the Duc d'Orléans and all his cabal, which was great, and composed of her enemies, namely: the coadjutor, Châteauneuf, Madame de Chevreuse, the Duc de Beaufort, and all the Fronde; that it would end in her becoming their slave, and that the cardinal, whom she desired to reap advantages from it would, on the contrary, come to manifest ruin; it being certain that as soon as they were masters they would never let him return.

He told her finally, as he related to me himself, that he

advised her in all sincerity; and that he dared say to her that his counsel was the best. The queen, thinking his reasoning strong and judicious, showed more coldness to the *frondeurs* than they expected, for they believed that their proposals would have been received with warmth.

I was told, by the same friend, in great secrecy, that the queen having consulted in confidence a learned doctor, an ecclesiastic of a celebrated Order, as to the propositions made to her against the Prince de Condé by his enemies, he told her that she might treat him as a criminal and an enemy to the State. But the queen, having a horror of such principles, left the casuist to follow the advice of the statesman. The latter had religion and honourable sentiments in all things, but he was never suspected of loving-kindness; nevertheless, he was in this matter more in conformity with the laws of the Gospel and the inclinations of the queen than the churchman; whose verdict for the most cruel actions was shocking, the gentler having been rejected by his human wisdom. The queen was some time without making any answer regarding Châteauneuf's restoration, because she wanted to obtain the advice of Cardinal Mazarin.

As there is no secret that can be kept hidden at a Court, the Prince de Condé was fully informed of all these negotiations. He already knew the proposals that had been made against his life and his liberty,[1] and since receiving certain

[1] Montglat says: "Lyonne, having seen the coadjutor about the scheme for seizing the Prince de Condé, either from imprudence, or for the purpose of saving himself from exile, told something about it to the Maréchal de Gramont, who communicated it to Chavigny, who repeated it to the prince. The latter was much surprised and immediately left Paris and retired to Saint-Maur. This warning did not save Lyonne, who was dismissed from Court." The coadjutor, whose ambition was illimitable, was the soul of all these negotiations, and all these projects against Condé. But he was not the only one. Montglat affirms that "the Comte d'Har-

warnings he had lived with the greatest precaution. While in this state, he was one evening in bed conversing with his intimate friends, when Vineuil entered and warned him of some scheme against his person, saying that a company of the Gardes was ordered to march towards the hôtel de Condé. The prince rose immediately, mounted a horse, and rode off in haste to Saint-Maur, followed by all his family, the Prince de Conti, Madame de Longueville, the princess his wife, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, the Duc de Richelieu, the Maréchal de La Motte, and several others.

At five o'clock the next morning the queen was awakened by Comminges, who came to tell her this news. She sent at once for the Duc d'Orléans and the Maréchal de Villeroy. The duke came and assured her that it was not with his knowledge that the Prince de Condé had gone, and he behaved very well to her. For some days he had visited her civilly and his docility showed the good success of the negotiations with Bruhl.

It was now said everywhere that what had alarmed the Prince de Condé was only the fact that a captain of the regiment of the Gardes, in order to bring in a supply of wines without duty, had put, out of his own head, a troop of soldiers at the gate of Saint-Germain. These armed men having been noticed by the servants of the Prince de Condé, they warned him. He sent to see if it was true; finding it was really so, he did not doubt that some enterprise was formed against his liberty or his life; and, joining these circumstances with preceding warnings, he resolved to go away. But what induced him even more to do so was, the terms on which he now lived with the queen;

court and the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt offered to kill the Prince de Condé, but the queen felt a horror at the proposal and would not employ it, so that they sought for other means to secure his person." — Fr. Ed.

for he could not help knowing that she was far from satisfied with him. She had just granted him all the favours he had asked; and yet he would not go to see her and by all his actions showed an aversion to her. If, through the prince's conduct, the queen then had thoughts contrary to the advice given her by the Marquis de Senneterre, which she had seemed to approve, I am ignorant of it and I never perceived it in any way.

The Prince de Condé having departed, a council was held at the Palais-Royal to consult as to a remedy for this evil. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld came in from Saint-Maur to see the Duc d'Orléans and assure him of the prince's regard and friendship, and to protest anew his gratitude for all the services he had done him. He explained to the duke the reasons which had forced the prince to take alarm and to fly. He came afterwards to the Palais-Royal, where he conferred with the Maréchal de Villeroy, and said to the queen that the Prince de Condé had left the Court, believing that he could not stay there in safety. He told her also that the Court was made up of two cabals from which the prince was obliged to protect himself, — the mazarins and the *frondeurs*. Besides which, he complained that the queen had not done for him certain things for which he had entreated her (but these things were really trifles). The queen acknowledged openly that she had not done them (although she had promised them) in consequence of his ceasing to come and see her. She now resolved to send the Duc de Gramont to him, on behalf of the Duc d'Orléans and herself, to assure him of their good intentions, and say to him that he had nothing to fear from those from whom he said he feared all; and that if he would return, a pledge of absolute security for his person should be given him.

The Prince de Condé replied to the Maréchal de Gramont haughtily and roughly. He spoke respectfully of the Duc d'Orléans, but very ill of the queen; saying it was impossible to trust her word; that she had already deceived him, being skilful at that business, and that he would not run the risk of being so treated a second time; that he could not endure the cabal of the mazarins, and so long as he saw the valets of the cardinal having influence he would never return to Court; and that if the queen insisted on his return, she must first dismiss Lyonne, Servien, and Le Tellier. The Maréchal de Gramont, as a good servant of the queen, did not approve of this answer; it disgusted him with the negotiation, and was the reason why he soon after left Court and went to his government of Béarn.

On the 7th of July, the Chambers having assembled to deliberate on the execution of a decree given against the lawlessness of certain soldiers, the Prince de Conti took occasion to say that he believed the Assembly would be glad to hear from his lips the reasons the Prince de Condé had for retiring to his house at Saint-Maur. After relating all the circumstances, he said that the prince had felt it necessary to think of his safety; that he knew of negotiations that were continually going on with Cardinal Mazarin, of the interchange of couriers, and of the journey of the Duc de Mercœur to Bruhl to marry the cardinal's niece; consequently, he believed that he was no longer in safety at Court.

The Prince de Conti added that many things had made his brother believe that his suspicions were well-founded, and that he had reason to apprehend being imprisoned a second time by the underhand plotting of the cardinal, for, as every one saw, he was governing more absolutely from Bruhl than he had ever done in Paris; that Servien, Le

Tellier, and Lyonne were acting by his orders only; and that being so, he came to make a declaration on his brother's behalf that his intentions were wholly upright for the service of the king and the good of the State; that he had not withdrawn because of any private discontent; and that he disclaimed having, for himself or his friends, any pretensions or interests. The Prince de Conti said that he was very glad to make this declaration to parliament on behalf of his brother in order to make it known to all France, and he presented a letter from the Prince de Condé to the Assembly, which, he said, explained the prince's veritable sentiments better than he himself had done by what he had now said.

The Prince de Conti having ended his speech, a counsellor named Menardeau read the letter aloud: —

"MESSIEURS, — The esteem that I have always had for your Assembly, its justice and its zeal for the good of the State, and the obliging proofs I have received thereof in the protection you gave to my innocence during my imprisonment, induce me to inform you of the reasons which have led me to retire from Paris to my house of Saint-Maur, in order to prevent the calumnies and artfulness of my enemies from making some impression on your minds. I must therefore tell you, Messieurs, that after a great number of warnings given to me of evil designs formed against me, and false rumours spread before the public to render my conduct suspicious to the king and odious to every one, I have been compelled to abstain from paying my respects to their Majesties and from assisting in their councils as often as I could have wished. I have awaited, as every one knows, the guarantee of the Duc d'Orléans, hoping that his Royal Highness would dissipate the distrust that my enemies may have

given of me to the queen, and would re-establish at last that confidence and re-union of the royal family so desired by, and so necessary to the State, and which his Royal Highness and I have sought ever since my release, as it was our duty to do.

"But seeing that his Royal Highness's efforts have not been able to produce the effects I had hoped from so important a mediation, and warned of many enterprises against my person, of the divers journeys to Cologne, and particularly that of M. de Mercœur, at the very time that you forbade them; warned also of the evil effects of this intercourse, of the negotiations at Sedan, of what passed at Brisach [town of which Cardinal Mazarin had made himself master]; and, finally, of all the matters delayed at Court until the final decisions of Cardinal Mazarin could be received, and of the extraordinary influence of his agents engaged on my ruin (already stated to this Assembly), I have thought it my duty, not only for the safety of my own person but for the security of the State, to shelter myself from events that I have already experienced; the consequences of which could only be fatal to France, which would never allow, any more than it did last year, that a prince who has had the honour to render such beneficial services to the king and to the State, and who has never had the slightest thought, as he here protests, against the king's service and the public welfare, should be again oppressed and imprisoned for the interests and by the advice of Cardinal Mazarin for the reason that he has never been willing to consent to his return.

"I shall add nothing, except the protestation I hereby make to you, and have already directed to be made to the queen, that I have no claims for myself or my friends; and that whenever we can feel assured that Cardinal Mazarin is wholly without hope of return, and the dismissal of his

creatures ensures my safety, I will not fail to visit their Majesties and continue my efforts for the service of the king and the State.

"I am, Messieurs, your affectionate servant.

"LOUIS DE BOURBON.

"From Saint-Maur, July 7, 1651."

After the reading of this letter President Molé said that parliament had worked with great assiduity to procure the liberty of the Prince de Condé, hoping that his presence, seconding the efforts of the Duc d'Orléans, would restore peace to the State and put an end to the disturbances which had so long afflicted it. But he saw with regret the prince's retreat from Paris, which could come only from a premeditated design or from fear; if from design it was regrettable; if from fear he must return. The Prince de Conti, interrupting him, said that no one could believe it was design, because the Prince de Condé had ever tended to the service of the king and the good of the State, and he had no better guarantee of his good intentions than the Duc d'Orléans; as for fear, it was well founded.

The Duc d'Orléans, taking speech, said it was true that his cousin the Prince de Condé had always had good intentions; that the great services he had rendered France did not allow of their being doubted, and that he himself was witness that since the prince's release he had desired the good of the State; that the queen had told him, the Duc d'Orléans, that she had never thought of any attack upon the prince's liberty, and he was obliged to believe what she said; that he had striven to remove these suspicions from the prince's mind, and he certainly believed that had he come to his house he would have been in safety; but it was not strange that a man who had once been taken

prisoner should be distrustful, and that it was very true that the mind of the cardinal still reigned in the council.

[After much discussion on this and the following day] a great tumult arose in the assembly, and every one said that satisfaction must be given to the Prince de Condé and the remains of Mazarin exterminated; for the cardinal must no longer be brought into consideration with the princes of the blood. The tumult lasted so long that the chief-president was astonished, and saw that he must change his intention of having the matter further deliberated. He addressed the Duc d'Orléans, asking him to bring about the reconciliation of the Prince de Condé, and exhorting him to work for it.

Without wasting time in particularizing all that took place in the deliberations of parliament on the affair of the Prince de Condé, it suffices to say that the conclusion was that the queen should be very humbly entreated to give a fresh declaration by itself against Cardinal Mazarin; such as would reassure all minds and give the Prince de Condé all necessary security for his person. Nothing was said about the securities already given. This decree pleased the queen, because the appearance of royal authority was kept up, and the persons whom the Prince de Condé asked to have dismissed were not named; she was left apparently with power to exercise her own will in that matter.

Parliament came in a body to see the queen, and President Molé made representations of the decree which were mild and respectful. The queen replied that as for the declaration against Cardinal Mazarin which they demanded, she wished them to draw it up themselves, and she would return it to them such as they made it; as for the rest she would consult her council.

II.

1651.

THE securities that the Prince de Condé then demanded were the banishment from Court of persons whom parliament, out of respect, had not designated by name. [Servien, Lyonne, and Le Tellier.] The queen hesitated between yes and no; she did not know whether it was well to send away the cardinal's adherents or not. Her feeling at first was against doing so. But it was represented to her that such action had been heretofore taken at the request of princes of the blood; also that she ought to take from the Prince de Condé all pretext for civil war; and that she was bound by great reasons to prevent that calamity if she could. Following this advice, she resolved to send away these persons, and give this proof to all France of her love for peace and for the welfare of the State; to which may be added certain little aversions she had to Servien and Lyonne, which removed all painfulness as regarded them. Le Tellier went away with the certain hope of return. The queen had much liking for him. He had quarrelled with the Prince de Condé and was well-beloved by the cardinal. So that he had nothing to fear but absence; which may always prove dangerous to those who are envied, and who, consequently, have enemies. But he carried with him the satisfaction of a conduct without reproach and consistent for the right, and of being the only one of the three exiles whose integrity was not suspected. They departed, after taking leave of the queen, who had a private interview with each

of them, and, accompanied by their wives and children, retired to their estates.

Parliament having been summoned to the Palais-Royal, the chancellor spoke to its members in the queen's name, telling them that the affection her Majesty had for the State, and her desire to preserve the union of the royal family induced her, in order to give complete security to the Prince de Condé, to send away from the king's councils those who were suspected by him. He exhorted the Assembly to contribute to the peace which all must desire between the queen and the princes of the blood, and to work for the repose of the State with the zeal and affection they ought to have for the service of the king.

The Prince de Condé may perhaps have been vexed to have no further pretext for complaint, and he showed much surprise at what the queen had done. He returned to Paris and went to parliament. There he demanded that the dismissed men should be included in the declaration which was to be made against the cardinal, in order that there might be no future possibility of their return. But the chief-president said that the prince had not previously made that demand; that he had sufficiently declared his wishes and what he demanded for his security; that he had then said that he desired nothing further than the dismissal of the creatures of the cardinal; and as this was a new matter it could not be included in his former demand; otherwise it would require all to be done over again. The question was put to the vote, the whole Assembly agreeing with the president. Consequently the Prince de Condé's request was excluded, at which he showed vexation.

It now seemed that the prince, less clever in this respect than his adversaries, did not take pains enough to avoid, as he might have done, occasions to vex the queen. He listened

to the mischief-makers about him, who longed for war, and let himself be led, perhaps without his will having much part in it. If he had not quitted the Court he would, no doubt, have greatly embarrassed those who wanted to drive him out of it, and right-minded persons would have been well-content. It would not have been difficult for him to obtain all security there, as much by the public support of the Duc d'Orléans and parliament as by that of private persons, the latter being really the stronger. He would have found all security in the heart of the queen if he had sincerely desired to forget the past and live with her in a manner becoming towards her, the State, and himself, — even if that course had cost him the sending of a missive now and then to the absent cardinal; because little things should always yield to great ones when neither the little nor the great shock equity. In the state in which they then were, the *frondeurs*, having detached themselves from the Duc d'Orléans, ought to have been abandoned, especially by the Prince de Condé, whom they had sought to ruin; and consequently both princes ought now to have rallied to the queen and laughed at the public madness which, without just reason, had corrupted the minds of all by a chimerical hatred to the name of Mazarin.

The Prince de Condé, renouncing peace and determined to oppose Châteauneuf, took parliament for his means and went before it on the 2d of August. He used the fiction then in fashion, that is to say, the phantom I have just mentioned, as his alleged reason for battering his enemies to destruction. He let it be known that those enemies (without naming them) were in secret treaty with the cardinal at Cologne and he denounced all those who had intercourse with "the Mazarin." It was voted to obtain evidence against such persons and to hear them in their defence.

The queen, finding that the prince was thus making head against the king in Paris, and having many subjects of complaint against him, now began to think seriously of protecting herself. She at last took measures with the *frondeurs*, who, since their reconciliation with the cardinal, stood fairly well with her, and had, necessarily, some share in her confidence. On the other hand, the prince, drifting daily farther and farther from a reconciliation with her, thought of war, and began to prepare for what might happen to him. He sent to Spain, and did all that prudence, in view of the bad state in which he then was, obliged him to do.

Madame de Longueville desired war in order not to return to her husband, who wanted to see her, but with whom she had quarrelled. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld, as he afterwards told me himself, wished for peace, because he had felt the evils of civil war, and his demolished house made him hate that which had proved so damaging to him. But unable to fail in following the wishes of Madame de Longueville, and seeing the signs of an open rupture which would soon compel the Prince de Condé to break with the Court, he was of opinion that she ought to go to Montrond and there await the results of the intrigues which she herself had started. The Prince de Condé having approved of this advice, she left Saint-Maur with the Princesse de Condé and the young Duc d'Enghien and went to await at Montrond what might happen to the prince, who, without having a veritable intention to make war, found himself, as I have just stated, necessitated by his own conduct to make it in spite of himself; which thanks be to God, proved always to be to his own disadvantage.

The Duc de Longueville now seemed to separate himself wholly from the Prince de Condé. His daughter Mademoiselle de Longueville, contributed much to this change;

for though she passed for sharing her step-mother's purposes at the time the Prince de Condé gave himself up so heedlessly to the vain enterprises of Madame de Longueville and the Prince de Conti, still she had never entered into them except from a sense of obligation, which threw her into a party of which her father the Duc de Longueville was a leader and for which he had suffered imprisonment. Being herself princess of the blood of the third royal branch, consequently niece of the last Comte de Soissons, whose pitiable fate caused him to perish at the battle of Sedan, she could not love the princes of the house of Condé, and particularly not Madame de Longueville, her step-mother, who she felt had never considered her sufficiently. All this made her ardently desire whatever seemed to her most advantageous to the Duc de Longueville and to the princes her brothers (sons of Madame de Longueville), and in this she showed the goodness of her mind and the integrity of her intentions, which led her to wish that those in whom she had interest should attach themselves to their true duty.

The Duke of York [afterwards James II.] having desired to marry this excellent princess, the Queen of England ordered me to speak to the queen about it. I did so. The queen answered that this prince, being son of a king, was too high to be allowed to marry in France; and for that political reason the matter could go no further. The duke was grieved; he esteemed the princess; her virtue and her person pleased him; and her wealth (she being heiress of the late Comte de Soissons) would have been very agreeable to him, for at that time he had not much himself. At any time this marriage would have been suitable for him and for her.

The queen, seeing now that she could no longer hope for peace from the Prince de Condé, and not wishing to use the

violent remedies proposed to her, took the gentlest and least hazardous method of defending herself against him, assisted by the advice of Senneterre, whose wisdom and shrewd moderation were a great support in opposing the extreme sentiments of those she did not respect. That old seigneur now spoke to her without fear of displeasing the Duc d'Orléans, for whom he had always had some attachment; and in spite of the circumspection he observed towards the queen, he gave her some salutary advice. He had been faithful to both sides; and at this time he hoped, through the new alliance between Cardinal Mazarin and the *frondeurs*, to see before long a complete reunion between the queen and the Duc d'Orléans. In that hope they all worked together; until it was determined between the queen and Châteauneuf, the Maréchal de Villeroy and the coadjutor that the king and queen should make a declaration against the Prince de Condé, which should be sent to parliament and to all the supreme courts, by which the queen should make known to the public her just causes of complaint.

The declaration was drawn up as agreed upon. It then became necessary to show it to the Duc d'Orléans. The queen did so. She asked him to read it in her oratory the evening before it was sent to parliament. The duke was surprised at it, and tried to dissuade the queen from her purpose; but she let him see that she was absolutely determined on sending it. The Duc d'Orléans, after saying all he could to prevent her from doing so, appeared to acquiesce. He corrected two points that could not be proved against the prince, and went off to bed full of grief and uneasiness, but without making up his mind between the two parties.

To render this declaration more agreeable to the public, at the beginning of it was placed a protest against Cardinal Mazarin, which, having been read and published in presence

of their Majesties, was expected to have power to persuade the public that the queen no longer thought of the cardinal. Parliament was summoned, and the Comte de Brienne read the declaration to the Assembly. It was remarkable that on this occasion the Prince de Conti, who seldom went to see the queen, chanced to be present at the reading, and said aloud that the prince his brother could easily defend himself from such calumnies.

The next day the Prince de Condé went to parliament and said to the Assembly that he had been wholly surprised to learn the calumnies which his enemies heaped upon him; and above all that they used the authority of the king for that purpose; that his birth and services said enough for him; that he thought the Duc d'Orléans knew the facts of his whole conduct and the falsity of the things imputed to him, and would inform the Assembly about them; as for the rest, he could easily justify himself. He spoke haughtily, and turned towards the coadjutor when he mentioned his enemies; for he was not ignorant of the proposals he had made against him nor of his conferences with the queen.

This matter being of great consequence, two counsellors were deputed to go to the Duc d'Orléans and beg him to come to parliament. The embarrassment of the duke in not knowing what to do between the queen and the prince made him hesitate. He told those who came to fetch him that he was ill and about to be bled and that he could not go. They urged him to appoint a day, and he told them that at six o'clock that evening he would let them know when he could go.

The next day, August 19, the Prince de Condé came to parliament with a document in the handwriting of the Duc d'Orléans, in which the latter in spite of all that had passed between the queen and himself and the consent he had in a

certain way given to the declaration made against the Prince de Condé, vindicated him as to all the chief points on which the queen accused him. This contradictory action, for which the Duc d'Orléans was not wholly without excuse, gave the queen reason to complain of him; but he declared his motive to be that he wished to balance matters in order to bring the queen and prince to a reconciliation and so prevent civil war; and also that wishing to associate himself with the Prince de Condé as having, both of them, offended the queen and both having reason to fear her, he had abandoned her on this occasion and given his strength to the prince in resisting her.

Besides this vindication, the Prince de Condé also brought to parliament his reply to the queen's declaration, which was read in presence of all and in which he gave the reasons for his conduct in all the chief matters for which he was condemned. The coadjutor, hearing himself named therein, tried to defend himself. The Prince de Condé and he blamed each other for many things; and the coadjutor told the prince he had broken his word; but I do not rightly know the details of the conversation.

The prince and the coadjutor being now declared enemies, each, holding himself on the defensive, went to parliament with a large suite. The Prince de Condé, through his birth and his authority, had many friends and followers; and the coadjutor, through the strength of his cabal, had also a very large number; there was therefore good reason to believe that this quarrel would not end without bloodshed.

August 21, parliament assembled to deliberate on the vindication of the Prince de Condé, which the Duc d'Orléans by his document had rendered easier than his enemies expected. The animosity was such that each side wished to be in a state to attack and defend. The coadjutor on this day which

every one expected would be terrible, fearing lest his friends were not in sufficient number to equal the suite and the power of the Prince de Condé, entreated the queen to allow him to borrow a few of the Gardes. Laigues, who had been a captain of the Gardes, brought him a quantity of soldiers; so that the Palais [parliament building] was full of armed men, ready to give battle at the first signal.

When the leaders on both sides had taken their places word was brought that the great hall was so filled with armed men that it was impossible to discuss and vote in safety; on which the Prince de Condé requested the Duc de La Rochefoucauld to go out and send away his suite. The coadjutor also said that he would ask his friends to retire, and went out abruptly for that purpose. He reached the door before the Duc de La Rochefoucauld. As soon as he appeared in the great hall and the partisans of the prince saw him they all took sword in hand; those of the coadjutor did likewise; and at that moment they were on the point of killing one another without any special order to do so.

The coadjutor seeing this, and fearing to get into the midst of so many swords drawn against him, tried to return through the little room of the ushers, by which he had come. But at the door of it he met the Duc de La Rochefoucauld who shut it in his face. The coadjutor knocked and pushed. The duke continued to keep it closed, opening it only a trifle to find out who was accompanying the coadjutor. The coadjutor, seeing the chink, pushed the door violently to enter; but he could only get in part way, and was caught as if half crushed between the door and the frame of it, unable to advance or retreat. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld left him a long time in this position, having stopped the door from opening farther by fastening an iron hook which was on his side of it. Many of the coadjutor's friends and those of the Prince

de Condé who were in the usher's room said he ought to be released, and his friend, Montrésor, struggled to do so; but the Duc de La Rochefoucauld prevented it.

Meantime the coadjutor was not at his ease; for besides the fact that the posture was not agreeable, he had reason to fear that some dagger would deprive him of life through that part of his body which remained behind. During these sorry moments he heard close by him the two troops threatening each other horribly, and he had need of all his firmness not to be in terror at the state in which he was. Shouts were made towards the Chamber, and at the noise Champlâtreux, son of President Molé, came out, and by his authority the door was opened in spite of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld.

The coadjutor having returned to his seat complained of the duke and his violent act, declaring that he meant to assassinate him. The duke, who was sitting near him, remarked brusquely that there would not be much harm done if he did; but that, in point of fact, not knowing why so many swords were drawn, he had thought only of the safety of the Prince de Condé. The Duc de Brissac, a relation of the coadjutor, who sat on the other side of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, answered in a threatening manner. The latter, being between the two, said that if it were not for the place in which they then were, he would strangle them both; whereupon the coadjutor, using a certain nickname given to the duke during the war of Paris when they were both on the same side, said: "My friend La Franchise, don't be so malignant; you are a coward and I am a priest; for which reasons we shall never do each other much harm."

The whole morning was employed in calming this disturbance and in sending away the troops, who were so eager for

the fray, before the members could leave the Chamber in safety; and ten o'clock struck before the affair had quieted down. It is really surprising that the day passed without actual misfortune or carnage; and that some hot-headed fellow had not killed the coadjutor at that door. It did not appear, however, that there was any such intention; chance alone took part in the affair, and the action of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, though rather rough, was excusable at times like these, and in regard to an enemy as hated as the coadjutor.

On the 22d, parliament discussed the vindication of the Prince de Condé. Many were in favour of it; but finally President Molé brought most of them round to his opinion, and it was voted that all the documents should be sent to the queen and that her Majesty be supplicated to consider the importance of the matter, and be very humbly entreated to reunite the royal family; also it was voted that the Duc d'Orléans should be requested to act in the matter.

On the 26th, parliament came to see the queen, and President Molé made her an harangue in favour of the Prince de Condé. He urged the queen to make peace with him, exaggerated the prince's innocence and how necessary it was that he should be shown to be innocent, to avoid the evils that might otherwise happen to France. For this speech he was praised, because he made it in spite of his hatred to the prince. Some one said to him afterwards that it was thought strange, and that persons had tried to persuade the queen that it was wrong in him to urge her so strongly on behalf of the Prince de Condé. To which Molé answered that at the Palais-Royal in presence of the queen, he felt himself obliged, for the welfare and peace of the State, to talk of the prince's innocence, but that in parliament it was necessary to make known his faults.

The parliament, the princes, Cardinal Mazarin, and those who while hating him ran after him, occupied all minds so exclusively that no other news of the day was even mentioned. It seemed as if Paris were the whole of France and that beyond the circuit of her walls there was nothing in the world that could tempt men to any curiosity. We still had a fine army that was doing nothing, because the squabbles in Paris held it in lethargy. The queen, fearing to need it in order to remedy some great danger at home to the king or to herself dared not employ it against the foreign enemy — her domestic enemies, Frenchmen, gave her far more anxiety.

While all these difficulties and divisions filled the public mind, the period of the king's majority approached; and the queen never doubted that it would prove to be the sovereign remedy for all her woes. She hoped to recover power by it, and to find herself freed from the servitude to which she was reduced in being compelled to render account of her actions to the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé. She hoped to see her son a king in his own right, clothed with sovereign power belonging to himself alone. She was certain of the goodness of his heart towards her; and, from the fine qualities she knew were in him, she had reason to believe, in view of his gravity and prudence, that he would re-establish in his person the legitimate royal authority, and destroy in others that which had been unjustly usurped from him in consequence of his minority.

About this time the terms of the recent agreement between Cardinal Mazarin and the *frondeurs* were accidentally divulged, having been found on the high-road to Cologne, in a package carried by a courier belonging to the Marquis de Noirmoutiers. They were at once printed and circulated through Paris by order of the princes.

I shall here give a printed narrative of the ceremonies

attending the coming of age of the king; on which occasion a declaration of innocence was issued in favour of the Prince de Condé, who went at that time on a little journey into the country, not being on sufficiently good terms with the queen to occupy the position during the ceremonies to which his birth entitled him.[1]

The celebrated Cavalcade made at the majority of the king, copied from a newspaper [un imprimé] which then appeared: —

"The Sieur de Saintot, master of ceremonies, having received from the Sieur de Rhodes, grand-master of the same, the orders that their Majesties had given him some days before that of the majority, in order to prepare what was necessary for the accomplishment of so august an event, went on the 5th of this month [September] to notify parliament that the king would go there on the 7th and hold his *lit de justice* for the declaration of the said majority. . . .

"On the 7th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Court having gone to the Palais-Cardinal, the master of ceremonies went to tell the king, then in his bed-chamber, that the queen was coming to see him, with Monsieur his only brother, the Duc d'Orléans, the Princesse de Carignan, the Ducs de Vendôme, de Mercœur, de Chevreuse, d'Elbœuf, de Beaufort, the Prince d'Harcourt, the Chevalier de Guise, the Ducs de Lillebonne, d'Uzès, de Roannez, d'Épernon, de Candale, and d'Arnville, the marshals of France, the officers of the crown, and all the other nobles of the kingdom then at Court.

"His Majesty at once sent the Duc de Joyeuse, his grand

[1] The following account of the cavalcade on the king's majority, taken by Mme. de Motteville from some "imprimé" of the day, is extremely long and minute; an abridgment is given here. — TR.

chamberlain, to meet her at the door; and the said master of ceremonies conducted the whole company to the alcove of the king's bed. His Majesty advanced to the opening of the balustrade and received the queen, who bowed to him. Then, having tenderly kissed her, he made her a brief discourse; at the end of which Monsieur gave him a very respectful salutation as for homage, and so did after him the Duc d'Orléans, and all the princes, dukes, officers of the crown, and grandees of the kingdom. Following which the king commanded the master of ceremonies to mount each one on horseback according to the precedence to which he was entitled; starting all the seigneurs and nobles who were in the courtyards and gardens of the palace in the same order. . . .

"After this great mass of the nobles, marched, in very fine order, the company of the light-horse of the queen, composed of more than one hundred cavaliers led by the Chevalier de Saint-Mesgrin, lieutenant of the same, in a coat covered with gold and silver embroidery, and mounted on a very beautiful white horse, caparisoned, its mane and tail adorned with many ribbons and the saddle-cloth enriched with embroideries like those on the coat; having before him four trumpeters dressed in black velvet, trimmed with silver lace.

"After these came the company of the king's light-horse, two hundred cavaliers in coats of gold and silver cloth; mounted on large and very fine horses; preceded by four trumpeters dressed in blue velvet laced with gold and silver, and commanded by the Comte d'Olonne, cornet of the said company, arrayed in a garment of gold and silver embroidery, crossed by a baldrick adorned with fine pearls, and wearing a hat with white plumes, dead-leaf and flame-coloured, with a gold cord around it, mounted on a white horse very well caparisoned, the scarlet saddle-cloth being embroidered like the coat.

"Next came the company of the grand-provost on foot; he himself in a very superb coat, alone, on a fine horse with a saddle-cloth embroidered in gold. This company was joined immediately by that of the Cent-Suisses in new habiliments with the black velvet caps, gold cords and plumes of the king's livery. . . . The aide of the ceremonies followed on horseback; then all the seigneurs of the Court, governors of towns, lieutenants-generals of the provinces, very magnificently arrayed and superbly mounted with saddle-cloths of gold embroidery on different colours. . . .

"Six of the king's trumpeters came next, dressed in blue velvet and preceding six heralds on horseback, wearing coats of arms of crimson velvet, sprinkled with golden *fleurs-de lis*, caduceus in hand and velvet caps on their heads. Behind them appeared the Sieur de Saintot, master of ceremonies, going and coming to keep each one in his place; then the Marquis de La Meilleraye, grand-master of artillery, the marshals of France, riding two and two, all richly clothed and mounted on large horses, the trappings of which were laden with gold and silver.

"After them rode, all alone, the Comte d'Harcourt, grand equerry of France, bearing attached to his baldrick the king's sword in its blue velvet scabbard sprinkled with golden *fleurs-de-lis* which he raised upon his arm. He was dressed in a doublet of cloth of gold and silver, and trunk-hose with embroidery of the same, mounted on a dapple-gray charger with crimson velvet trappings adorned with gold embroidery in Spanish point, with initials of the same, and having, in place of reins two scarfs of black taffetas. Pages and valets in great number, wearing new clothes with many white, red, and blue plumes, their heads bare, followed the Comte d'Harcourt, preceding the body-guard on foot, also the ushers and the mace-bearers.

"Then appeared the king, whose august countenance and gentle gravity, truly royal, and his natural civility made him observable to all for the delight of the human race; and redoubled, in great and small, the prayers they offer daily for his health and prosperity.

"His Majesty, dressed in a coat so covered with gold embroidery that neither the stuff nor its colour could be discerned, seemed of such tall stature that it was hard to believe he had not yet completed his fourteenth year. This, joined to the impatience of many, brought about that one of the young seigneurs riding before him was saluted with shouts of 'Vive le Roi!' before the king appeared. But all were undeceived as soon as they perceived his grace and his skill in managing his cream-coloured barb (covered with a trapping closely scattered with crosses of the Saint-Esprit and golden *fleurs-de-lis*) the gay spirit of which made it rear and curvet, verifying the words of Plutarch, that horses never flatter kings; which gave occasion to our king to show himself one of the best riders in his kingdom. . . .

"To right of his said Majesty rode the Duc de Joyeuse, grand chamberlain, and behind him the Maréchal de Villeroy his governor, the captains of his Gardes, and the Sieur de Beringhen, his chief equerry, all gallantly dressed and mounted. The princes followed in great numbers, and the dukes and peers, without precedence of rank and in confusion, closed the cavalcade; which was followed by the Suisses of the Queen's Garde, her pages and footmen and some Gardes, the Duc d'Uzès, her chevalier of honour, and the Comte d'Orval, her chief equerry, on horseback.

"The coach conveying the queen came next; in it was Monsieur, the king's only brother, the Duc d'Orléans, the Princesse de Carignan and her daughter the Princesse Louise, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the Marquise de Senecé, lady-of-

honour to the queen, and the Marquise de Souvré. The lieutenants and the Gardes surrounded the coach and the Sieur de Comminges, captain of the queen's guards, rode behind it. After which came trumpeters before the coaches of the maids-of-honour, the ladies of the Court, and the suite of their Majesties.

"This great cavalcade marched the length of the rues Saint-Honoré, de la Ferronnerie, de Saint-Denis, past the Châtelet, by the rue du Crucifix-Saint-Jacques, the bridge Notre-Dame, the Marché-Neuf, and entered by the rue Sainte-Anne into the courtyard of the Palais de Justice. All these roads swarmed with people, being lined with tiers of seats up to the second storeys, on which a number of the greatest people of the city were seated. The rest of the spectators were at the windows, which were enlarged by opening the walls of the rooms, where a like ardour had gathered together all persons then in the town, the very roofs of which were covered, and where, as elsewhere, shouts of 'Vive le Roi!' interrupted only by tears of joy, rose to heaven, expanding the hearts of all present and accompanying his Majesty to the foot of the stairway to the Sainte-Chapelle, where the principal officers awaited him.

"His Majesty having dismounted, he was received in the said Chapelle by the Bishop of Bayeux and his clergy. . . . And mass having been said his Majesty left the church and walked in the accustomed order preceded by the Cent-Suisses, drums beating, the trumpeters of his chamber, six heralds at arms, two mace-bearers, and surrounded by all who had accompanied him; the queen being close to his person, followed by the Duc d'Orléans. Arriving in the grand Chamber the king mounted his *lit de justice;* the queen placed herself on the left on entering, which was the king's right, and next were seated Monsieur, the Duc

d'Orléans, the Prince de Conti, the dukes and marshals of France, etc. . . .

"Silence being made, the king spoke in this manner,—

"'MESSIEURS,—I have come to my parliament to tell you that, following the law of my State, I intend to take the government myself; and I hope by the goodness of God that it will be with piety and justice. My chancellor will tell you more particularly my intentions.'

"According to which command of his Majesty the chancellor, who had received it standing, took his seat and made an harangue, in which he enlarged very eloquently, as was usual with him, on what the king had said, adding very judicious reflections on the past and on the present. After which the queen, bending a little forward on her seat, made the king the following speech,—

"'MONSIEUR,—This is the ninth year that, by the last will of the late king, my very honoured lord, I have taken care of your education and the government of your State; God having, by his goodness, blessed my labour and preserved your person, which is dear and precious to me and to all your subjects. Now that the law of the kingdom calls you to the government of this monarchy, I return to you, with great satisfaction, the power which was given me to govern it; and I hope that God will do you the favour to assist you with His spirit of strength and prudence, to render your reign a happy one.'

"His Majesty replied,—

"'MADAME,—I thank you for the care you have been pleased to take of my education and of the administration of my kingdom. I beg you to continue to give me your good advice, and I desire that you shall be, after myself, the head of my council.'

"The queen then rose from her place and approached the

king as if to bow to him; but his Majesty, stepping down from his *lit de justice*, went to her, and, embracing her, kissed her; after which they returned to their seats.

"Monsieur, the king's only brother, next advanced and bending one knee to the ground at his Majesty's feet kissed his hand, protesting his fidelity. The Duc d'Orléans did likewise; also the Prince de Conti, but with deeper humility; and all the other princes, the chancellor, the dukes and peers, the ecclesiastics, the marshals of France, the crown officers, and all others present at the session, rose in their places at the same moment and did homage to the king.

"Then the chief-president, standing, with bared head, took speech, and after a deep bow, all having a knee on the bench, he made a very grave discourse on the wise conduct of the queen during her regency, on her royal virtues, by which she had set so august an example to his Majesty, and on the good education she had given him.

"The chancellor then ordered that the doors should be opened and the people admitted; after which the Sieur Guiet, clerk of the parliament, read aloud the edicts issued by the king against blasphemy and duelling, and the declaration of the innocence of the Prince de Condé; the latter stating that, according to the opinion of the king's lawyers, all warnings that the prince was plotting against the king whether within or without the kingdom, were not believed by his Majesty, who, on the contrary, condemned them as false and artfully invented. And he therefore willed, and it pleased him, that all writings on this subject given to parliament, and which were sent to his other courts and to his good city of Paris, be suppressed, and, if need be, revoked and annulled as false and counterfeit, so that in future nothing might be imputed to his cousin the Prince de Condé. . . .

"Then, every one rising, the grand-master of ceremonies

made them all walk, in the same order by which the king came, to the foot of the staircase of the Sainte-Chapelle, where the master of ceremonies placed every one as before, except that the king took a coach; and their Majesties, the nobles, the seigneurs, and the grandees of the kingdom then returned to the palace by the Pont-Neuf and the Croix-du-Trahoir, where the Sieur François, intendant-general of the fountains and aqueducts of France, in order to show his personal joy on this occasion and to contribute to that of the public, stopped the course of his waters to give place to that of wine, which flowed from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night. . . .

"And as the joy which accompanies these great events cannot be restrained within the limits of ordinary gaiety, the agreeable uproar redoubled towards evening and continued nearly all the night, with shouts of 'Vive le Roi!' accompanied by healths drunk to their Majesties, and bonfires lighted in all the streets; so that the light from these fires, added to that of lanterns placed in every window, made day in the midst of darkness; earth adding an infinite number of artificial stars to those in the sky, as if to contest their right to the glory of alone illumining so happy a night, the joy of which extended to all the towns of France; for, knowing the day of this solemnity, they one and all gave every possible mark of their satisfaction at the same time as Paris."

The queen saw the end of her regency with veritable joy; if any regret mingled with this joy it was that of not placing in the hands of the king her son as absolute a sovereign authority as she wished. She had such tenderness for him that she would have been quite capable of saying, like that ambitious Roman matron who consulted the Fates: "Let me

die, provided he be emperor!" if she had not been too good a Christian to wish for death from motives of vainglory, or to say more than what I have heard her say on several occasions: "Let him be master, and I no longer anything." But the youth of the king and the state in which France then was kept her from expecting to see him at once securely firm upon his throne; and the fresh disturbances which soon shook it made her counsels still too necessary to allow her to gratify the desire she had long felt to retire to the convent of the Val-de-Grâce.

The king's majority, therefore, did not bring to her the repose she expected; but it gave her strength to defend herself against those who were preparing for a second war, more dangerous than the first on account of the great leader who undertook it, and the intrigues which for a long time strengthened his party.

Châteauneuf being replaced in the ministry and the Marquis de La Vieuville as the superintendent of finance (a place he had formerly filled), the chief-president, Molé received the Seals. Immediately after these great changes the queen sent Maréchal d'Aumont with troops to attack those of the Prince de Condé who retired to Stenay and other places.[1] He was still undecided as to what he should do, having some desire for reconciliation. He went to Angerville, the house of Pérault, where he waited a whole day for an answer from the Duc d'Orléans in regard to a reconciliation which the prince had proposed to him; but

[1] There seems some omission or discrepancy here. The last account given of the Prince de Condé showed him at his country-house of Montrond, where he had gone to avoid being present at the ceremony of the king's majority, dissatisfied and distrustful, but not preparing for actual war. Moreover, at that ceremony his innocence of such intentions was publicly proclaimed. It certainly seems as if in this, as in her other troubles with the Prince de Condé (and, indeed, with parliament), Anne of Austria was the aggressor. — TR.

the person sent with this answer failed, through some accident, to arrive on the appointed day, and the Prince de Condé started the day after for Bourges, which had declared for him.[1] Croissy went there to see him to tell him from the queen and by the advice of her new minister, Châteauneuf, that if he would stay peaceably in one of his towns until the convocation of the States-General he would be given good quarters for his troops; and the Duc d'Orléans promised that, if he could, he would persuade the queen to hold the said convocation at Saint-Denis, or in some place of which he was not suspicious.

The prince had still a sufficient inclination for peace; it was even thought he had moments when he would not have been implacable as to the return of the cardinal (because he hated Châteauneuf) if he had dared to separate from the Duc d'Orléans, who seemed to be opposed to it, though feebly and in a manner that was full of contradictions and uncertainty. Chavigny, and all who approached the prince were of the same mind. The Duc de Nemours was the cardinal's enemy only at intervals, letting himself be led by his notions rather than by any well-formed purpose. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld who seemed to be, and really was, the mainspring of all these great movements, had, as he told me himself, an aversion to the war, but he consented to it because Madame de Longueville desired it so passionately. The Prince de Condé having consulted them on these last propositions, they one and all concluded for war; saying that at the head of an army, whether the minister re-

[1] Montglat says: "He stayed there [Angerville] several days. The Duc d'Orléans attempted his reconciliation, and sent to this place to induce him to return to Paris; but they could never reassure his mind, or take from him the distrust he had of the queen and the cardinal; so that he left Angerville and went straight to Bordeaux, the capital of his own government." — Fr. Ed.

turned or not, he would be forced to reckon with him and would doubtless grant him everything that he chose to ask.

The prince, in spite of this advice, would not yet decide; he wished to go to Montrond, where Madame de Longueville then was, and make his final resolution with her. It was there that he was as it were forced to declare himself against the king. And — to tell exactly how it happened — it was a woman in this private council who voted for war, and carried it against the greatest captain of our times. He finally resolved to undertake it, and told them all that inasmuch as they willed it he should do it, but they must remember that he drew the sword against his own will, and might, perhaps, be the last to sheathe it, — meaning thereby to make them understand they were involving him in a bad affair, in which they might not like to follow him to the end.

The Prince de Conti, Madame de Longueville, the Ducs de Nemours and de La Rochefoucauld, and President Viole, seeing that his agreement was given in spite of himself, and fearing he might change his mind, made a private treaty among themselves, in which they promised one another to remain united for their common interests, in order to hold firmly against him if he proved capable, in making a reconciliation for himself, of failing to obtain for them the favours they claimed from the Court.

The Prince de Condé, though dismissing Croissy, did not neglect to keep a back door open for negotiation, so as not to be without all chance of it. Nevertheless, he prepared for war. He left the princess, his wife, and the Duc d'Enghien, their son, at Montrond, sent the Prince de Conti and Madame de Longueville to Bourges, and started from Montrond, September 16, with the Ducs de Nemours and

de La Rochefoucauld for Guienne. He was received in Bordeaux with many demonstrations of joy and affection. He dismissed the chief-president, and sent Lenet, a man of much intelligence, to Spain, where he made a treaty as advantageous as possible, which obliged the prince to commit himself wholly to war and gave him great ideas of the success he might expect from it. He issued many commissions, and found many persons to take them; which gave his side much influence at first; and he did what he could to win over M. de Turenne and entice his army, but did not succeed.

As everybody had an interest in peace, there was no one who, by himself or by his friends, did not strive to bring it about. Gourville, a clever man and one of expedients, who from being confidant of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld had become that of the Prince de Condé, remained in Paris to watch what happened there and report it to the prince. He did not despair that matters might yet be reconciled; and he even went to Poitiers to stay with my brother, who had gone with the king in his capacity as reader of the bed-chamber, in order that he might enable him to speak to the queen without its being remarked upon. But the princess-palatine wished to do this herself, although it was still too early to attempt to break ties that so many persons had formed in the heat of their first emotions and the great hopes they had now conceived.

The coadjutor, seeing that the negotiations which were being made at the Court and in Paris with the Duc d'Orléans by many persons, among them my friend Madame Du Plessis-Guénégaud, lady-of-honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans, were all tending to persuade the Prince de Condé to be reconciled with the queen, and fearing that this would happen, sent Bartet to Cardinal Mazarin with an offer to

make the Duc d'Orléans consent to his return to France and the restoration of good-will between them, provided that, in return for this service, Mazarin would make the king nominate him for the hat on the next promotion. Madame de Chevreuse and the Marquis de Noirmoutiers strengthened these offers by assurances of his fidelity and gratitude. Bartet, a great deliverer of fictitious statements, told the cardinal that the coadjutor had a noble and generous soul, and would be his friend. So that, finally, the absent minister, pressed on all sides and cajoled by so many fine assurances, made the king give the coadjutor the nomination he coveted with such eagerness, through the hands of the Duc d'Orléans, fearing lest a recommendation known to come from Cardinal Mazarin, whom the pope did not like, might spoil his affair in Rome. The cardinal was ill-rewarded for this benefit. The coadjutor, instead of returning the sincerity of his action by equal loyalty, had no sooner got what he asked and had seen the Prince de Condé fully committed to war, than he laughed at the cardinal and showed himself his enemy as openly as before.

The queen, hoping to remedy by her courage all these betrayals and to check the war which was being fomented in Guienne and in Berri, resolved to go in person and oppose these pernicious designs. She started on this great journey on the 24th of September, accompanied by the king, by Monsieur the king's brother, her ministers, and all the Court. On reaching Fontainebleau, Châteauneuf advised them to go straight to Bourges, which they did, and, in spite of the presence in that town of the Prince de Conti and Madame de Longueville, the enterprise succeeded fortunately. Before leaving Fontainebleau on the 2d of October the king gave command of the army in Guienne to the Comte d'Harcourt; and the queen sent Ondedei to Bruhl

with an order to Cardinal Mazarin to return to Court. He was still the master; Châteauneuf complained that confidence was not placed in him. The cardinal at once took passports from Spain and came to Dinan, where, Navailles, Broglie, and several other of his friends to whom he had given governments, having come to meet him, he resolved to raise troops and re-enter France at the head of an army. But the Spaniards refusing him passports, he left Dinan secretly by roads full of Spanish troops and those of the Prince de Condé, and finally reached Bouillon.

This news gave furious alarm to his enemies. Parliament redoubled its decrees; and the mutineers of that Assembly forced the passage of one by which a price was set upon his head, and fifty thousand crowns were promised to whoever should kill him. That sum was to be taken from the sum obtained for his furniture and library, which were ordered to be entirely sold. All Europe regarded this decree with astonishment; and the sober part of the Assembly, although in the minority, which had given on other occasions so many proofs of fidelity to our kings, was scandalized.

The queen told me afterwards that this decree, far from chilling her desire for the cardinal's return, made it more determined; she knew by this how necessary it was to teach the king's subjects that it did not belong to them to order what he should do. Châteauneuf, without acting openly, was of the same opinion as the parliament of Paris. Accordingly, on advices received from his friends at Court, he said that the king's affairs were doing well, that the Prince de Condé was half conquered, and that if Cardinal Mazarin returned now, the pretext for the war which was beginning to die out, would be greatly strengthened.

The queen, wishing for that return, nevertheless desired

the good of the State in preference to everything else; and the fear she had that this return might give fresh strength to the Prince de Condé made her hesitate for a time. The Duchesse de Navailles told me afterwards that being with the queen one day and urging her to bring back the cardinal, her Majesty replied in these very words: "I know the cardinal's fidelity, and how much need the king and I have of a minister who is wholly for us, in order to put an end to the intrigues at Court of those who want to step into his place. I know that the insolence of the parliament of Paris ought to be punished, and that this could not be better done than by his return; but it must be owned," she added, "that I fear evil for the cardinal; and also that his too hasty return may injure our affairs; and that is why I find difficulty in resolving upon it."

Madame de Navailles, who was interested in the cardinal's return on account of the attachment her husband had to him, told me that this speech of the queen so alarmed her that, instead of regarding it as a result of the queen's wisdom, she believed it the sign of a change in her, and she therefore wrote instantly to the cardinal to come back, for he would be ruined if he did not hasten to resume his place. This advice had its intended effect. The cardinal put himself at once in a condition to follow it; and it may be that such great prudence on the part of the queen at this juncture displeased him, and that the memory he retained of it lessened his future gratitude towards her.

All question of negotiations was now at an end, for the cardinal, hastening his return, prevented the schemes of his enemies and re-entered France at the head of such good company — the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, the Ducs de Navailles and Broglie, Manicamp, de Bar, and all the governors on that frontier who joined him January 2, 1652

— that he found himself at the head of an army, small, but composed of such fine men, commanded by such good officers, who wanted on this occasion to show the cardinal their affection and gratitude for the favours they had received and for those they expected, that it was easy to see he could preserve his head in spite of parliament, and vanquish the obstacles which the Duc d'Orléans wished to put in his way. That prince sent a few fighting men against him, but they did not venture to appear. Two counsellors of parliament went along his route to order the bridges destroyed; but one was taken prisoner and the other took flight. So that the cardinal arrived safely at Poitiers, where the Court then was, on the 28th of January.

The king went out to meet him with the whole Court; and the queen, being the one who had protected and maintained him against, as one may say, all France, could not see him again without much joy. The king's council had annulled the decree of parliament against him, and had forbidden the sale of his property, but this was not enough to re-establish the authority of the king, which was, in some degree, attached to that of the cardinal. That is why his head, attacked on all sides and with a price put upon it, threatened with intrigues at Court more harassing to him than the threats of parliament, was now, at the same time, full of care for all the affairs of the kingdom, which were certainly great enough at this time to employ his full capacity.

III.

1652.

The Prince de Condé had despatched the Duc de Nemours into Flanders to put himself at the head of the troops that the King of Spain had sent him; and not feeling able to resist the Comte d'Harcourt, who was pursuing him with the legitimate authority, he put his troops into winter quarters and applied himself wholly to fomenting the rebellion of Bordeaux.

The Duc de Rohan-Chabot, who had always been in the interests of the Prince de Condé, though with more restraint than the others in regard to the minister, wished, being governor of Anjou, to stir Angers to revolt; which obliged Cardinal Mazarin, who was beginning to form plans to reduce Bordeaux, the seat of empire of the Prince de Condé, to change his plans and go at once to Saumur to remedy the harm the Duc de Rohan was likely to do. For this reason the Court left Poitiers on the 6th of February. The Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, Broglie and Navailles, who commanded under him, attacked the Duc de Rohan and pressed him so closely that he was forced to ask for a suspension of arms, in the course of which it was agreed that he should retire to Paris and abandon his government for a time.

Before the Court left Saumur, Châteauneuf, disgusted to find himself useless through the return of the cardinal, took leave of the king and queen and retired to Tours, where the minister soon after sent him an order to go to his country-house at Montrouge; at which place he died, laden with

years and intrigues which are very empty works before God. His friend, the Commandeur de Jars, also retired; but was reconciled after a period of repentance. The Vicomte de Turenne, now completely detached from the Prince de Condé and restored to the good graces of the king and queen, came to Court; where he was received by their Majesties with many marks of good-will; as was also Le Tellier, who was the first of all those who had been exiled for love of him who was now re-established.

Fear of the influence the Duc d'Orléans had in the city of Orléans, which was his apanage, and the little confidence that was felt in its governor, the Marquis de Sourdis, made the Court on its return resolve to leave the high-road, which passed through Orléans, and go to Gergeau, where Vaubecourt and Palluau were to meet and await the Maréchal de Turenne, who was sent with two thousand five hundred men to command them. The Duc de Nemours took the same route with the enemy's army, intending to seize Gien or Gergeau, where the Duc de Beaufort was to be with the army of the Duc d'Orléans. But the Maréchal having forestalled him, the Duc de Beaufort, in attempting to drive him out, lost many men and was forced to retire. It was said at the time that the skill of our new general [Turenne] had saved the king and queen and all the royal household, who without him would have fallen a prey to the enemy, whose whole army was now encamped around Orléans.

The Duc d'Orléans had been advised to go himself to prevent the king from entering the city; he thought, however, it was best for him not to leave Paris but to send Mademoiselle in his place. She went with much joy and determination, followed by the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac and many other ladies, all dressed as amazons, and accom-

panied by the Duc de Rohan, several counsellors of parliament, and many of the young men of Paris.[1]

I have some knowledge of the sentiments of this princess, which, however they may be twisted and turned, were criminal. But it may be said in her behalf that, her passion being legitimate, there was something grand and excusable in her actions. The fine countenance of the king, the majesty he bore in his eyes, his form, and all his great and noble qualities had no charms for her. The closed crown [sign of sovereignty] was the sole object of her ambition. And if Alexander for a similar passion has received such praises for his unjust conquests, was not Mademoiselle in some degree excusable if, being of the blood of our kings, she desired to see their crown upon her head? I have heard the queen say she did not blame her for belonging to the party of which her father, the Duc d'Orléans, was the leader, nor for making war, nor for having desires as noble as hers; but she did blame her for her violence and the rudeness she had shown in regard to herself. Mademoiselle has always spoilt her affairs by the excitability of her temperament, which makes her go too fast and too far in all she undertakes; whereas if she had been more moderate in her conduct things would, perhaps, have succeeded much better for her.

Mademoiselle presented herself at one of the gates of Orléans,[2] and at the same moment the Keeper of the Seals was at another gate, demanding entrance in the king's name. He had been sent to call the people to obedience and to dis-

[1] Mademoiselle's insatiable vanity led her to have her portrait frequently taken in her amazon costume. Mignard painted her as Bellona [see a reproduction of the picture in Vol. I of Saint-Simon's Memoirs in this historical series]. The one here given is from a miniature on vellum, and appears to have been done as a reminiscence later in her life. — TR.

[2] She relates at great length in her Memoirs her arrival at Orléans and the brilliant part she played there. She was twenty-five years old at the time, having been born in December, 1627. — TR.

On vellum. 17th cent.

La Grande Mademoiselle

cover, by the manner in which he was received what the Court might expect there. The principal persons of the town assembled, and were much embarrassed to know what they should do; which shows that they would have received the king had he gone there at once without hesitating, for the inhabitants did not open the gates to either Mademoiselle or the Keeper of the Seals.

During this interval, Mademoiselle, who was walking about, advanced to the edge of the moat close to the water. The boatmen seeing her there came over to salute her with great cries of joy. The Comte de Fiesque, who was in the city, had won the people by the money he gave them. So, whether it was through the people without or the people within, the fact is that Mademoiselle entered the town by a little round gate that opened on the river, which was walled up but was broken through to give her entrance.

As soon as she was in the town all the people followed her with applause and admiration. She went to the Hôtel de Ville; made herself mistress of the most powerful persons in the place and prevented the entrance of the Keeper of the Seals. The governor, the Marquis de Sourdis, though a servitor of the Duc d'Orléans, was not pleased with the coming of Mademoiselle. He limited her power as much as he could; his firmness and the right his rank as governor gave him, kept him from submitting to all the obedience the princess desired to exact from him.

Some time before Mademoiselle's arrival at Orléans she had written a letter to Madame de Navailles, to be shown to the queen, in which the princess showed much desire to serve the latter, and let it be known that she was entering out of necessary compliance only in what was taking place in Paris; but she also made it fully understood that she desired to be considered as a person who could pretend to

the closed crown. This letter, which I have read, was ill-received by the queen who was too accustomed to treat the princess without much consideration.

Mademoiselle was keenly hurt that her good-will was not kindly received. She now wrote another letter to the same person, in which it was plain that she felt herself mistress of a party. She wrote that she had always hated the minister, who had never treated her well; declared that she wished to marry the king, and boasted that she alone had prevented the royal troops from entering Orléans. She showed plainly that she was not to be despised, and that she could be useful to the queen, provided she were satisfied, but that she could only be satisfied by becoming queen. And finally, she declared that she could put things in such a state that they would ask for her on their knees; adding the following words, which I copied from the original: that although this subject was very agreeable to her she was too much pestered about it to like to hear of it, because all of her party, thinking to please her, never talked to her of anything else.

There was much cleverness in this letter, as there is in all she writes. But the queen did not want this princess for a daughter-in-law, and the war she was now making against the king was not a good way to reach her ends. The queen, on her return, related to me a trifling thing that Mademoiselle did which displeased her. They had purchased in Orléans what was needed by the Court, and had carried to her certain provisions for the table of the king, the queen, and other persons. Looking them over she saw some mushrooms, which she took and threw away, saying: "They are too nice, I won't have the cardinal eat them."

The orders of the Duc de Nemours which came from the Prince de Condé to his army, were to cross the river Loire, to secure Montrond, and march thence towards Guienne; those

to the Duc de Beaufort, which came to the same army from the Duc d'Orléans in Paris, were opposed to these, because the duke wanted to keep forces to defend himself against the king in case he were attacked, and thus sustain his reputation in parliament and among the people in order to prevent them from abandoning his party, which might happen if he were left with no forces but those of intrigue.

The coadjutor, who at this time had the entire confidence of the Duc d'Orléans, encouraged this purpose and increased his fears, in order to render the duke's army useless to the Prince de Condé, whom he hated. He still hoped to make himself considered at Court by showing that power was wholly on his side. This policy served him in obtaining his hat, which he received about this time, according to the agreement Cardinal Mazarin made with him, of which I have already spoken.

The Prince de Condé now resolved to leave Bordeaux and come to his army. He chose the Duc de La Rochefoucauld to accompany him, and left General Marsin with the Prince de Conti and Madame de Longueville, as much to keep them united as to preserve Bordeaux in his interests. The factions there were many, and a good understanding in his own family was not well established. Madame de Longueville was feared. Women who have hearts filled with passions and who try to impart them even to those they do not love, are always to be feared on both sides; and it is difficult to trust them. For this reason, the Prince de Condé did not find in her, though she was his sister, complete security, and the Prince de Conti, perhaps because he loved her too much, sometimes hated her; for, wanting her to love him more than anything else in the world, he had the pain of seeing that he did not have share enough in her secrets.

These differing feelings, as I have been told by those who were then their confidants, gave rise among them to great divisions, and the intrigues of individuals produced much disturbance in their little court. The Prince de Conti, won over by the minister without knowing that he was so, wished for peace; Madame de Longueville, unable to have it with either the Court or herself, wished to make herself feared both by the Court and her brothers. She fomented war as long as possible, and the Prince de Conti and she, from different motives, strove to make themselves masters of both the parliament and people of Bordeaux.

The Duc de La Rochefoucauld gladly left Bordeaux to follow the Prince de Condé, for the charms of Madame de Longueville, so long his joy, were now his despair. His passion had changed its nature. Instead of love, jealousy now filled his heart. He suspected her of wishing to please the Duc de Nemours, and this suspicion caused him great anguish; it was indeed impossible that having had so large a share in the good graces of so great a princess, he should not feel its loss with bitterness. But, besides the loss of the inclination he believed she no longer felt for him, he also believed that she had ceased to take part in his interests, and had abandoned all care for his fortunes, which he valued as much as he did the woman whom he loved.

He had discovered certain of her letters, as he told me later, in which it seemed to him that she tried to injure him with her brother the Prince de Condé, forgetting his long services and his demolished houses. It is not surprising that he was hurt by such things, and that her inconstancy seemed to him the most enormous crime that could have been committed against him; for the more he gloried in his share of a heart that so many honourable men desired to possess, the more it seemed intolerable to him

to be driven out by another. He felt this to excess, and was justly blamed for following his vexation too blindly and for carrying it too far; his anger turned him from a lover into an enemy, from an enemy into an ungrateful man, whose cruel insults went beyond what a Christian owes to God and what a man of honour owes to a woman of her quality.

Their mutual change led to another, some time later, in Madame de Longueville; for it taught her to know that human creatures were unworthy of her esteem and affection. She has since made a good use of this by giving herself up wholly and in a manner truly admirable to Him who, being her Creator, deserved that she should belong only to Him. Her virtue was so great and her conversion so perfect that through her our century has had reason to admire the effects of grace and the marvels worked by God in our souls when it pleases Him to illumine them with His light and to make, out of great sinners, a Saint Paul and a Saint Augustine.

About this time the Prince de Condé received news that the brigade of Maréchal d'Hocquincourt was still in quarters not far from Château-Regnard and was about to be joined on the morrow by that of the Vicomte de Turenne; which made him resolve instantly to march his whole army to the attack of d'Hocquincourt before he had time to gather it together and advance towards Turenne. He did this; carried five camps instantly; routed the king's troops and captured their baggage. Three thousand horses were taken; everything was overturned; a part of the king's army escaped, the rest was pursued for nearly four hours to Auxerre.

This defeat would have been greater still if the Prince de Condé had not received news that the Vicomte de Turenne was advancing; and the wise conduct of the latter, his

prudence and firmness, checked the victory of the Prince de Condé and saved on that day the king and France, who were in great peril from the successes of the prince. The Ducs de Nemours and Beaufort showed on that day that if they did not possess moderation they at least possessed valour. The first was shot through the body, — a large wound but favourable. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld and his son, the Prince de Marsillac, did actions that would have been worthy of all praise if it were possible to bestow it on Frenchmen who, instead of serving the king, were fighting to ruin him.

Messengers came to Gien to give the king and queen news of the defeat of the troops of Maréchal d'Hocquincourt with amplifications; and the alarm was great. The king — so my brother who accompanied him throughout this journey, wrote me — mounted his horse with all the people of quality then about him, and started from Gien; but the cardinal stopped him at the beginning of the plain and prevented him from following the generous impulse which in the flush of his youth made him desire glory. While the baggage was being loaded and the carriages prepared to cross the bridge (which they thought of destroying if need were after the Court had crossed it) news arrived that the loss had not been very great, that the Prince de Condé had retired to quarters, and that the Vicomte de Turenne had done the same.

The king's army having withdrawn, the Prince de Condé marched his to Châtillon. There he stayed two days and then went to Paris, leaving the command of his army to Clinchamp and the Comte de Tavannes. He took with him the Ducs de Nemours, de Beaufort, and de La Rochefoucauld, and went to enjoy the applause which awaited him after so perilous an absence, ending in a victory attended with so

much glory. That applause was indeed sufficient to fully satisfy him.

On the 22d of April [1652] he went to parliament to take his seat with the Duc d'Orléans, where he was warmly received, though coming, as he did, from giving battle against the king. The two princes protested to parliament their good intentions, justified their motive in taking up arms, and said they declared once more that provided Mazarin was removed from Court, he and his adherents, they would immediately lay them down. They put in this last clause so that in case the pretext of Mazarin himself was taken from them, enough was left to last ten years by accusing daily some new person of belonging to the cardinal's party; for in fact they might include the whole Court under the name of "mazarins" and "adherents."

On that day there were loud cries of joy in favour of the princes, no one daring to speak for the king or to represent that it was not right to receive the Prince de Condé still bloody from the battles he had fought against him. The deputies who had gone to the king with the written remonstrances which parliament had addressed to him against the return of Cardinal Mazarin, made their report on this occasion, and complained of not being well received and their remonstrances not being read, according to long-established custom, in presence of the king. The whole Assembly was scandalized; the king's lawyers exclaimed loudly, and said that the king had told them he would send in search of testimony against the cardinal; and that after having seen and read it, he would send it to them for their opinion. The Assembly cried out against this, although it was a thing in order and advised by their chief-president, who was still attached to the service of the king and knew more than any of them.

News was brought to the Prince de Condé in Paris, that Miossens, and the Marquis de Saint-Mesgrin, lieutenants-general, were marching from Saint-Germain to Saint-Cloud with two cannon, intending to drive out a hundred men of the Condé regiment who were intrenched on the bridge, of which they had destroyed one of the arches. The prince mounted his horse with those who happened to be near him, intending to go there. The rumour having spread about Paris, eight to ten thousand persons followed him, honest men and burghers; which caused the king's troops to content themselves with firing a few cannon-balls and then retiring.

The prince wishing to profit by the good-will of the burghers led them to Saint-Denis, where there was a garrison of two hundred Suisses. His troops arrived there soon after dark, and those who were within, having taken the alarm, fired at them. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld told me that the Prince de Condé, being in the midst of three hundred horsemen, all men of rank in his party, found himself abandoned by nearly all of them after the third discharge of musketry, and that he himself was one of seven who stood by him. The prince made them enter Saint-Denis by an old breach in the wall which was not defended; and soon after, all who had abandoned him came back, each alleging some particular excuse for his cowardice which was common to all.

The Suisses tried to defend some barricades in the town, but being pressed, they retired into the abbey, and surrendered two days later as prisoners of war. No disorders took place; but on the evening of the same day the king's troops retook the town; and Deslandes, captain of the Condé regiment, whom the prince had left in command, retired, in his turn, into the abbey, which he held for three days. Though

this action was not celebrated, it had some brilliancy; it increased the good-will of the burghers to the Prince de Condé, for each man of them was glad to be able to say he had been to the war under him.

The cardinal now resolved to besiege Étampes with the whole of the royal army. There was ground, for several reasons, to expect a happy issue; the plan was a fine one, and would show the enemies of the State that the king was not wanting in forces, nor his minister in courage; but the Duc de Lorraine put a stop to it.[1] The princes had long awaited him with impatience, and the cardinal had prevented this succour by pretexts of peace which he offered to make with the duke. But the usual levity of the latter kept him from deciding on what might have been more to his advantage. He came with his troops, who camped near Paris: where they committed great disorders and were to many a just punishment for their faults. No one dared complain; self-willed crimes usually make men more patient than the philosophy of the severest stoics.

The king, who was now receiving continual deputations from parliament, sent a written response, expressing the wish to satisfy his people, and showing that he was willing for conferences on the subject by ordering that the same deputies should be sent to him again. The question of the return of these deputies was deliberated in parliament in presence of the princes, and it was resolved that they should both (Presidents de Maisons and Nesmond) go back to the king. They started June 13 for Melun, where the Court

[1] Charles IV., Duc de Lorraine, was brother of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who had long entreated him to come to the help of the princes. The Spaniards on their side urged him to the same thing. . . . He decided at last to do so; and marched his army of eight hundred men to Lagny, where he left it, and entered Paris on horseback, where he was received with incredible applause by the people. . . . — Fr. Ed.

then was; an agreement having been made two days earlier, between the king on one side and the Duc de Lorraine and the princes on the other, for a suspension of arms in order to negotiate a peace. Things being in this state and the Duc de Lorraine with his army, the king brought his to Saint-Denis to force the duke to agree to a peace or to fight; and at the same time he wrote to the King of England and begged, as his good brother who desired the public welfare and a general peace, to go and see the duke and bring him to terms.

The King of England, who was then in Paris, started at once, although he saw clearly that he would disoblige his uncle the Duc d'Orléans, and went to the camp of the Duc de Lorraine, which was about nine miles from Paris. He found on arriving that the two armies were fighting, and that the king's advanced guard was already attacking the Lorrain troops. The King of England, who was there to talk of peace, stopped short and sent word to the Duc de Lorraine that he had come to put him on good terms with the king, and he was amazed to find things in such a state. The duke came to see him and assured him he was as much surprised as himself, and, whether for effect or truly, he complained of the Court, saying that they had been amusing him with negotiations for peace and all the while attacking him in force. At this moment Beaujeu arrived from the king and assured the Duc de Lorraine that this attack was only intended to force him to make terms and he entreated the King of England to continue to work for peace. Paper was laid on a table and that day, Saturday, June 15, an agreement was drawn up that was more advantageous to the king than to the duke, who obtained nothing more than to be allowed to return whence he came without any loss.

The wrath of the people and the anger of the princes was

great when they learned the results of the negotiation. The burghers of Paris had testified affection for the enemies of the king and hatred to his friends. When the Duc de Lorraine first arrived in the rebellious city and heard the shouts of joy with which the people welcomed his coming, he said he could never have supposed that entering that city as the king's enemy he could be so well received.

As a result of this agreement on the part of the Duc de Lorraine, the Prince de Condé resolved to return to his army, fearing lest that of the king might attack it. He rejoined it at Linats, took it first into camp near Villejuif, and then to Saint-Cloud, where it remained for a long time.

Up to this time I had remained in Paris, where the absence of the queen and the sight of the revolt had made me very uncomfortable. But now, knowing that the Court was at Saint-Denis, I resolved to go there and escape from Paris, which, however, it was difficult to do as all the gates were guarded. I succeeded, however, by the help of one of Mademoiselle's carriages, which took me to Chaillot; from there I was escorted by my brother, who, having come from Saint Denis to fetch me, had reconnoitred all the roads by which we could pass; and although on that day the environs of Paris were covered with troops of the king and of the Prince de Condé, we passed safely through them by a cross-road and reached the Court from which I had been absent so long.

We found that the king's army was in the act of crossing the river to fight the enemy at Saint-Cloud; but the cardinal, hearing that the prince was quitting Saint-Cloud and marching to Charenton, immediately made our army recross the river and take the same road; so that we saw from our windows, when we woke on the morning of the 2d of July at Saint-Denis, the last troops of the rear-guard marching

towards Paris to attack those of the Prince de Condé near the faubourg Saint-Martin, and later in the faubourg Saint-Antoine.

On the other hand, the Prince de Condé, seeing that the king's army was swelled by the troops of the Maréchal de La Ferté, and therefore that he could not march his troops through Paris as he had hoped to do in order to post them on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Seine with the Marne, was obliged to start them early in the night of July 1; and, in order to secure their arrival where he wanted them to be before the army of the king could intercept him, he led them by the Cours and along the outside of the city, which was the very road we had taken a few hours earlier and where we had almost met the first troops of his vanguard. It would have been a terrible adventure for a cowardly woman to find herself in such company; but as these troops marched in order with their officers at their head they would not have done us much harm. And I must also say, to the praise of all, that never was there a war fought with so little animosity. We heard and saw threats, shouts, and insults, and even bad actions, but never those massacres and barbarities that we read of in history, and which other rebellions have produced,

These sheep (for they seemed such) of the Prince de Condé, believing constantly that some one of the gates would be opened to them, skirted the walls of Paris from the Porte Saint-Honoré to that of Saint-Antoine, to take the route I mentioned. I did not know the danger I had been in until after it had passed, when I was wakened in the early morning by the roll of drums from the king's army going towards that of the prince to give it battle. For this purpose they made the king go to Charonne, where he stationed himself on a little hillside, whence he could survey

the action about to take place, which was, according to all appearances, to bring about the ruin of the prince, the destruction of the rebel party, and the end of the civil war.

The queen rose that morning very early and went to the Carmelite convent of Saint-Denis to pass so important a day at the foot of the altars. I went to her at once, with the emotion and the beating heart that one needs must have on such an occasion, when one sees at close hand the inevitable loss of so many brave men on both sides. There, the queen heard, almost immediately, that Saint-Mesgrin, having too much ardour and haste, was killed in a narrow street through which he had imprudently led the company of the king's light-horse, which he commanded. Le Fouilloux, ensign of the queen's Gardes, was killed there also. Mancini, the cardinal's nephew, young and brave, and already a man of honour, was mortally wounded; he paid with his life and his blood for the misfortune of his uncle, who seemed to be the pretext of this unjust war.

The queen mourned them all extremely; and as it seemed to her that they were killed before her very eyes, she appeared more touched than on other occasions when she and the king had lost good servants. During this battle the queen was on her knees the whole time, before the Holy Sacrament, except for the moments when she went to the grating to receive couriers who came from the king to tell her of the death of various persons. Her suffering was great; for I can truly say that the crime of her enemies did not efface the regret that she felt at their death. She grieved for those who died in the service of the king, and those who perished on the other side assuredly had some portion of her pity. I saw her distress, for I had the honour to be alone with her nearly all that day. Madame

de Senecé, who attended her, was taken ill and remained in a cell of the convent without approaching the queen; but the princess-palatine came to see her in the evening of this terrible day.

The Prince de Condé acquired on this occasion a brilliant glory by the fine actions that his valour led him to perform, and by his conduct, which was esteemed and praised on both sides:[1] also for the good fortune which he had not to perish, he and his troops, as, according to all the maxims of war, so said the most valiant, ought to have happened. He was not attacked until the moment when he could use the intrenchments which the burghers of the faubourg Saint-Antoine had thrown up to prevent themselves from being pillaged by the troops of the Duc de Lorraine; and this luck was what saved him, by giving him the means to display in his defence the great heart and extreme capacity which made him one of the greatest captains that ever was in Europe. Fortunate in every way, had he not tarnished by his rebellion the great services he had rendered to France, to which we may truly say he did great good and great evil.

The Duc de Nemours, who fought beside the Prince de Condé had thirteen strokes upon him or his armour. They came to tell the queen he was dead. I noticed that she had the goodness to regret him as an enemy of merit, and one who was well-intentioned for peace. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld received a musket-shot in the face below the eyes, so that he instantly lost his sight. The young Prince de Marsillac, his son, was seen leading him across Paris in this pitiable state. Later, he recovered his sight; and about the same time his reason showed him that while blindness of soul may be accompanied by certain charms,

[1] See the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz and of Mademoiselle. — TR.

it is worse than that of the eyes and will cause us far more veritable evils. I have since heard him say himself, wondering at the earnestness he had had in what then happened, that, in the state in which he was, his sole thought was to excite the populace to pity him by the sight of his wound, and that from the Porte Saint-Antoine to the hôtel de Liancourt, where they took him, he spoke continually to those whom compassion obliged to stop and look at him, exhorting them to go to the support of the prince; which exhortation may not have been useless to him. The Duc de Navailles, who commanded the king's troops on the Picpus side, after posting them advantageously, pressed those of the Prince de Condé and it was here that so many persons of mark were killed or wounded, all brave and meritorious men, — among them, Flamarin, who was among the most regretted.

Up to this time the Parisians had been quiet spectators of this great combat; a part of them were won over by the servants of the king; it was even said that the officers of the *colonelle* [colonel's company], which was then on guard at the Porte Saint-Antoine, were of the number, for they prevented all entrance and exit. The Duc d'Orléans was at the Luxembourg, beset by Cardinal de Retz [lately the coadjutor], who, anxious to rid himself of the Prince de Condé, now hoped to see him perish. He told the duke that the prince had made terms with the Court and that this battle was only a farce. The Duc d'Orléans, thus filled with doubts, made no effort to assist the prince.

Mademoiselle, seeing her father's perplexity, came to rouse him; representing to him strongly his duty and the obligation to which his honour and his blood bound him, to support one who risked his life and that of his friends for the common cause. She told him that the dead and dying

now being brought from the battle were fatal proof enough that the prince had made no terms without him; so that, finally, the Duc d'Orléans was moved by her persuasions. She herself carried his orders to the Hôtel-de-Ville to make the burghers take arms. From there she went to see the battle from the towers of the Bastille; it was even thought that she commanded the governor to fire the cannon on the king's troops; but she has since told me it was not done by her orders. I know, however, that the king and queen were convinced to the contrary, and perhaps with reason. However that may be, she went herself to the Porte Saint-Antoine, not only to induce the burghers to receive the Prince de Condé and his army, but also to go out and fight for him. She ordered the gates to be opened, and so inspired the burghers to favour him that she saved him and kept him from destruction, which was inevitable had he remained longer outside exposed to the forces of the king and the valour on our side.[1] The number of men of note brought in from the battle either dead or dying completed the object of stirring up the populace in favour of the Prince de Condé. He was received in triumph; entering the city sword in hand, literally covered with blood and dust, and welcomed by the plaudits and benedictions of all the people.

The minister, seeing that the cannon of the Bastille had been criminally fired on the king's troops, wisely ordered the latter to retire; and though this day had not been as favourable for him as he hoped, he did not allow himself to appear cast down by ill-fortune, and he bore the loss of his nephew

[1] For an account of all this see Mademoiselle's own Memoirs, in which she admits that she ordered the cannon of the Bastille to be fired. An exploit for which, as Saint-Simon says, Louis XIV. never forgave her. — TR.

with great firmness, though he was, in truth, sensibly afflicted by it.

The Prince de Condé and Mademoiselle, who each did on that day, in his and her own way, memorable actions, are to be pitied for being engaged in supporting an unjust war, which deprives them of the praises they would otherwise have earned. I should have great pleasure in here giving them all they deserved, if they had fought for a legitimate cause; but a good Frenchwoman cannot say more than that.

On the evening of this great day the queen was occupied in succouring the wounded soldiers who were brought to Saint-Denis during and after the battle. They made a hospital of the market and of the great hall of the Abbey, but there was difficulty in getting enough straw for the wounded to lie on and enough soup to feed them. I was lodged in the great room above this hall, for want of other place, not having leisure to go to the convent of the Filles-de-Sainte-Marie, where the queen had billeted me the evening before. I was therefore obliged to remain in the Abbey all night. The next morning, leaving that room, I passed through the hall, where I saw many wounded, most of whom were dying, but nearly all were demanding something to eat with unparalleled avidity, and not one was thinking of his salvation. This picture of human misery forced me to make lamentations over the evils of war; but, after all, there is nothing in the universe that the Lord has not created: He derives His glory from all, and in all things we must ever say, *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

The negotiations of private individuals acting from self-interest began once more; but the Prince de Condé, in view of the good state of his affairs, no longer wanted peace. Chavigny and all others of his party were of opinion that he ought to profit by the good disposition in which the peo-

ple seemed to be towards him. They proposed an assembly at the Hôtel-de-Ville, to recognize the Duc d'Orléans as lieutenant-general of the crown of France; and next to unite themselves inseparably to procure the dismissal from the kingdom of Cardinal Mazarin. The Duc de Beaufort was to be appointed governor of Paris in place of the Maréchal de l'Hôpital; and Broussel was to be established provost of the merchants in place of Le Febvre.

But this assembly, from which they expected to derive such great advantages, proved to be one of the principal causes of the ruin of this party, the influence of which diminished visibly after a horrible violence that occurred on the day of its session and threatened to destroy all those who were present at the Hôtel-de-Ville. God, who willed to take pity on France, caused the Prince de Condé to lose by this means all the advantages which the battle of Saint-Antoine had given him. While the assembly was in session, a troop composed of all sorts of armed men were stirred up to come and shout at the doors of the Hôtel-de-Ville that the friends of Cardinal Mazarin must instantly be delivered up to them, and that such was the will of the Prince de Condé.

At first it was thought that this noise was only an ordinary effect of the impatience of the populace; but when those who had assembled saw that the crowd, the uproar, and the tumult were increasing, and that doors were being burned and shots were fired through the windows, they believed themselves lost. Many, to escape the fire, exposed themselves to the fury of the populace, and numbers of them, of all conditions and all parties, were killed. This was the only time that the civil war produced actions of cruelty. I was with the queen at Saint-Denis when the news was brought to her. They added that the Hôtel-de-Ville was in

flames and the whole town in fire and slaughter; which a few hours later was found to be not wholly true. The queen heard of this fatal event and felt it with the horror such disorder deserved. Each of us offered prayers for the safety of the city where confusion reigned, regarding it with that love one must always feel for one's country.

Some days after the burning of the Hôtel-de-Ville, I left Saint-Denis to go into the country to pass this grievous time of war, and there wait quietly till peace was made before I returned to Court. It was impossible to live at Saint-Denis without foraging, and I had not enough valets to be served suitably; for this reason, I deprived myself of the presence of the queen, who was all my joy. I have reason to believe that in quitting her I lost that favourable moment of fortune which never returns, if we are so unlucky as to let it escape us. The cardinal was meditating a temporary absence to take from the princes and the people the Mazarin pretext; and finding me then with the queen and the only one in whom he could put any confidence, he asked me one day, without preamble or explanation, what I desired in order to satisfy me. I, who had nothing in my mind at the moment but the horrors of war and a desire to flee from its inconveniences, answered imprudently that I was going to Normandy and it was no time for him to think of me; but that on my return I hoped he would not forget me. I did not perceive the mistake I had made until after I had left the Court. I received the punishment I deserved, for though the minister had reason to be satisfied with my conduct, he let me know subsequently that men only think of doing good according to their own needs and fancies.

I left the queen in great hopes of being soon able to vanquish her enemies by the good understanding which she and her minister had in Paris, which seemed greatly strengthened

by what had just taken place at the Hôtel-de-Ville. I even saw, before leaving, several of the presidents of parliament who came out to see the king. The wisest of that assembly, whose intentions, as a general thing, had doubtless not been deliberately criminal, returning to ideas more conformable to reason, now cured themselves of the enthusiasm of wishing to reform the State. They separated themselves from the most factious members, and shortly after, nearly all of them returned to their duty and let it be seen that Frenchmen are not so traitorous actually as they sometimes appear.

Every one demanded to know the cause and the source of what was done at the Hôtel-de-Ville. Not only was it not known at Saint-Denis, but to this day we are ignorant of who it was that authorized so barbarous an action, which was always attributed more to the Prince de Condé than to any one else. But those who desire to judge more favourably believe that the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé made use of the Duc de Beaufort as a means to frighten those of the assembly on the king's side, and that the orders of the latter being ill-given or ill-understood the harm done was much greater than was desired, and the intentions less terrible and wicked than they seemed to be from their effects. A fact which ought to convince persons of this is that the Prince de Condé did all he could to prevent the increase of the evil; but this did not efface either the impression that violence was in the minds of all, or the hatred which necessarily followed it.

In consequence of this uncertain suspicion the power of the princes was dreaded by right-minded men, and the eyes of all were opened to see the evils to which their rebellion was leading them; the just and gentle rule of their sovereign seemed to them an inestimable good, and they resolved to seek its recovery as their only happiness. The princes,

meantime, not supposing themselves to be so near the end of their power as they really were, thought only of strengthening it by fresh means.

They proposed to create a council, composed of the princes of the blood and Chancellor Séguier, to whom the loss of the Seals had caused a loss of patience. To these they added the princes of their party, the dukes and peers, marshals of France and general officers, two presidents of parliament and the provost of the merchants, with power to judge definitively of all things concerning war and police. But this scheme succeeded as ill as the other; it had fatal consequences inasmuch as the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Beaufort, already natural enemies though brothers-in-law, quarrelled for precedence and fought with pistols in Paris behind the Hôtel de Vendôme. The Duc de Nemours drew upon himself the vengeance of heaven for having forced this fight on the Duc de Beaufort. He was killed, and his death mourned by all those who knew the merit of a prince who was infinitely amiable and gifted with many fine qualities.

It was not without reason that the queen regretted his loss, as I saw on the day of Saint-Antoine when she believed him killed; for he had acted generously in regard to the king by sending word to the minister that his demands would not prevent the peace, and that he willingly renounced all his advantages to return to his duty, which he had abandoned only through ties of friendship to the Prince de Condé and to his own harm. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld told me afterwards that he had made the same renouncement, though in truth there was reason to suppose he was not indifferent to the terms always proposed for him when there was talk of peace.

After these disturbances, the king's authority began to recover strength, and that of the princes to lose it alto-

gether. The Prince de Condé, no longer having his two friends, the Ducs de Nemours and de La Rochefoucauld, who pressed him always to accomplishment, allowed himself at last to be connected with the Spaniards, all the more because Madame de Longueville urged it. He saw himself hated in Paris after the burning of the Hôtel-de-Ville; he was tempted by the fine promises of the foreigners, and the charms of Madame de Châtillon, whom he did not hate, had not enough force to keep him from embarking his fortunes with theirs.

He made a certain show at the last, however, of being willing to negotiate with the minister; though at the same time he was taking his measures for war. He offered the place of the Duc de Nemours to the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who did not accept it on account of his wound, which still threatened to destroy his eyesight; so that the command of the prince's army was given to the Prince de Tarente, son of the Duc de La Trémouille.

The affairs of the princes going thus from bad to worse, the cardinal, to give time for the good servants of the king to serve him by making known to the Parisians the delusion in which their extravagant and obstinate hatred of him held them, resolved to leave the Court for a certain time; but as absence is always dangerous, he attempted before he left to come to terms with the Prince de Condé. He sent Langlade to the Duc de La Rochefoucauld with conditions of peace almost identical with those that the prince had seemed to desire; but the latter, carried away by destiny, now refused to listen to them, — the offers of the King of Spain having put new ideas into his mind. By this course he put himself under the necessity of leaving France, which he did soon after.

The cardinal also departed, but before he went, the Prince

de Condé caused another decree to be issued against him in which he was accused of keeping the king a prisoner. The Duc d'Orléans also caused himself to be declared generalissimo of the armies of the king, and both of them did all they could to maintain the authority of the council which they had so ill-established. All these enterprises having succeeded badly, the Prince de Condé was at last constrained to go to Flanders in search of other laurels. These had, of course, the misfortune to offend his legitimate master, but, for all that, they did not fail to increase his glory in all countries and his great reputation. We may even presume that he felt much joy in having forced his enemy, Mazarin, to flee the country before him.

After the departure of Cardinal Mazarin the king went to Compiègne, where he received, from every direction, signs of the approaching end of the rebellion and of the repentance of his people. The cause of the princes was weakened by the departure of the minister, and the pretext for the delusion under which they lived being thus removed, all good Frenchmen returned to their duty.

Cardinal de Retz now wished to obtain for himself the credit of this peace, and by following the inclination of the Duc d'Orléans, to recover in that fine way the good graces of the king. He claimed to have served his Majesty well in these last affairs, and his friends said so for him; but so many persons were then hastening to do right that his services had not much merit, and what they had was effaced by the factious enterprises which preceded them, and which were strongly imprinted in the queen's memory.

The Court being at Compiègne the king received these protestations of fidelity from his people, and then, wishing to return to Paris, he issued a general amnesty. The principal *frondeurs* were exiled, and the Duc d'Orléans was forced by

the king's presence to leave Paris, where he had wielded so unrighteous a power. The duke was compelled to flee before the king, whom he would not go to see, though the Duc de Damville, before the arrival of the king, brought him an order to do so.

In refusing to see the king, who had the kindness to wish to see him and offer him a pardon for things now past, he ought to have exiled himself at once and so have avoided the grief of seeing all his enterprises overwhelmed with shame and misfortune. But he remained for some time undecided what to do; and the king and queen, who now regarded his absence as necessary, finding, as they approached Paris, that he was still there, held a council in their carriage to resolve upon a course. It was then decided, as the queen did me the honour to tell me on my return from Normandy, to send troops direct to the Luxembourg to seize his person. The Duc d'Orléans, being warned of this, and knowing the evils that threatened him, left Paris at the very moment the king entered it, and went to calm his fretful and useless solicitudes at his Château de Blois, where the disillusion of vain grandeur and ambition produced in him the desire for those solid and veritable good things that last eternally; and he thus had reason to count himself happy to have been unfortunate.

Mademoiselle had orders to leave the Tuileries, where she had lodged until now. She started for Saint-Fargeau, regretting all her efforts which had been ill-repaid, undeserving as they were and little agreeable to him who had been the cause of them.

This fortunate peace brought the king back to Paris October 21. He entered the city on horseback, accompanied by the King of England, and followed by Prince Thomas (who seemed to be left in the place of Cardinal Mazarin),

several princes, dukes, peers, marshals of France, and crown officers. This entry was viewed by the Parisians with extreme joy, and their acclamations were great. Cardinal de Retz met and congratulated the king and queen at the entrance to the Louvre, accompanied by all the clergy, which was not a disagreeable sight to them.

Immediately after this the king received the two parliaments as one, forbade it to meddle in the affairs of State, exiled whom he pleased, and went to live in the Louvre, not to quit it again, having experienced, through the annoying adventures he had had in the Palais-Royal, that private houses without moats were not suitable for him. The next day, October 22, parliament assembled in the gallery of the Louvre, where the king, being on his *lit de justice*, gave the orders I have just related.

After the king's return, Cardinal de Retz, compelled by decorum, came, about Christmas-time, to the Louvre to pay his respects to the king and queen. These two royal personages had resolved to have him arrested whenever he should come to make his obeisance; but it was long before he could resolve to do so. His visit relieved the queen of a great anxiety. For two months she and the king had been awaiting a good opportunity to execute their intention, as being necessary to their repose. Pradelle, captain of a company of the infantry of the Gardes, who had the order, entreated the king to sign it with his own hand, because he felt that, as this stroke ought not to fail, he might perhaps be forced to kill him rather than allow him to escape. But the queen, more Christian than politic, could not bring herself, for any interest, to consent to an act of vengeance and cruelty; so that the king and she, being of the same mind, waited until God was pleased, in blessing their good and just intentions, to give them the means of making sure of his person in

a more gentle manner ; which came to pass, at last as they wished.

This famous perturber of the Court, having at last resolved to pay his respects to their Majesties, went first to the apartment of the Maréchal de Villeroy, intending to go from there to the king, who had been warned by the Abbé Fouquet that de Retz was in the Louvre. On the way he met his Majesty as he was coming down from the queen's apartment. The king, employing on this occasion that judicious moderation which has since been so admirably practised by him in all his actions, looked pleasantly at the cardinal and asked him if he had seen the queen. De Retz having answered no, he invited him, amiably, to follow him ; and at the same time ordered Villequier, captain of his guards, to arrest him the moment he should leave the queen, which was done punctually. Thus ended in him the last of the Fronde. He had been the leader and the source of it, and he was the last to be struck down. I heard these particulars related afterwards by the king and queen one day when they were talking of the matter before me.

IV.

1653 — 1657.

Cardinal Mazarin was at Sedan, awaiting the execution of this great exploit. As he had felt on a former occasion the inconvenience of not having enough money to defend himself powerfully against his misfortunes, he was determined to repair that mistake, and, more for love of himself than from hatred to his enemies, he resolved to avenge himself on all France by exhausting it of money to fill his own coffers. He returned to Paris February 3, 1653; and I returned from Normandy at the same time; so that my Memoirs will no longer be mixed up with intelligence derived from others. I usually write only of what I know myself, or from those who have been either actors or confidants.

After the glorious return of the cardinal, the Court, parliament, and all France, began to range themselves beneath his will. Minds undeceived about their own dislike, perceived, through the experience they had gone through of many troubles, that his rule was better than the false liberty they had hoped for. The body of the people, who had despised him, began to fear him, and, having more respect for him than they had ever yet had, they brought themselves not only to endure him, but even to adulate him, comprehending that they ought, in favour of his luck or his good qualities, to overlook his defects. He set to work at once to make an end of the Bordeaux war in order to gain more power for defence against the enemy.

The Prince de Conti and Madame de Longueville, who were still in that rebellious city sustaining the remnants of a party now wholly beaten down, defended themselves against him in all the evil ways that tyranny could suggest. They persecuted those who seemed inclined to serve the king, and did great injustice to many for which they both have since repented. The Prince de Conti, becoming in the end as devout as Madame de Longueville, has since made in that same city public reparation, and the beauty of his repentance surpassed by a great deal the ugliness of his faults. This power, which they kept for some time in this way, could not last long against legitimate authority, and they were forced in the end to abandon their fortress and submit to what the king was pleased to do with them. The Princesse de Condé, the Duc d'Enghien, the Prince de Conti, and Madame de Longueville left Bordeaux July 24, 1653, to go, each of them, to the place appointed for them.

After this, the Prince de Conti, unhappy at finding himself exiled and in bad odour at Court, gave up his ecclesiastical benefices and asked for the hand of Mademoiselle Martinozzi, niece of the cardinal, esteeming himself lucky to become the nephew of the man he had hated and despised. This marriage did not seem at first sight to be in keeping with the grandeur and birth of a prince of the blood; but the fortunes of Cardinal Mazarin were now so dazzling that he was able to raise his family to the highest dignities and thus efface the lowness of his race. The Prince de Conti found many advantages in the choice he thus made of Mademoiselle Anne Martinozzi; for, with beauty, she had much sweetness of temper, much intelligence, and good sense. These qualities, most agreeable to a husband, were perfected by her piety, which was so great that it had the honour to follow his in the stern path of austere devotion; but she had

this advantage over him that she gave to God a soul all pure, the innocence of which was the basis of her virtue, of her love for him, of the esteem she had for his good qualities, and the gratitude she felt for the honour he had done her. The marriage took place in Paris, in presence of the king and queen, February 24, 1654.

Madame de Longueville on quitting Bordeaux stayed for a time at Montreuil-Bellay; then, the moment having come in which she was to know the truth and follow it, she retired to the convent of the Filles de Sainte-Marie at Moulins, with Madame de Montmorency, her aunt. It was there, as I have already said, that she emptied her soul of the false illusions of the world, and filled it with desires for solid good and real grandeurs; there she came to know that "the fashion of this world passeth away" and, gazing at it henceforth with contempt, she employed her life in the service of God and the practice of an august repentance. I have heard her say with sorrow that she felt she could never do enough, in view of what she owed to divine justice, to atone for the part she taken in the civil war.

As grace changed her feelings in every way, it did so in regard to her husband, the Duc de Longueville, with whom she desired extremely to be reconciled; which happened soon after, to the satisfaction of both of them. This same grace, shed into the heart of the Prince de Conti, caused a reunion between the brother and sister, who had been on bad terms from the time they were at Bordeaux. Thus this family, disunited by the folly and vanity of the world, was restored to entire peace through Christian virtue.

Shortly after his marriage, the Prince de Conti came one day to see the queen. He was alone with her; the only witnesses present were the Comtesse de Flex and myself. The queen, by chance, mentioned past matters and the war

made by the Prince de Condé against the king. She asked him several questions about certain individuals who pretended to have been faithful without really being so, for at such times a great many persons desire to hold on to both sides. He gave her a very exact account of those who were zealous for the king or passionate for parliament and those who, not having satisfied either side, were lukewarm to both. The queen, making him some kindly reproaches for the evils he had made her suffer, asked if it was true, as had been said at the time, that the Prince de Condé, before the first war of Paris in which he had served the king so well, had had some thought of making a party for himself and separating from the Court; and also whether it was true that he had had, for this purpose, certain negotiations at Noisy with the coadjutor, since become Cardinal de Retz. The Prince de Conti answered that it was quite true that his brother had once during that time had a long conference with the coadjutor; but he did not think that his intention had ever been to ally himself with the coadjutor; but that, seeing such clouds in the air, he had wanted to feel about on all sides and see to which he should throw himself.

The prince added frankly that Madame de Longueville and he had been alarmed by this conversation with the coadjutor, because having taken all their measures to be the leaders of the party then forming against the king, they would have been sorry if the Prince de Condé had come to interfere with them; thus acknowledging to the queen what had always been said, and what I think I have briefly stated elsewhere, namely that they threw themselves on the rebel side solely because the Prince de Condé was on that of the king; and that if, on the contrary, the prince had placed himself at the head of the parliament, they would indubitably have stayed by the Court; for they desired and sought

no other advantage than the pleasure of being leaders of a party to which the prince did not belong. He went on to tell the queen that they had been on ill terms from petty family interests; and that, as for himself, he had not been able to endure the fact that when the resolution was taken by the queen to besiege Paris his brother had answered for him to the king and herself without asking his consent; and that this contempt had nettled him and made him resolve to leave the Court at Saint-Germain and show his brother that he was not a little boy, but could act for himself either well or ill.

Hearing this, the queen reminded him of the tears shed by the Princesse de Condé, their mother, when she heard that he had gone to Paris, and her grief at the part that he and Madame de Longueville were taking. He answered that he was not surprised at her feelings, because, considering the love and tenderness she always felt for them, it was very hard for her who was not then feeling friendly to the Prince de Condé, to see the latter on the side she preferred from duty and inclination, while the two children she loved best were on the other.

In the midst of this interview the Prince de Conti, as if waking out of a deep sleep, suddenly cried out that he thought he must be mad to talk of all these things which would surely revive a just hatred against him. But the queen, laughing, told him he could say on without fear, for she assured him she was so entirely reconciled with him that it was impossible to rouse in her heart any of the feelings she had formerly justly felt.

The cardinal, after his return to Paris, was entreated by the Maréchal de La Meilleraye to intrust to him the person of Cardinal de Retz, a relation of his wife; the minister resolved to grant the maréchal this favour, taking his word

that he would not let him out of his hands without orders from the king. On this occasion Cardinal Mazarin showed that the gentleness he had hitherto exercised towards his enemies might have had its source in his natural kindness, because he was now in such complete power that he could not be suspected of leniency from either weakness or fear. He was ill-rewarded for his readiness to do a good action, for the Maréchal de La Meilleraye, who was either badly served, or too negligent, or deceived by his wife, had the annoyance, some time later, to see his prisoner escape him. The cardinal, to crown his gentleness and with laudable generosity of heart, was not angry with him and was convinced that Cardinal de Retz broke his fetters without his connivance. That prelate, being free, betook himself to Rome, where he carried on all the intrigues that he possibly could against Cardinal Mazarin, — as much with the pope as by his writings; and a manifesto which he sent to Paris was publicly burned by the executioner.

Parliament, which was only humbled because it was not able to resist the royal power, made several efforts from time to time to recover its strength; and there were even occasions when matters of police and the king's service seemed to oblige it to assemble. But these assemblies having been so fatal to France that the very word was held in horror by the minister, the king opposed them, and came on one occasion booted and spurred from the forest of Vincennes to the Chamber to forbid the assembly.

After this scene, parliament made remonstrances to the king on the subject; and the minister, who was wary, thought himself obliged to show much mildness to the deputies and to listen to their arguments with the kindness of a father who knows how to pardon and punish equitably. At another time, parliament having resisted the will of the

king on some matter relating to the coinage, Cardinal Mazarin, who would not suffer it to recover its strength on any point, resolved to exile some of its members, and a command was sent to them to retire each to the place ordained for him.

The queen was not sorry to have a pretext for mortifying those of the parliament who had given her so many unhappy years and bad hours. Going into her room on that day, she called to me to come to her, and said in a low voice, with a smiling face, "Madame, ten of them are exiled or prisoners!" I answered, laughing myself, "Your Majesty seems glad of it!" "I am, truly," she said, "but not wholly; for I wanted to put them all in the Bastille; but, through the cardinal's usual gentleness, only one of them is there." Then she added that if the chief-president showed malignancy, he would be treated in the same way.

Having now written with accuracy the things that happened from the king's majority to the present time, I must in future give a large part of my attention to the person of his Majesty, to his sentiments and his actions, which will appear like the first sketch of a portrait that better painters than I will have the glory of completing. The love that the queen his mother bore him filled his heart with tenderness. He was the object of the desires of Cardinal Mazarin, whose every care was henceforth given to finding means to please him. He was beginning also to attract to himself the eyes and hearts of his subjects; but as men love and seek in the person of a king only that which will advance their personal interests, and as all were convinced that the minister's favour would last as long as his life — which they judged would be a long one — they considered the king's actual rule to be so far distant that his present power was neither looked to nor courted.

Since the peace and his glorious return to Paris he had improved in all ways. His fine figure and good countenance made every one admire him, and he bore in his eyes and in the whole air of his person the character of majesty which was, in virtue of his crown, essentially in him.

As soon as public tranquillity admitted of amusements at Court the young king, who saw more of Cardinal Mazarin's nieces than of any other young girls, attached himself, not to the handsomest, Madame de Mercœur, but to her next sister, Mademoiselle Mancini, who was very little younger. According to the description I have already given of her on her arrival from Italy, it seemed as if all the efforts of youth and nature could not beautify her; but in spite of the defects of her face the age of eighteen produced its effect. Her eyes were full of fire; plumpness made her fair; her complexion became beautiful, and her face less long; her cheeks took dimples which gave her a great charm, and her mouth looked smaller. She had fine arms and beautiful hands, and favour, together with grand attire, gave brilliancy to this very moderate beauty. She certainly seemed charming to the eyes of the king, and sufficiently pretty to indifferent spectators. The king saw her often, and people almost feared that this passion, slight as it was, might lead him to wish to do her more honour than she deserved.

The queen, who knew the king's virtue and that of Mademoiselle Mancini, was not troubled by this attachment, because she believed it innocent; but she could not endure that it should be spoken of, even in jest, as a thing that might lead to legitimate consequences. The greatness of her soul had a horror of such abasement; and, in truth, it was plain that the king never had such a thought. Mademoiselle [Olympe] Mancini herself, who felt that she was not destined to be queen, thought of her interests and wished to

become a princess like her sister, the Duchesse de Mercœur. She had already been offered to the grand-master, son of the Maréchal de La Meilleraye; but he had refused her. This refusal did not alarm her; she knew that her cousin Mademoiselle Martinozzi who was likewise rejected by the Duc de Candale, had married the Prince de Conti. She aspired to a like happiness; but meanwhile, as nothing assured her of it, she was in despair at the grandeur of her cousin, and her vexation was shown publicly in signs that she gave on the evening and day of the marriage. The beauty and modesty of Mademoiselle Martinozzi had attracted to her the honour of the preference of the Prince de Conti, for he had been given his choice between her and her cousin Mademoiselle Mancini, so that the latter was forced to content herself with the fine prospects in her favour and the flatteries of her friends in regard to the closed crown.

The king remained for some time in this state, which, to tell the truth, seemed more a sentiment which led him to amuse himself with this young girl, than a great passion. Nevertheless the inclination that he had for her gave her, in the absence of Mademoiselle and of Madame de Longueville, the chief honours and advantages of the Court. The king always took her out to dance; she was first in all the preferences that dignities and favours could bestow, and it seemed as though the balls and other amusements were made for her only. Madame de Mercœur had her share on account of her rank, and the king did occasionally dance with her first; but she was obliged to be much at the Hôtel de Vendôme, and as she began to have children soon after she was married she was not always in a state to profit by these attentions.

During the year 1655 many little balls were given, to

which the king often went masked. There was one grand fête at the house of Chancellor Séguier, and other pleasures were frequent among this gay youth. The queen having begged the Queen of England to come and see the king dance one particular evening, she agreed to do so; and the queen, having put on a mob-cap and a dressing-gown to show that she was keeping her room, received the Queen of England in that way, and would have no one present [in consequence of the Queen of England's mourning] but her maids-of-honour, and a few young ladies and duchesses, wives of the crown officers. The party was made only to admire the king and amuse the Princess of England, who was beginning to come out of childhood and to show that she was likely to be charming.

The queen took much pains that the company, though small, should be beautiful and worthy of the royal persons who were present with it. The king, too much accustomed to pay all the honours to the nieces of the cardinal, went, as soon as he wished to begin the *branle*, to lead out Madame de Mercœur. The queen, surprised at this mistake, rose hastily from her chair and pulling Madame de Mercœur away from the king told him in a low voice to dance with the Princess of England. The Queen of England, who perceived the queen's anger, ran after her and begged her in a low voice not to constrain the king, because her daughter had hurt her foot and could not dance. The queen replied that if the princess could not dance the king would not dance either; on which the Queen of England, in order not to cause trouble, allowed her daughter to dance, and in her soul was very ill-pleased with the king.

He was scolded that evening in private by his mother; to which he answered that he did not like little girls. But the Princess of England was then eleven years old, and he was

between sixteen and seventeen, so that there was no great disparity between them; though it is true that the king seemed more like twenty. Before the world, the queen behaved to him in a manner both tender and respectful; but when he committed little faults she reproved him like a mother; and on this occasion her anger was just. But she did not fail to say that evening before several persons that she had been a little too hasty with so good a son as the king; and that she should be ashamed of it if the occasion had been less important; admitting, however, that she had been so astonished to see him lacking in the civility he owed to the Princess of England that she had not been able to restrain herself.

The following year the king, continuing to love Mademoiselle Mancini, sometimes more, sometimes less, wished, by way of diversion, to make a tournament to ride the ring, according to a custom of ancient chivalry. He divided his splendid Court into three bands, each of eight knights. He was the leader of the first; the Duc de Guise of the second; the Duc de Candale of the third. The colours of that of the king were rose and white; of the second, blue and white; and of the third, green and white. They all wore coats embroidered in gold and silver and made in the Roman style, with little caps on their heads covered with plumes and each with an aigrette. Their horses were adorned in the same manner, and all were laden with quantities of ribbons. The ring was run in the space between the garden of the Palais-Royal and the house where the Queen of England was then residing.[1]

The king came to dress for the affair at the Palais Brion,

[1] Montglat says that the Comte de Lude carried off the prize in this riding for the ring. He received it from the hands of the Duchesse de Mercœur. — Fr. Ed.

a little building which the Duc de Damville (formerly named Brion) caused to be built in the garden of the Palais-Royal when he lodged there, and which the king had used, when he lived in that palace, for amusement and little collations. All the knights mounted their horses in the garden, whence they issued to show themselves to the ladies who occupied the windows and balconies of the Palais-Royal. Each troop had its brigadier commanding it; so that after they were drawn up in order in the alleys of the garden their issue from it in the same order was charming to witness. Their dazzling colours, the brilliancy of their coats, their handsome faces, and the beauty of their horses made one remember with pleasure having read in romances, and especially in those of Amadis, something of the same nature.

At the head of the king's troop came fourteen pages dressed in cloth of silver with rose and white ribbons. They carried the lances and devices of the knights.

After them came six trumpeters; following the trumpeters was the king's chief equerry, dressed in like manner. He was followed by twelve pages of the king, well mounted, richly dressed, and laden with plumes and ribbons; the two last bearing, one the king's lance, the other his shield, on which was blazoned a sun, with these words: *Ne piu, ne pari*—"none greater, none equal."

The brigadier commanding the king's troop came next, richly dressed, but as usual, and without a mask. The king appeared after him, followed by other knights, all masked and all richly and gallantly decked; but the king surpassed each one of them, as much by his fine carriage, his grace and skill, as by his quality of sovereign and master.

The blue and white troop followed that of the king in the same order, which was agreeable to the eye for the softness of its colours and the fine appearance of the Duc de Guise,

whose romantic genius well fitted him for tournaments. He was followed by a horse, which seemed as if it ought to carry some Abencerrage or Zegri, for it was led by two Moors who made it pace along with slow and pompous step. The duke's shield bore as a device a pyre, on which was a phœnix, with a sun above, restoring it to life, and the words, *Qu'importa que maton, si resucitan?* — "What matter though it kills, if it resuscitates?"

The Duc de Candale came next, and was not less admired; green, silver, and gold shining brilliantly from his troop, while his fine figure and his beautiful blond head received all the praises they deserved. His shield bore a club and this device: "It may place me among the stars."

Summer having come, the king and queen went to Compiègne, as their custom was, to think about the war. I stayed that year for some time at Fresnes, with my friend Madame Du Plessis. She had great merits, much intelligence, and kindness for her friends; with her one could taste the true pleasures of an agreeable and virtuous society. I left her on the 26th of August to return to the queen. On reaching Compiègne it seemed to me that her Majesty wanted to appear consoled for the loss of Valenciennes and Condé, which the Spaniards had taken. The enemy had gained that much advantage over us, and the partisans of the Prince de Condé appeared to imagine that he would be sent for, and that offers of great things would be made to him to withdraw him from foreign countries. But the queen was not so easy to frighten; and Cardinal Mazarin was too shrewd to let the prince hope long for that which it would not have been reasonable to give him.

The queen did me the honour to tell me, laughing, as to Valenciennes, that it was presumptuous to suppose that we should have nothing but victories; that the prayers of the

Spaniards must, sometimes, obtain favours from heaven according as it pleased God to distribute them, now to one side and then to the other; and that we ought not to be shocked by this event. It did, however, cause parliament, which never lost an opportunity to thrust itself forward, to give out a decree attacking the council. This decree ordained that the masters of petitions should in future be compelled to send to parliament a report of the decrees of the council and be summoned by that body to explain them.

About this time we witnessed the arrival in France of the Queen of Sweden, of whom we had heard most extraordinary tales. This princess had left her kingdom apparently from a generous disdain of a crown, and in order not to force her inclinations in favour of her nearest relation, whom her subjects desired her to marry. She had embraced our religion and renounced heresy in person to the pope. Some persons highly estimated this action, and thought that the princess in resigning the crown of Sweden deserved that of the whole world. Others accused her of quitting her kingdom either by force or from recklessness, having loved in Sweden and in Flanders a Spaniard named Pimentel, who was sent to her Court by the king his master. In short, she was much praised and much blamed. She was thought an illustrious person; the pens of famous authors were employed, either in praise or satire, in relating her heroic virtues or her many faults. On leaving Sweden she went to Flanders, then to Rome. After these journeys she wished to see France as well as Italy; and the great reputation she had acquired made the queen rather glad to meet her.

The King of Sweden, to whom this queen of the North had left her kingdom, was a warlike prince; he made himself feared and respected. He had requested Cardinal Mazarin to see that Queen Christina was well-treated in France; she

was therefore received in the same manner as Charles the Fifth formerly, when he passed through France to Flanders. The king sent the Duc de Guise to receive her at her entrance to his dominions and to pay her the proper compliments. The queen sent Comminges, captain of her Gardes, for the same purpose. The Duc de Guise wrote a letter to one of his friends which the king and queen read with pleasure. I kept it because it represents the Queen of Sweden to the life as she then was: —

"I wish, at a time when I am cruelly bored, to amuse you by sending you a portrait of the queen I am accompanying. She is not tall, but she has a plump waist and large hips, handsome arms, a white and well-made hand, but more that of a man than a woman; one shoulder is higher than the other, but she conceals this defect so well by the oddity of her clothes, her gait, and her actions, that one can make bets about it. The face is large without being out of shape; the features the same, and strongly marked; nose aquiline, mouth rather big, but not disagreeable; teeth passable, eyes very fine and full of fire; her complexion, in spite of a few pits of small-pox, is bright and rather handsome; the shape of her face reasonable enough, and surrounded by a very odd head-gear. It is a man's wig; thick and high on the forehead, very bushy on the sides, with light-coloured tips at the bottom; the top of the head is a tangle of hair, and the behind is something like a woman's arrangement. Occasionally she wears a hat. The body of her gown laced up behind, crookedly, is made something like our doublets; her chemise sticks out all round above her petticoat, which she wears ill-fastened and not over-straight. She is always very much powdered, with quantities of pomatum, and she never wears any gloves. She is shod like a man, and she has the

tone of voice and nearly all the actions of a man. She affects to play the amazon. She has fully as much glorification and pride as her father, the great Gustavus, ever had. She is very civil and very cajoling, speaks eight languages, principally French as well as if she were born in Paris. She knows more than our Academy with the Sorbonne added; understands painting admirably, as she does all other things, and knows more about the intrigues of our Court than I do. In short, she is a very extraordinary person. I shall accompany her to Court along the Paris road; so you can judge her for yourself. I think I have not forgotten anything in her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword with a leather belt, that her wig is black, and she has nothing over her neck but a scarf."

This queen made her entrance into Paris on the 8th of September, 1656. The burghers under arms and in fine clothes, went to receive her outside the gates of the city and lined the road from Conflans, where she had slept, to the Louvre, where she was lodged in the king's apartment, in which was the fine tapestry of Scipio and a white satin bed embroidered in gold, which the late Cardinal Richelieu had left, when dying, to the king. She won the hearts of all Paris, and might perhaps have lost them rapidly if she had stayed much longer. After seeing all that she thought worthy of curiosity she left the great city, where she was continually surrounded by a tremendous crowd, and came to Compiègne to see their Majesties, who received her not only as a queen, but as a queen well-beloved of the minister. The cardinal left Compiègne and went to meet her at Chantilly, where she was to dine. Two hours after dinner the king and Monsieur arrived like private individuals. The king entered by a door near the railing of the bed among

the crowd that surrounded the queen and the cardinal. As soon as the minister saw the king and Monsieur he presented them to the Queen of Sweden as two noblemen of the highest rank in France. But she knew them at a glance, having seen their portraits in the Louvre, and replied that she could well believe it, for they seemed to her born to wear crowns.

The king, though shy in those days, and not at all well-informed, adapted himself so well to this bold, learned, and imperious princess that from this first moment they met each other with freedom and pleasure on both sides. It was easy to find the reason of this; those who sought it perceived that it was an indubitable sign that the king had in him, by inclination and nature, the seeds of what was laudable in this queen, and that the shyness he exhibited proceeded from his self-respect and his judgment, which made him desire to be perfect in all things and to dread being found to fail in any.

The next day the queen went to meet the Queen of Sweden, accompanied by the king and her suite. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld, and some others who had been most assiduous to this foreign queen ever since her arrival in Paris, were the first to appear; and soon after her carriage arrived with a blowing of trumpets. Cardinal Mazarin and the Duc de Guise were alone with her; for she had only a few poor women to serve her, who were never seen.

As soon as she saw the queen she got out of the carriage, while the queen advanced two or three steps to meet her. They bowed to each other civilly. The Queen of Sweden wished to pay a few compliments and thank the queen for the good treatment she had received in France, but the queen interrupted her words to express the joy she had in seeing her. The eagerness that those around them showed to see

this queen was so great that it obliged the two queens to finish their compliment and flee from the crowd that overwhelmed them. The king, who had already made acquaintance with the stranger, gave her his hand to enter the house; she passed before the queen and let him lead her where he chose. Many persons thought the queen was too civil to let her take this precedence; and the king himself when he grew older felt some grief and vexation about it; and on several occasions reproached the queen his mother, telling her she did wrong to yield her place in her own house to this queen and to the Queen of Poland, considering the grandeur of her own birth and the rank given her by the crown of France.

I was one of those who were nearest to these two royal personages; and though the close descriptions given of the Queen of Sweden had pictured her to my imagination, I own that at first the sight of her surprised me. The hair of her wig was on that day uncurled; the wind as she got out of her carriage blew it about; and as the little care she took of her complexion had destroyed its whiteness, she looked to me, at first sight, like a disreputable gipsy who, by chance, was not quite brown. As I looked at this princess all that filled my eye at the moment seemed to me extraordinarily strange, and more capable of terrifying than pleasing. Her gown was made with a little body which was half in the shape of a man's doublet and the other half in that of a woman's *hongreline;* but it was so ill-adjusted to her figure that the whole of one of her shoulders (the one that was larger than the other) came out on one side. Her chemise was made like those of men; she wore a collar fastened under her throat with a pin, leaving all her back uncovered; for the body of her gown, which was sloped out round the neck much more than a doublet, did not reach to

Marie Mancini

this collar. The chemise came out below this semi-doublet like that of a man; and at the end of her arms and over her hands she showed the same quantity of linen that men show when without their doublets and sleeves. Her skirt, which was gray, bedizened with little gimps of gold and silver like her *hongreline*, was short; and whereas our gowns are long and trailing, hers showed her feet uncovered. She had black ribbons tied in bows down the front of her skirt. Her shoes were exactly like those of men and were not without grace.

The king led her into a great hall where the Maréchale de La Motte had prepared a collation. The king, the two queens, and Monsieur on entering sat down at table, and we surrounded them to see this person so different in every way to other women and whose fame was so noised abroad. After looking at her with the close attention that curiosity inspires I began to get accustomed to her clothes, her hair, and her face. I noticed that her eyes were fine and sparkling, that there was gentleness in her face, and kindness mingled with pride. Finally I perceived, with amazement, that she pleased me, and from minute to minute I felt I was entirely changing to her. She seemed to me taller than we had been told she was, and less deformed; but her hands, which had been praised as beautiful, were not so at all; they were only tolerably well-shaped and not black; but on that day they were so very dirty it was impossible to see any beauty, if they had it.

During the collation she ate much and talked of only commonplace things. The Duc de Guise pointed out to her Mademoiselle Mancini, who stood near her, looking on like the rest. She made her a deep bow, bending very low in her chair to show the more civility.

As soon as she had rested for a while in her chamber she

came to pay a visit to the queen, who took her to the Italian Comedy. She thought it very bad and said so freely. They assured her that the comedians were accustomed to do better. She replied coldly that she did not doubt it, since the king kept them. After that, she was taken to her chamber, where the king's officers waited on her. It was necessary to give her even valets to serve her and undress her; for she was quite alone, without ladies, servants, equipages, or money; she herself composed her court. Chanut, who had been minister in Sweden during her reign, was with her, and two or three ill-favoured men, to whom, for honour's sake, she gave the name of counts.

It may therefore be said with truth that she had no one; for besides these very common seigneurs we saw only two women, who looked more like old-clothes-women than ladies of any condition. In short, I am tempted in writing a description of this princess to compare her to the heroines of Amadis, whose adventures were grand and their train about equal to hers, while their pride was in keeping with that which plainly appeared in her. I even think, in view of her equipments and poverty, that she did not eat more meals or sleep any better than Marfise and Bradamante, and that unless she happened to visit a great king like ours she did not often get very good fare. The first day she was careful to say little, which seemed to show her discretion. The Comte de Nogent, as his custom was, hastened to tell before her all sorts of old tales, on which she told him gravely that he was very fortunate to have so good a memory.

One evening at the Comédie Française she showed that she possessed an impassioned soul: she exclaimed at the finest parts, and seemed to feel both joy and sorrow according to the different sentiments in the lines recited before

her; then, as if she were alone in her private apartment, she threw herself back in her chair after these exclamations and fell into a revery, from which the queen herself could not draw her though she often tried to speak to her. That evening, retiring with some of our courtiers, among them Comminges, who was by no means ignorant, they talked of many things, and finally of the fidelity due to kings; and some one saying that all honest men were faithful, she replied that in every country that was true, but she had observed that in France it was not counted a fault to be lacking in that quality, for the want of it was common among persons of rank and merit.

This uncouth princess expressed esteem for the intellect and the capacity of Cardinal Mazarin; and he, on the other hand, seemed to have much veneration for her. Her exterior, to whoever wished to judge her to her disadvantage, deserved ridicule and laughter; nearly all her actions had something extravagant about them. In no way did she resemble a woman; she had not even the necessary modesty; she let men wait upon her in her most private hours; she affected to be a man in all her actions; she laughed immoderately when anything pleased her, and especially at the Italian Comedy, if the buffooneries happened to be good; and she would break out into praises and sigh when serious things pleased her. She often sang in company; or she sank into a revery which came near being slumber; she was variable, abrupt, rude, and free-thinking in speech, as much on religion as on topics about which the proprieties of her sex demanded more reserve; she swore in the name of God, and her free-thinking was shown in her mind as much as in her actions. It was impossible for her to remain long in the same place. In presence of the king and queen and the whole Court she would put her legs up on seats as high as

the one she was sitting on, and showed them too freely. She professed to despise all women on account of their ignorance, and took pleasure in conversing with men, on evil topics as much as on good ones. She observed none of the rules which kings are accustomed to maintain in regard to the respect shown to them. Her two women, hideous and miserable as they were, lay on her bed familiarly, and shared with her the half of everything.

Several of our rough jesters formed a plan to turn her into ridicule, and shame those who flattered her heedlessly; but they were never able to find the means; whether because of her real merit and the haughty manner in which she treated them, or because she was protected by the esteem the minister showed for her and the good reception given her by the king and queen. The short time she remained at Court was favourable to her, for her defects, which were great, were obscured by the fine and brilliant qualities which were in her, and by the pleasure of novelty, which is of great value to the hearts of men. Before long, we shall see her lose, in a shameful manner, all these advantages; for as kings are so exposed to the public gaze that what they have of good renders them celebrated, so their defects will, in a short time, destroy or diminish their reputation.

The Queen of Sweden left Compiègne September 23d. The Marquis de Saint-Simon received her at Senlis, and M. and Madame Du Plessis entertained her at their beautiful house at Fresnes with extraordinary magnificence. Passing through a certain village near this place she wished to see a *demoiselle* called Ninon [de l'Enclos], celebrated for her vice, her loose way of living, her beauty, and her wit. To her alone, of all the women that she saw in France, did she show any signs of regard. The Maréchal d'Albret and some others were the cause of this, by the praises they

bestowed on this courtesan of our epoch. From there the Swedish amazon took the hired carriages the king provided for her, with the money to pay for them, and departed, followed by her pitiful troop, without suite, without grandeur, without a bed to sleep on, or silver to eat with, or any mark of royalty. Her intention was to return to Rome through Savoie, where she resumed her rank as queen, and was treated with much honour.

The army of the king was then besieging La Capelle, and the king and Cardinal Mazarin started the next day for La Fère to regulate the affairs of war. The queen remained at Compiègne awaiting the return of the king. M. de Turenne commanded the king's troops before La Capelle, and the enemy, seeing that place besieged, left Saint-Gilain to relieve it, or to give battle. They camped, with all their forces, about two leagues from our army; and M. de Turenne, far from seeming to fear them, demolished his intrenchments on their side, so that if they came to attack him he might have a fine place in which to fight; but, not willing that the besieged town should waste any more of his time, he sent it word that unless it surrendered the next day he would give no quarter. The officer in command, named Chamilly, a follower of the Prince de Condé, thought it better to obey than run that risk. On the 27th the town surrendered to the king in full view of the enemy's army, which had the mortification of raising the siege of Saint-Gilain and of not compelling the raising of that of La Capelle, the capture of which was enough to repair the ill-luck of Valenciennes.

But the remnant of the cardinal's enemies, though concealed and shamefaced, did not celebrate our victories with the same joy that they felt at our defeats, and less was said about our blessings than about our woes. This iniquity is practised in all ages; for men are naturally more inclined

to blame those who govern them than to praise them; and I even venture to say that every private individual lets himself do the same to all those with whom civil society connects him. There is no kindness in man, or at any rate it is rare.

It was said at the time that the Prince de Condé did all he could to make the Spanish resolve on giving battle, but that Don John of Austria was not willing. Thus our victory was great and not at all perilous. The Vicomte de Turenne, on this occasion as on others, continued to show that it was not without reason that he was reckoned one of the first and greatest captains of our epoch.

The king, after a few days spent at Guise, and seeing from thence the taking of La Capelle, joined his army and went in person to conduct a convoy to Saint-Gilain, which supplied that place with a great quantity of provisions and everything necessary to sustain a siege. This action was done in sight of the enemy, whose army did not appear, although it was close to that of the king.

It was very honourable to the minister to have thus, in so short a time, re-established the reputation of the king's armies, and replaced his troops in a condition to carry off victories from those who had hitherto seemed to be masters of the campaign. After this expedition he brought the king back to the queen, who was awaiting him with impatience. They arrived on the 6th of October; and the whole Court being now collected at Compiègne, it started two days later to return to Paris, where the authority of the king became more and more re-established, and the most disaffected persons were compelled to own that the minister was at least lucky.

At the beginning of the year 1657 the Bishop of Montauban made the funeral oration of Madame Mancini, the

cardinal's sister, in the church of the Augustins, where the clergy, there assembled, celebrated a solemn service to her memory; and the praises given to the names of Mazarin and Mancini were excessive. Madame de Mercœur, eldest daughter of Madame Mancini, was deeply affected by her mother's death. She was pregnant at the time, and shortly after, having been safely delivered, she died suddenly without giving time to those who were caring for her life to apprehend her death. She had been delivered a few days when, suddenly, half her body became paralyzed and she lost speech. The cardinal, her uncle, was not anxious at the moment, because the doctors assured him she was doing well. For this reason he had gone to a ballet in which the king was dancing that day. As he left it, they brought him word that Madame de Mercœur was much worse. He hastened to her at once, flinging himself into the first carriage he could find. On arriving at the hôtel de Vendôme he found she was dying, and being unable to speak she could only smile to him. She died on the 8th of February, deeply regretted by all her nearest friends and by the whole Court, for virtue and beauty attract the good feelings of men.

Towards the end of the same month Mademoiselle Mancini [Olympe], sister of Madame de Mercœur, who, until now, had had the honour of occupying the king's heart, abandoned those flattering prospects which did not wholly satisfy her, and married Prince Eugène, son of Prince Thomas [of Carignan-Savoie]. She had seen clearly that the friendship of the king was only by way of amusing himself; nor was she satisfied to find that her uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, having no regard to her fortunes, neglected to marry her, and was using her to preserve his own interests with the king and restrict him to his family. She had

not much affection herself for the king, whose regard for her she felt was daily diminishing, and she feared that the little dislikes and vexations that come of reflection might soon end it altogether.

It was therefore with good reason that she wished to gain some solid good from his favour by her great and glorious establishment as the wife of Prince Eugène, who was of the House of Savoie by his father, grandson of Charles V. by his grandmother, and of the blood of France by his mother the Princesse de Carignan. It would thus have been difficult to find a husband of greater consideration or of higher birth. Her luck was great in every way; she found in this prince a fairly honourable man and, above all, a good husband; so that she had reason to consider herself happy.[1] Her mother-in-law, the Princesse de Carignan, was daughter of the Comte de Soissons, and his brother, the last Comte de Soissons had left her part heiress of that illustrious house, which was a branch of that of Bourbon. Her son, Prince Eugène, took the name of Comte de Soissons, and under that name he shared in some degree the favour of the minister whose niece he now married, and was a good deal liked at Court.

The king saw this marriage without regret or grief. This indifference showed visibly that his passion had been only moderate, and that Frenchmen, at least some of them, had felt unfounded anxiety. The queen had always said to those who tried to make her fear the result that it was ridiculous even to imagine that the king was capable of such weakness; and she answered firmly for the purity of her minister's intentions. She said that there was nothing

[1] She was the mother of the famous Prince Eugène [François-Eugène de Savoie-Carignan] who fought the wars against France in Italy, the Low Countries, and Germany; also the wars against the Turks. — TR.

to fear from his ambition, and that the friendship of the king for Mademoiselle Mancini was honourable and without suspicion that it would degenerate into anything bad. On the day when the marriage was arranged, the queen, seeing Cardinal Mazarin and the Princesse de Carignan talking together of the affair, turned to me and said, motioning towards them, "Did I not tell you there was nothing to fear in that attachment?"

The cardinal, after the marriage of the Comtesse de Soissons, brought upon the stage of the Court the third of the Mancini sisters, whom he withdrew from the convent of the Filles-de-Sainte-Marie where she had been for some time. He did this in defiance of the dying request of his sister, Madame Mancini, who had begged him above all to put her third daughter, Marie, into religion, because she had always seemed to her to have a bad disposition, and her late husband, who was a great astrologer, had warned her that this daughter would be the cause of much evil. But the cardinal wished to give the king, in her and in her next sister, Hortense, who was perfectly beautiful, a companionship that would be agreeable to him. The elder of the two, Marie, next younger sister to the Comtesse de Soissons, was ugly. She might hope to have a good figure for she was tall of her age and very erect; but she was so thin, and her arms and neck looked so long and so skinny that it was impossible at present to praise her on that score. She was brown and yellow; her eyes, which were large and black, had no fire in them as yet, and seemed hard; her mouth was wide and flat; and, except for her teeth, which were very fine, it may be said that she was then very ugly.

Her quality as elder sister made the king prefer to amuse himself with her rather than with her sister Hortense,

because the latter was still a child, and youths of the age of the king naturally dislike little girls, who belong to the state they have just left and now think despicable. This preference was for a time so moderate that it could scarcely count for anything. He did not see Madame de Soissons so often, which seemed to give him no pain; on the contrary, this new amusement delivered him from the continual teasing of a person he had formerly liked.

The king was in this state of indifference when, all of a sudden, he seemed to fall in love with a young girl whom the queen had lately taken into her service, named La Motte-d'Argencourt. She had neither dazzling beauty nor extraordinary intelligence, but her whole person was agreeable. Her skin was neither very delicate nor very white; but her blue eyes and her blond hair, with the blackness of her eyebrows and the brown of her complexion made a mixture of sweetness and vivacity which was so agreeable that it was difficult to resist her charm. Considering the features of her face, one might say it was perfect; and as she had an elegant air and a very fine figure, a manner of speaking that pleased, and danced admirably well, she was no sooner admitted to the little card-parties at which the king sometimes amused himself in the evening than he felt so violent a passion for her that the minister became uneasy.

He did not choose to show his feelings to the king, but he entered into those of the queen, to whom this inclination caused extreme fear lest it should lead her son to offend God. She opposed it strongly and reproved him openly one evening when he had talked too long with the girl. The king received the queen's reprimand with respect and gentleness; but he asked her in a low voice not to show her displeasure before others, because that would make the public see that she disapproved of his actions.

The cardinal, on the contrary, said to the king, to insinuate himself into his good graces, that the queen, his mother, was too strict, too scrupulous, and that he did right to amuse and divert himself. In the end, however, he was obliged to show his real sentiments, for this passion, gathering greater strength daily, became in a very short time excessive. The king spoke one day to Mademoiselle de La Motte as a man in love who was no longer virtuous; he even offered, if she would love him, to resist the queen and the cardinal. But she, not being willing, or not daring to entertain proposals which she saw were shocking to virtue, the tenets of which are never effaced in an honourable heart, refused all that would be against her duty.

The queen, who was very dearly loved by her son, knew from himself the state of his soul; for the sweetness and love of so good a mother obliged him to have such confidence in her that he could not conceal his feelings from her knowledge; and though in this she was his opponent, she was none the less his confidant. She did not fail to show him the danger he was in of offending God; she made him take notice (as she told me herself) in how short a time he had wandered from the paths of innocence and virtue; and the king, moved by a true Christian sentiment, in which timidity had no share, told the queen that he felt himself different from what he had ever been before, and that he believed himself obliged in conscience to go away from these temptations to sin.

This resolution was not formed without much pain; he groaned, he sighed, but finally he conquered. He went to confession, and requested the queen that he might do so in her oratory, so that no one might know of it. Then he went for a little journey to Vincennes, where he won a victory over his desires that was greater and more praiseworthy than

any of which warriors boast. I do not doubt that this sacrifice will bring down upon the rest of his life the divine blessing; and that on other occasions when his virtue might be weakened to the loss of innocence, he will receive an inward strength, the source of which will be in this first grace.

The king, after thus triumphing over himself, returned to Paris, resolved not to speak to this young girl again. He kept his resolution; but it happened that two days later, being at a ball, Mademoiselle de La Motte went to the king to take him out to dance. Not being yet wholly strengthened, it was noticed that he turned pale, then very red; and the girl told her friends afterwards that the hand of the king trembled all the time that it held hers. The cardinal, to help him, told him that Mademoiselle de La Motte abused his confidence and repeated what he had said to her to his friends, and perhaps also to one of her lovers; and for that reason she was unworthy of his good graces.

It is true that the mother of Mademoiselle de La Motte, in order to pay her court, had sent word to the cardinal of all the king had said to her daughter; thinking by this submission to bring the minister to consent that the king should be her daughter's lover and make her fortune. Mademoiselle de La Motte, as she afterwards told me herself, had no part in this communication; but the minister, who would allow no companionship or company except by his choice, used this so-called confidence to further his designs; which succeeded because the queen's virtue and the true piety of the king proved his seconds in winning the fight. At the same time, the wife of a lover who had formerly possessed Mademoiselle de La Motte's heart, conceived a strong jealousy of her and induced her mother to beg the queen to dismiss her from Court and send her to the convent of the Filles-de-

Sainte-Marie at Chaillot, where (although she did not go there by her own choice), disillusioned as to the vanities of a Court and the passion she had felt for this lover (who, she felt, did not do all that he might have done for her on this occasion), she remained voluntarily and led a life that was very tranquil and very happy.

All the events at Court were now to the glory of the minister. The Duc d'Orléans, as if to increase it, was by his means restored to the good graces of the king and queen. He came to Paris, where the king received him very kindly; he was visited by the courtiers, but without eagerness, and by parliament as a matter of duty. He showed, by the manner in which he treated the minister that he recognized his power and the force of his destiny — or rather, that of the sovereign Ruler whose just decrees raise and abase whomsoever it pleases Him.

The duke, in his retreat at Blois had piously submitted to the divine will; he had become devout, his life was exemplary, he had his hours of retreat for prayer, he no longer gambled, and no prince ever enjoyed more repose than he. His piety would have been altogether estimable if his laziness had not had some little share in his virtue; and if his temperament, averse to trouble and great designs, had not been like the wild olive-tree on which God grafted His love and grace. The intrigue and ambition of those who had been his favourites had often embarked him in the revolts and conspiracies made in the days of the late king, his brother, against the minister of that day [Richelieu]. The misfortunes of his mother, Queen Marie de' Medici, and the bad advice given to him, had more to do with his conduct than his natural inclinations; for it may be said that no one loved repose more than he, while no one had so little; having never really enjoyed the inward peace which alone

gives rest until his last years, in which he found his salvation and his happiness. It now seemed as if he only came to Paris to see the man he had endeavoured to drive from the kingdom, and to owe to him the obligation of being reconciled with the king and queen; for he soon after returned to his solitude, which was much dearer to him than the great court he had formerly held at the Luxembourg.

This great prince, uncle of the king, who was in his earliest years heir presumptive to the crown, and who, in his later years had been declared lieutenant-general of the kingdom, having recognized the sovereign authority of the minister, the other princes, parliament, and finally all France felt no shame in submitting to it. It was now that the cardinal triumphed over all his enemies, and he might have been the most glorious man in the world if he had been content with overthrowing those who had resisted him, and enjoying peaceably the excessive grandeur to which fortune had brought him, without seeking to destroy the legitimate power of her who had raised him to such heights. But this he did as soon as he saw himself firmly re-established in his old place; for he now united in his own person the authority of mother and son, and made himself the tyrant of their wills rather than the master of them.

He became the sole idol of the courtiers; he would no longer allow any one to address others than himself in asking favours; and he applied himself with care to removing from the king's person all those who had been placed there by the queen, his mother. La Porte, to whom she had given the place of first *valet de chambre* of the king as a reward for his faithful services and the persecutions he had borne for her in the days of Cardinal Richelieu, was obliged to give it up. He told me that he thought my

brother would not be long without feeling the fate that hung over all the queen's people; and he related to me how the cardinal, coming one day into the king's room when he was lying down from some slight indisposition, found my brother reading something to him at his bedside to amuse him (it may have been a novel of Scarron), on which he remarked that he was displeased, and blamed my brother as if it were a sin.

The queen had given my brother the office of reader of the bed-chamber, and the king made great use of him, especially on his journeys and when he kept his bed. Sometimes he would make him sing dialogues with La Chenaie, another of his gentlemen, and in the guitar concerts, which he held nearly every day, he gave him a part to play with Comminges, captain of the queen's Gardes, and asked him questions, especially about his studies. This led M. de Rhodes, the king's tutor, as the latter grew older, to prevent any one from entering the study, even the Maréchal de Villeroy and the lieutenant-general of the Gardes, on the ground that it was made no longer a place for study but for private conversation; after which he went to the cardinal and rendered an account of it to him as superintendent of the royal education.

But what displeased the cardinal more than all was that when the king first entered the council he was often bored, and once when no one was present but the queen and cardinal, he half opened the door to see who was in the antechamber, and seeing my brother, made him a sign to follow him into the bathroom (which could be entered only through the council-chamber), either to talk up some plan for a ballet, or to tune his guitar, or tell him some trifle; so that he was with him the whole time the council lasted. This happened more than once, and sometimes with his drawing-

master and others of his little court, during the council, to which he went and came now and then.

The queen used to tell me how glad she was that the king made so free with my brother, having a good opinion of his steadiness. But as he held this office without the participation of the cardinal, who did not like me, the latter did not fail to tell the king that he was not to be so familiar with any one; and that he must not leave the council to amuse himself with nonsense. He said so much that my friends were of opinion that my brother had better absent himself for a time, and the queen herself advised it. All of which made me resolve to accept propositions that were made to me to sell the office, which had not cost us anything, but was likely to give my brother more vexation than pleasure, for he could get no advantage from it so long as the cardinal, who was likely to live long, governed everything.

Langlade was ordered about the same time to resign his office as secretary of the queen's cabinet; and Carnavalet, who had been the queen's page and to whom she had given the post of lieutenant in the body-guards, after being sent to the Bastille, was ordered to live in his own province, from which he returned soon after the death of the cardinal.

I cannot avoid speaking here of Cromwell, who governed England with a power that was wholly absolute and wholly unjust. The king had been obliged to make a solemn treaty with him to prevent the King of Spain from preceding him and making one that would be damaging to France. The king and queen, to their extreme regret, had received an ambassador from Cromwell, and had treated him as they did those of crowned heads. The King of England and his brother the Duke of York were compelled to leave France and seek an asylum in Flanders. The queen their mother,

who still remained at Court, was keenly distressed, and still more when, some time later, she saw this usurper, by his cleverness and his intrigues, force the parliament and kingdom of England into offering him the crown.

He appeared to refuse the title of king and to content himself with that of protector of the republic; though the truth of this really was, as the unfortunate queen told me, that the army was not favourable to him. He made parliament draw up nineteen articles containing the powers that the kings of England had always held over their people, which included all the prerogatives they enjoyed. He went to parliament at the end of June (English time) clothed in royal robes, bearing sword and sceptre, to mark the power he assumed over war and justice. The three greatest lords of England held before him, during this ceremony, the three swords which typify the three kingdoms of which he took possession; but he did not put the crown upon his head, to mark that he did not take the name of king of which it is the most visible sign.

After this great and terrible act, so fatal to the whole royal family of Stuart, the Queen of England, to gain some compensation for her great misfortunes, begged Cardinal Mazarin to write in the king's name to Cromwell, who was styled Lord Protector, to ask for her property and her dowry; for, though she was sufficiently supported by what the king gave her, she regarded her position as one of painful dependence, from which she would be glad to withdraw herself. The cardinal did this, not merely to comply with her request, but far more to relieve the king's coffers of this expense; because his great economy made him always vexed to see money coming out of them for others than himself.

After a time the cardinal went to see the Queen of England to take her Cromwell's reply, in which this lord pro-

tector told him insolently that he would not give her what she asked, because she had never been recognized as Queen of England. At first this iniquitous and monstrous insolence gave great pain to this poor queen; but she immediately recovered herself and told the minister it was not for her to resent this outrage, but for the king, who ought not to suffer a daughter of France to be treated as a concubine; adding that she was satisfied with the late king her husband and with England, and that the affront now put upon her was more shameful to France than to herself.

After this was said she and Cardinal Mazarin talked about the general peace; and as she hoped great advantages from it for the king her son, in which she was not mistaken, she exhorted him earnestly to make it. He had already sent his creature Lyonne into Spain to draw up the first plan of it with Don Louis de Haro, prime-minister of Spain; he told the queen that the negotiation had not as yet had all the success he desired; but he assured her he was earnestly working for it, and then asked her what she thought She related to me this conversation on the day it occurred and said that as she was some time without answering his question, the cardinal, divining her thought, said: "I see, madame, that you put no faith in my words; but I entreat you to believe that I am speaking the truth and that I passionately desire peace." The Queen of England, who had an agreeable wit, frankly owned that she doubted him, and urged him strongly to act in a manner that would convince her. This he promised her; and, shortly after, he kept his word.

During the campaign of this year, Maréchal de Turenne, who commanded the king's army, wished to besiege Cambrai. The Prince de Condé, who was then at Valenciennes, being warned of this intention, threw himself into that town

in person. The Maréchal de La Ferté with other troops besieged Montmédy and served the king usefully. The Duc de Navailles, who commanded under him, showed as much judgment as valour. The king went there; and the enemy, knowing this, did not fire for two hours. The inclination the king had for war led him to make these excursions with pleasure; and if he had not been restrained by the cardinal, who reasoned with him on the necessity of his preservation, he would have stayed there longer.

V.

1658.

THE queen,[1] by her birth, has no equal; her ancestors were all great monarchs; among them we find some who aspired to universal monarchy. Nature has given her fine inclinations. Her sentiments are all noble; she has a soul full of sweetness and firmness; and though it is not my purpose in speaking of her to exaggerate her good qualities, I may say, in general, that there are things in her which could make her the equal of the greatest queens of antiquity.

She is tall and well-made; she has a gentle and majestic face, which never fails to inspire in the souls of those who see her both love and respect. She has been one of the greatest beauties of her time; and even now enough remains to efface young women who claim to have attractions. Her eyes are perfectly beautiful; in them the sweet and serious, the grave and gay, are mingled charmingly; their power has been fatal to many illustrious private individuals, and nations have felt to their detriment the influence those eyes have had upon men. Her mouth, though in a way very innocent, has been an accomplice in all the evils her eyes have wrought. It is small and rosy; nature has been liberal in giving it the charms it needed to make it perfect. By one of its smiles she can win many hearts; even her enemies cannot resist its fascination; we have often known persons

[1] The following portrait of Anne of Austria was written by Madame de Motteville in 1658, but was not incorporated in her Memoirs. It is placed here as presenting the queen more particularly in the year we have now reached. — TR.

Nocret

Anne of Austria

blinded by ambition admit that the queen made them love her, even at the time they had most intention of failing in their duty. Her hair is beautiful; the colour is a fine bright chestnut; she has a great deal of it, and nothing is more pleasing than to see it combed. Her hands, which have won the praises of all Europe and are made to give pleasure to the eye, to bear a sceptre, and to be admired, add skilfulness and extreme whiteness to their beauty. Thus we may truly say that spectators are enraptured when this great queen is visible, either at her toilet when dressing or at table when taking her meals.

Her neck and shoulders are well-made and beautiful; and those who like to see what is beautiful would have reason to complain that the queen takes such pains to hide them, were it not for her motive, which forces them to esteem what opposes their pleasure. Her whole skin is of equal whiteness, and of a delicacy that I cannot praise enough. Her complexion is not the same, it is not so fine; and her negligence in taking care of it — almost never wearing a mask — does not contribute to improve it. Her nose is not so perfect as the other features of her face; it is thick; but this thickness does not go ill with her large eyes, and it seems to me that, while it diminishes her beauty, it contributes at least to make her face more serious. Her whole person, in short, deserves the highest laudation; but I fear to offend her modesty and my own by saying more about it; that is why I shall venture to say only that she has beautiful feet, — small and well-shaped.

She is not a slave to fashion, but she dresses well. She is clean and very neat; we may even say she is fond of nicety and nice things; but without extreme affection for them; many ladies in Paris spend more than the queen. Habit, and not vanity, rules her attire; honourable ornament pleases

her, because, naturally, she likes to look well, as much in solitude as in the midst of her Court.

As God is our beginning and our end, and a Christian princess should only be valued according to the virtue that is in her, it is right to begin now to speak of her morals and the piety which seems to be one of the chief adornments of this august princess. She has certainly a great respect for the law of God, and her desire is to see it well-established in the hearts of all Frenchmen. In her earliest youth she gave signs of devotion and charity; and from that time, those who have the honour to serve her have always observed that she was charitable and that she liked to succour the poor. Years have strengthened her virtues until now, when we see her praying and giving continually. She is indefatigable in the exercise of her devotions; journeys, illnesses, night-watches, griefs, amusements, or business have never induced her to interrupt her hours for retreat and prayer. She has had an extraordinary confidence in God; and this confidence has doubtless drawn to her many favours and blessings. She is strict in her observance of fast days; and I have often heard her say on this subject that kings ought to obey the commands of God and the Church more scrupulously than other Christians, because they were bound to serve as an example to their people. She has much zeal for religion; much respect for the pope. She takes the sacrament often; reveres the relics of saints; is devoted to the Virgin, and often employs for her necessities gifts and neuvaines by which all faithful people hope to obtain the favour of Heaven. It is easy to enter her heart through the good opinion she forms of the piety of certain persons; and I have very often suspected she was deceived by her readiness to revere virtue. Those who possess her esteem have the power to speak to her very freely on all things that concern her duty

and conscience. She always receives their opinion with gentleness and submission, and the sternest preachers are those she listens to most readily. Her oratory is the place she loves best; she spends many hours of the day there; and yet, as I have heard her say herself, with humility, she wishes people to know that she has not that perfect zeal that makes a saint and causes the Christian to die to self that he may live with God and for God. But it seems, in view of the high and holy inclinations of her soul, that she is destined to attain this last perfection.

The queen's virtue is solid and without affectation; she is modest, without being shocked by innocent gaiety; and her exemplary purity might serve as an example to all other women. She readily believes in good, and listens unwillingly to evil. Slanderers and tale-bearers make little impression on her mind; and when once she is convinced in favour of any one it is difficult to injure that person with her. She has a courtly spirit; and like her aunt, the Infanta Clara-Eugenia, she would greatly enjoy that noble gallantry which, without offending virtue, is so capable of embellishing a court. She disapproves extremely of the rude and uncivil manners of the present day; and if the young people of this century would follow her maxims they would be better and more polished than they are.

She is gentle, affable, and familiar with all those who approach her and have the honour of serving her. Her kindness induces her to allow the small as well as the great to be with her; and, without lacking discernment, she is thus led into conversation with many persons quite unworthy of such intercourse. This goes so far as even to do her harm; and I have seen sometimes that persons of merit might fear from appearances that she would put men of character on an equality with fools; but I am convinced

that the queen, in seeming to do this, is only giving to fools from pity what she gives to others from esteem and reason; and this, only when some great thing forces her to it, and because, by nature, she cannot do a harsh thing to any one. This gentleness of disposition does certainly prevent her from distinguishing very clearly those who do their duty and render her what is her due from those who fail in respect to her, either from want of proper knowledge, or to follow the present customs, which seek the upsetting of all things.

She has much wit; and what she has is perfectly natural. She talks well; her conversation is agreeable. She understands jesting and never takes anything amiss; refined and witty conversations please her. She always judges serious things according to reason and good sense; and in public matters she takes instinctively the side of equity and justice; but she is lazy; she has read nothing. This does not make her less illustrious, because the great intercourse the queen has had with the highest personages of her time, the great knowledge she possesses of the world, and her long experience in public affairs and the intrigues of the Court, in which she has had so large a share, have wholly repaired what may be lacking to her in the matter of books; if she is ignorant of the history of Pharamond and Charlemagne she at least knows very well that of her own time.[1]

[1] Nevertheless, "her time" was that of the last years of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, of the first years of the French Academy, of the founding of the Beaux-Arts, of Molière, Corneille, La Fontaine, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de Sablé, etc., — of all that made the middle of the seventeenth century a great epoch of fructifying ideas. But there is not one line in Madame de Motteville's story that makes the least reference to this. Anne of Austria's ignorance of Charlemagne seems a small matter compared with her ignoring the action of the minds of her day in other ways than war and political and court intrigue. It is to be remembered that she allowed Louis XIV. to be brought up in an ignorance that made him say illiterate things to the end of his life. — TR.

In her youth all honourable pleasures which a great queen could permit herself had great charms for her; at the present time she has lost her taste for them. Her own inclinations conform to reason; her kindliness makes her do many things which she would not do if she followed her own sentiments. She has no other pleasure in the theatre than that of pleasing the king, who, from the love he bears her, takes a peculiar pleasure in being in her company; and all France ought to thank her for this compliance, because it can thus see with joy such a mother with such a son. She now likes cards, giving several hours a day to them. Those who have the honour of playing with her say that she plays like a queen, without passion or eagerness for gain.

The queen is very indifferent to grandeur or personal power. Her birth has raised her to a height, and she considers all the rest unworthy of her desires; the faults of Catherine de' Medici will never be hers. She loves few persons; but those to whom she does the honour to give a part of her good graces may boast of being truly liked. In her youth our sex had the advantage of giving her favourites who occupied her heart with great and sensitive attachments. The death of her husband having placed in her hands, through her regency, a sceptre to maintain, she was obliged to give her friendship to the man whose capacity enabled her to maintain it, and in whom she could find advice with fidelity, and services with the sweetness of confidence. In all her different selections, particularly in this last, she has shown the whole earth how nobly she can love, and that her heart is incapable of any weakness or any change when once she is convinced that she is doing what she ought to do.

According to what I have said, it would seem that the queen was born to render the late king her husband the

happiest husband on earth by her affection; and certainly he would have been so had he willed it; but that fatality which almost always separates the hearts of sovereigns having alienated that of the king from the queen, the love she could not give to him she gave to her children, particularly to the king, whom she loves passionately. The rest of the persons who have the honour to approach her cannot, without presumption and very ill-founded vanity, boast of being loved by her; her love is reserved only for the elect; but she treats them well, and all receive, according as they deserve it, a favourable welcome which binds them to great fidelity in her service and much gratitude towards herself. Her kindness takes the place of affection, of which she does not give a great profusion to poor mortals; but the favours that come from her, having merely an appearance of affection, are of inestimable value, as much for their rarity as from the excellence of the person from whom they are received.

Though she is not loving to those who have the honour to be about her, she is safe and secret for all who confide in her; her behaviour is honest and obliging. In respect to fidelity she holds herself within the same bounds as private individuals. She enters into the griefs of those who suffer. Those for whom she has good-will find comfort in her gentleness; her ears are so attentive to the unhappy, she is so desirous of consoling them that it seems as if her heart, indifferent as it appears, must take some part in it. I think she is not enough touched by the affection persons have for her; but, as kings all hear the same language, and it is difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood and artfulness, it is doubtless excusable, and even reasonable, that they should not let themselves be easily convinced of what by its nature is so deceitful.

She hates her enemies just as in early life she loved her friends. Her natural inclination would be to avenge herself willingly; she is capable of carrying her resentment to extremes; but reason and conscience restrain her; and I have often heard her say that she had difficulty in conquering herself in this particular. She is seldom angry; passion does not get the better of her; she never bursts into any excitement unbecoming in a princess who, commanding a kingdom, ought to command herself; but anger shows in her eyes, and sometimes her words will give some signs of it. She has never, to my knowledge, been touched to anger, except for the interests of the crown, or against the enemies of the State and the king; consequently, I may say that I never saw her in that state of mind except from sentiments worthy of praise.

The queen is naturally liberal; she is capable of giving with great profusion, and on many occasions she has shown proofs of this. She is never annoyed with those who ask help in their necessities, and what she gives them she gives joyfully; but as she neglects wealth for herself, she also neglects giving means to others. One of the finest qualities that I have seen in the queen is the firmness of her soul; she is never startled by great dangers; the most painful things and those that agitate her soul the most, bring no disturbance to her face, and have never caused her to lose the gravity that is proper for those who wear a crown. On great occasions she is intrepid, and neither death nor misfortune can make her afraid. She sustains her opinion without letting it go, if she once thinks it sound; and her firmness goes beyond that which policy dictates to passionate persons. Hence she is never shocked by the talk of vulgar minds; she finds in her innocence and in her virtue her safety and her consolation; and during the Civil War,

when malice and envy did all against her that they were capable of producing, she despised their attacks. In all the actions of her life she is equable; her days and her years resemble each other; she continually keeps to one and the same rule of life; we have seen her do the same things always, whether in what she rendered to God in duty, or gave to the world out of kindness. She is tranquil, and lives without anxieties; she draws from the past no memory, and from the future no fear that can trouble her repose; she thinks only, according to the counsel of the Gospel and the advice of philosophers, of living for the day; enjoying gently the good she finds there, without complaining of the evil she encounters. The thought of death does not alarm her; she looks for its coming without murmuring against its relentless power; and it is to be believed that after a very long life she will receive that dreadful enemy of man with tranquillity. I wish it may be so; and that the angels will then receive her with as much joy as men must suffer sadness in losing her.

Mademoiselle returned to Court about this time, 1758. The Comte de Béthune negotiated her reconciliation with the cardinal. This was no slight work; for, in spite of his facility in forgetting insults, those he had received from Mademoiselle were deeply graven in his heart; but, acting in his usual way, he pardoned her, being no longer in a position to fear anything. On the other hand, the long exile the princess had undergone had slightly diminished her pride, and by disabusing her of the vain hope of obliging the king to marry her, made her see she could hope for no other establishment, either within or without the kingdom, except through the advice and agency of the cardinal; and that she must, however much she disliked it, resolve to subject herself to his will.

The Comte de Béthune was a man of honour whose capacity was mediocre. He was a virtuoso of antiquities, books, and pictures. He had a good deal of general esteem, and the minister regarded him as an enemy whom he had forced to like him for his benefits. From him he received more willingly than he would have done from any one else the assurances that Mademoiselle was willing to give him of her good intentions and of the desire she felt to never again displease the king and queen by any of her actions. She now came to Saint-Cloud to await the return of the Court; and all persons of rank who were then in Paris went to express to her the joy they felt at her return. She was much liked, and deserved to be, not only because she had fine qualities, but even more for an obliging manner, full of sincerity, which had hitherto acquired the esteem of all honourable persons.

The Court returned to Paris, having spent some time at Metz. The king had gone, during the stay of the queen at this place, to make a little journey to Nancy. The cardinal, who accompanied him, felt symptoms of gravel; and when he reached Paris on the return of the Court he was not in good condition. The diminution of his health roused many cabals and all who could hope for the ministry were suspected of seeing this failure with a great deal of joy. Mademoiselle, on the return of the Court, was very well received by the queen, and all past matters seemed blotted out in regard to her.

About this time the Queen of Sweden, without being desired and even in spite of the king, made a second journey into France, which was not as successful as the first. She was obliged, by an order she received, to stop at Fontainebleau, where she was greatly bored, for few persons went to visit her; and her journey, without precaution or assurance

of being well received, met the fate of imprudent actions, which usually bring grief. She did not content herself with merely showing that she followed all her fancies without much reflection, for she now let it be seen that she had great cruelty, and that her vices and her defects were, to say the least, equal to her virtues. She caused to be murdered before her eyes a man who had displeased her, and the following are the circumstances of that strange action.

She sent for Père Mathurin of the Chapel, and gave him a packet of letters to take care of; then, having given certain orders, she summoned before her one of her gentlemen, named Monaldeschi; and having led him into the Galerie des Cerfs, which was near her room, told him he had betrayed her and must be punished for it. On his denying this, she sent for Père Mathurin, and having asked him for the letters, she showed them to Monaldeschi, who was amazed on seeing them. He flung himself at the queen's feet and implored her pardon. She told him he was a traitor and deserved no pardon; then, telling the priest to confess him, she left them both to return to her chamber, whence she sent Sentinelli, captain of her guards, into the Galerie with orders for the execution. He was brother to a certain Sentinelli who was a favourite of the queen, and Monaldeschi, so it was said, had, out of jealousy, accused him of many crimes; but no one has ever really known the truth of this history; for that reason I speak only of the action, not of its cause.

Monaldeschi refused for a long time to confess himself; he asked pardon of his executioner, Sentinelli, and begged him to go from him and implore the mercy of the queen their mistress. This Sentinelli did, but obtained nothing, except a renewal of her first order. She ridiculed the

criminal for fearing death, called him a coward, and said to the captain of her guards: "Go back; he must die; and in order to make him confess himself, wound him."

Sentinelli returned with this miserable and definitive order for his death; and, trying to wound him with his sword, he found he wore armour under his doublet, so that the sword could only wound him in the arm with which he warded the blow. He then received another on the head, and when he saw himself bathed in blood he confessed to Père Mathurin, who was as terrified as his penitent. The priest, after confessing him, went to throw himself at the feet of the pitiless queen, who again refused him; and finally Sentinelli ran his sword through the victim's neck and by dint of hacking it cut it through. When dead, they took the body and buried it quietly without words.

This barbarous princess, after so cruel an action, remained in her room, laughing and talking as tranquilly as if she had done a mere commonplace thing, or a laudable one. Our queen, Christian that she was, who had had so many enemies whom she ought to have punished, but who had never received from her aught else than kindness, was scandalized. The king and Monsieur blamed this action; and the minister, who was not cruel, was shocked. In fact the whole Court was horrified at so ugly a vengeance, and those who had esteemed this queen were ashamed at having lauded her; though this was not without scorn of the poor dead man, who had not had courage to either escape or defend himself, and had worn against such an event so useless a precaution; for he ought at least to have had a dagger and used it valiantly.

After this the Swedish queen was allowed to languish a long time at Fontainebleau, to prove to her the contempt that was felt for her; but after she had entreated the minis-

ter a great many times to let her come to Paris it was impossible to refuse any longer. She came therefore to see the ballet the king danced this year during the carnival, arriving in Paris February 24, 1658. It was believed that she wished to establish herself permanently in France, but no hopes of being allowed to stay more than a few days in Paris were given her. She was lodged in the apartment of Cardinal Mazarin at the Louvre; this was expressly arranged to show her that she must leave it quickly. But in spite of all precautions she remained there till Lent, employing her time as best she could. Nothing appeared in her behaviour that was contrary to honour,—I mean that honour which depends on chastity; and if she had failed in that particular, the charitable people of the Court would not have neglected to make it known. But in all other ways she showed little wisdom, little decorum, and much devotion to pleasure. She went about to all the masked balls, and to the theatre accompanied by men only, taking the first carriages she met; and no one ever seemed more remote from philosophy than she. She finally departed during the first week of Lent, having received some money from the king, and returned to Rome, where the deed she had committed in France did not tend to make her respected.

The Prince de Condé, who was in Flanders, fell ill about this time, and despatched a courier to the queen entreating her to send him Guenaud, a physician in whom he had much belief. She took pains to send him, and the minister assisted in doing so with all his might, to let the great prince see that misfortune and not hatred kept them separated. The prince was very ill, and showed during this period, as I have been told, very Christian sentiments, which had so far seemed to touch him but little. But I have reason to believe that in his soul was a foundation of virtue which

produced in him, on great occasions, a turning towards God, whose power he adored without submitting wholly, as he should, to God's commands. I have heard some of his people say, as to this, that he had sometimes given special signs of being susceptible of piety, though otherwise he would never be thought devout. The judgment of men is uncertain; there is none but God who knows the folds and recesses of the human heart.

The Duc de Candale, the first man at Court for beauty, magnificence, and wealth, he whom all men envied and whose esteem all gay ladies longed to obtain, if only as a trophy to their own glory, this young seigneur, who was in truth lovable, died at Lyon on his way to Paris from Catalonia, where he had commanded the armies of the king. He showed much repentance for his faults, and received the sacraments in a Christian manner. The prayers of his sister, Mademoiselle d'Épernon, who had preferred a Carmelite convent to the duchies which her father, the Duc d'Épernon, wished to give her, no doubt won this good death of her brother from the mercy of God. She wished the Abbé de Roquette to make his funeral oration.[1] Being, fortunately, at Lyon he was present at the duke's death. He took for his text this verse of the Psalms: "Thy mercies, Lord, are more to me than life."

It was at this time that the king went to parliament to cause the reception of a bull which the pope had issued against the Jansenists. The queen, inspired by laudable zeal, thought, with reason, that his royal protection was necessary to the true doctrine of the Church, which seemed to be attacked by the opinions of Jansenism in the matter of grace and free-will, which they appeared to refute. But

[1] This Abbé de Roquette, afterwards Bishop of Autun, was the original of Molière's Tartuffe. See Memoirs of Saint-Simon. — Tr.

right-minded men were convinced that those who counselled her under an appearance of acting for the glory of God and of religion, often involved her in things which did not seem in all respects conducted in a spirit of charity; and as these excellent men were without passion, they desired that peace might be completely restored among the faithful, and that all should labour sincerely to bring back to obedience those they thought had wandered from orthodox sentiments. They accused the others, perhaps unjustly, of looking upon this affair as a source from which they could always draw matters agreeable to the queen's piety, and so make themselves masters of the fate of many.

All things can be made out good or made out evil; but what seemed to be true, and what ignorant men and women could know for themselves, was that the Jansenists appeared to esteem and support the doctrine of Jansenius condemned by the verdicts of Rome; and therefore that the Jesuits did not attack them without cause; also that the Jansenists, who seemed to submit in speech only to the condemnation of the five propositions [in the book of Jansenius], defended methodically and with extreme passion the book that contained them; but, at the same time, they gave to the public in their writings a morality in which the practice of perfect Christian virtue was eloquently enjoined.[1] Their lives conformed to their writings; they made profession of respecting and following the strictest maxims of the Gospel. Madame de Longueville, who, after her conversion, declared herself of that party, and desired to regulate her conduct by their counsels, showed by the austerity of her life how good and laudable they were.

The Jesuit fathers have a just claim to the title of apostles

[1] For a dispassionate account of this famous controversy, see the "Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon." — TR.

of the Indies and China, for, at the cost of their blood and their life, they have had the honour, through many sufferings, to make the name of Jesus Christ adored through nearly the whole extent of the globe, and particularly in barbarous lands where he was never before heard of. It is a Company which has always been so filled with great men — great by their knowledge as well as by their piety — that they have ever been considered as pillars of the Church. But many of the greatest and most esteemed bishops of France were the leaders of those whom the Jesuits accused of heresy.

One of their fathers, a man of virtue and renowned in our century, speaking one day to a lady, a friend of mine, of these disputes, born and fomented between the Jansenists and themselves, said, without blaming the adversaries of his Company and with a feeling of extreme pain which made him ardently long for the union of all Christians, that the pride of the human spirit was the source of all this disturbance; and that he prayed to our Lord unceasingly to kill in him and in all others that mortal enemy of those who aspire to eternal life. This saintly man had reason to speak in that way, for I have always heard that these contests of doctrine were caused by private animosities.

The king and queen started on the morrow of Easter Sunday for Amiens; leaving their life of repose earlier than usual, in order by their presence to repair the ill effects which might result from the foolish action of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt [who had negotiated with the enemy]. Before leaving Paris they saw the Duc de Beaufort, who had been exiled since the peace. He had shown much firmness and dignity in never seeking by any base appeal the good-will of the minister. He wished to leave time between what he had done against him and the reconciliation; and in the end

he made it advantageously to himself. His father, the Duc de Vendôme, anxious to see him again at Court, proposed his return to the minister, and the latter, forgetting all past hatreds, regarded him only as the brother of the Duc de Mercœur who had married his niece. Receiving him later as among his friends, he gave him the survivance of the admiralty, which the Duc de Nemours had had during the war.

The king went first to Amiens, where he stayed some time devising means to obtain Hesdin. He even presented himself in person before that place, but the rebellion of those who commanded there was too firmly established and the respect due to him was not paid. The minister, seeing this state of things without remedy, made the king resolve to go to Calais to carry out the grand design of the year; namely, the taking of Dunkerque, which place we were to attack conjointly with the English; and the project was formed to leave the place to Cromwell after it was taken.

This scheme seemed odious to all right-minded persons, and the minister was greatly blamed for giving this advantage to the former enemies of France, to a heretic, a usurper; but he had his reasons; he thought that without this concession it would be impossible to save the State from many evils, and he was convinced that, on the contrary, by this means he should force the King of Spain to make peace. Those who murmured against this union with the English said that, not counting the interests of religion, there was much to fear in giving additional strength to neighbours who could never like us, and might put the place in a condition to make war upon us later. In spite of these reasons, which Cardinal Mazarin had no doubt well examined, the English crossed the channel and we besieged the place.

This enterprise, which was as successful as could have been desired, came near being fatal to France.

The king wished to visit his army, and went to Mardick, where he stayed some time. This place was infected with the dead bodies which had remained there from preceding years, half buried in the sand, without rotting, the extreme dryness preventing it. There were no conveniences at Mardick; water and everything else was lacking, and the heat was excessive. The cardinal, who at every opportunity made his principal occupation that of gaining money, bethought him of becoming sutler and commissary to the army. He sold, so it was said, wine, meat, bread, and water, making money on all he sold. He also took the office of grand-master of artillery, and, from first to last, made his profits out of everything. Sufferings were great during the siege, and even at Calais, where all provisions necessary for life were very dear.

When the king went to Mardick to visit his army he lived like a private person, dining with Cardinal Mazarin or the Vicomte de Turenne; he had no officers, and neither service nor money. When he went to the army he met poor soldiers, but gave them nothing because he had nothing to give them; and the worst was that the minister, corrupting the king's feelings, strove to take away his inclination to give, in order to deprive him of the means; which had — as those who were at the siege told me — the worst possible effect; for soldiers grow saving of their lives when their masters are niggardly of a few pistoles.

The Prince de Condé and Don John of Austria with all the Spanish forces approached Dunkerque to prevent its capture. The Vicomte de Turenne warned the minister of this, sending him word that his own inclination was to go and fight them. The cardinal, as vigilant and clever as

he was saving, knowing in this way and by his private intelligence that the enemy were advancing, was of the same opinion himself, and sent word to the general to give battle. That great captain, who on similar occasions never failed to acquire a great reputation, left his intrenchments to attack the Spanish army, and, taking it by surprise, defeated it. All the valour and firmness of the Prince de Condé were not able to arrest the flight of the soldiers, and the rout was great.[1] The Dukes of York and Gloucester, who were in this army, did actions worthy of being remembered; their valour in fighting our troops was all the greater because it was inspired by the hatred they felt against the English who were fighting with us. This victory, which was glorious for M. de Turenne, gave renewed strength to the king, broke down that of the Spaniards, secured the taking of Dunkerque, and put us on the road to peace. It was on the 14th of June, 1658, that this piece of good fortune happened to France. It was followed by the capitulation of the place, which took place soon after.

The queen had scarcely time to feel this joy. On the 22d of the same month the king fell ill at Calais of a continued fever, with malignant symptoms, which put his life in danger. The fatigues he had had at Mardick, going himself, in spite of the cardinal, to visit the outposts, together with the inconveniences I have mentioned and the extreme heat of the weather, put him in this state. For fifteen days he was in great danger, and the queen felt all the distress that the love she bore him would naturally cause her. She resolved, as she did me the honour to tell

[1] This was the famous "battle of the Dunes." Just before the action the Prince de Condé, seeing the bad disposition of their forces by the Spanish general, said to the Duke of Gloucester, "You say you have never seen a battle lost? Well, you 'll see one now." See the strategic details of the battle in Montglat. — FR. ED.

me later, that if she lost him she would retire to the convent of the Val-de-Grâce; although at the same time she acknowledged that she had been on this occasion infinitely pleased with Monsieur's right spirit. He showed her all possible tenderness, and seemed to dread very much to lose the king. When the queen told him he must not go to his brother lest he should take the disease, he wept, with such oppression of the heart that he was unable for a long time to utter a word. The queen, from whom I heard these particulars, was much pleased with him; her heart was touched by the opinion she now formed of his goodness; and from this moment she loved him much more tenderly than she had done in the past.

The king took emetic wine (then a remedy little employed) twice; and God, who was not willing to deprive France of a prince enriched with so many eminent qualities which would make him a king worthy of being one, of his mercy restored him to health; giving great joy to the queen, to Monsieur, and to all good Frenchmen.

The cardinal was also well-pleased; but he showed that he regarded his own interests above all things else, — doing on this occasion acts which dishonour his memory. As he dared hope nothing from Monsieur, he sent to have all his valuables and his furniture removed from his house in Paris and taken to Vincennes. Nevertheless, he took what measures he could with the Maréchal Du Plessis, Monsieur's governor; he made him great promises, and went to visit all those who were little or much in the good graces of the young prince, especially the Comte de Guiche, to whom he made advances that seemed to come from a base and feeble soul.

After the fortunate recovery of the king the Court returned to Compiègne, where their Majesties received the first marks

of the public joy; they did not stay there long because the king wished to show himself to his people, and from there went to Fontainebleau. He did not seem changed by his illness; and when he arrived in Paris, I, who, not having gone on that journey, had not seen him ill, thought him looking as well and plump as usual. He received with pleasure and some signs of good-will those whose tears had flowed for him. As I had been of that number and he had heard of it, he did me the honour to thank me with the best grace in the world. The king was serious, grave, and very courteous. His grandeur, joined to his great qualities, impressed respect on the souls of all who approached him. He spoke little and well; his words had great power to inspire love and fear according as they were gentle or stern.

Cardinal Mazarin remained on the frontier to finish the siege of Gravelines, which he had ordered the Maréchal de La Ferté to attack. This was done with such force that the place surrendered to the king August 30. After this the minister returned to the king and queen, two weeks after their arrival in Paris.

Those who loved justice, and especially the attendants on the Queen of England, received during the king's stay at Fontainebleau the agreeable news of the death of Cromwell. The cardinal, however, seemed sorry for it, and he even appeared to disapprove of the public joy; but I was glad to observe on this occasion, by an answer which the Queen of England made to a letter which I had done myself the honour to write to her on this subject, with what moderation she heard that God had avenged her on this cruel enemy. Here is the letter, —

Wednesday, September 18, 1658.

"You could justly accuse me of want of feeling for the expression my friends have sent me of their regard, if I did

not tell you that I received your letter only this morning, although it is dated Sunday. In truth, I thought you would receive the news of the death of that wretch with joy; but I must tell you that I know not whether it is that my heart is so wrapped in melancholy that it is incapable of receiving joy, or that I do not see as yet any great advantages to us, but I have not felt great rejoicing; the greatest that I have felt has been in witnessing that of my friends. I beg you to thank sincerely for me Madame Du Plessis and Mademoiselle de Barnave. I would like to have been a fourth in your party to rejoice with you. I wish I could say much to you of my friendship; but in truth, there is more in my heart than I can express, and my actions will make you see it on all occasions. I conjure you to believe this, or you will do me great wrong; for to the depth of my soul I am among the number of your friends."

As parliament had now been for two years without a chief-president, the cardinal, to do a brilliant action which should establish his reputation in the opinion of all men, wished to put at the head of that body a leader who had the approbation of right-minded men. For this purpose, he cast his eyes on Lamoignon, master of petitions, whom he knew only through the universal esteem which he had hitherto won from the public by his ability and his integrity. The attorney-general Fouquet, now superintendent of finances, who was one of the first to propose him, referred only to Lamoignon's great qualities in order to persuade Cardinal Mazarin to appoint him, flattering the minister with the honour he would obtain by making this choice on the sole ground of the public welfare. He did, in fact, receive the praises of every one; of the queen above all, who knew that self-interest had no part in this choice. She gave the

minister by her approbation a foretaste of the reward with which a good action is followed; and this ready approbation ought at the same time to have made him regret the many occasions he had let slip in the past to have procured for himself the enjoyment of so great a good.

The king, since the inclination he had felt for Mademoiselle de La Motte, had remained semi-enchanted in the remains of the old fancy he had always retained for the Comtesse de Soissons; amusing himself, however, as occasion offered, with the cardinal's other nieces who lived in the Louvre. But after a while he tired of going so often to the Hôtel de Soissons, or rather, his heart grew weary of being so unoccupied. During the stay of the Court at Fontainebleau he seemed to attach himself more strongly to Mademoiselle Marie Mancini; he talked to her incessantly; and in spite of her ugliness, which at that time was extreme, he took pleasure in her conversation.

This girl was bold and spirited, but her spirit was rough and passionate. Her love corrected the roughness, and her fiery nature made her aware that she was not insensible to passion. The king perceived this; and gratitude, in the private intercourse which the uncle's power obliged him to have with the nieces, exposed him to an affair in which Mademoiselle Mancini, keenly desirous to please the greatest and most charming king on earth, succeeded in her designs and found in his tenderness enough to warrant her eagerness and the facility she had shown in loving him too well — though that "too well" was not without its limits; for it was always believed that this passion, though violent, was accompanied with so much virtue, or rather so much ambition, that she followed it without fear for herself, being assured of the virtue of the king; but if she doubted it, the doubt did not alarm her.

She saw that the friendship he had had with her sister, the Comtesse de Soissons, far from injuring the latter, had procured her a great marriage. A like affair seemed a means on which she could set her hopes. That is why nothing repelled her. Her passionate feelings, and what she had of intelligence, though ill-directed, supplied what was lacking on the score of beauty. There is no stronger chain to bind a noble heart than that of feeling itself beloved; and it is easy to see how, on both sides, their attachment became as strong as it was tender. Its effects were great, and would perhaps have been much greater without the wise conduct of the queen, to whom God gave strength to resist what they say is the strongest force in the world, and without the moderation of the cardinal, who cannot be too much praised in this affair.

While the king was thus unconsciously becoming involved in a violent passion, all Europe was watching to see to which side he would turn in choosing a wife; and all the princesses who could aspire to the honour were attentively awaiting that election. For a long time past the Duchesse de Savoie had urged the minister to declare himself for the marriage of the king to her daughter the Princesse Marguerite. This princess was the elder sister of the Duchess of Bavaria, whom the duke had chosen in preference to her sister on account of her beauty; the Princesse Marguerite having none. The king, who had always said that his wife must be beautiful, seemed, nevertheless, reduced to take this princess; for the minister, who did not wish to marry him until forced to do so, was inclined, in case of necessity, to prefer the Princesse Marguerite to all others of her rank. His niece, the Comtesse de Soissons, had married the eldest son of Prince Thomas, uncle of the young Duke of Savoie, and her children were the heirs of that prince.

The nieces of Cardinal Mazarin being born to be the destiny of the princes of Europe, it seemed as though the uncle, too wise to attempt to put one of them upon the throne, could not approach it better than by placing his connection, the Princesse Marguerite, upon it; and it may have been for this reason that he allowed his consent in her favour to be apparently wrung from him. He granted to Madame de Savoie, not entirely all she asked for, but merely that he would bring the king to meet her.

The queen, acting like a mother, thought only of the king's advantage. She had always passionately longed for peace, and for the Infanta of Spain as the only princess worthy of marrying the king. But from the way in which she had hitherto spoken of this it was easy to see that she wished it without hoping for such a result. Until lately, the marriage had seemed to her impossible because the King of Spain had no son, and her niece the infanta was therefore heiress to his crown. But a son had recently been born to him and the queen was again pregnant; so that this marriage no longer appeared to be past hoping for; although there was still very little appearance that it could be made, because of the well-nigh unshakable maxims of the Spaniards, who will risk nothing.

In default of the infanta the queen would have preferred the Princess of England to any other, because she already loved her; and that young princess seemed at the time to have such respect for the queen that she considered her scarcely less than her own mother, the Queen of England. But the king alone in all France did not like her, or, to speak more truly, the minister had no interest which induced him to bend the king in her favour. The queen, however, was accustomed to say that if she could not have her niece for queen she wanted the English princess; and

that her only regret was that she was not three years older in order to please the king, who appeared to neglect her because she was younger than he, seeming to desire a more mature wife.

Events showed that deep in the heart of the minister was a strong desire to make the king marry the Princesse de Savoie; also, having no objection to peace, he had, in general, a sufficiently sincere intention of doing what was best for the State. He did not doubt that if the infanta could be obtained she was, through her birth, the most suitable wife that the king could have. He knew also that the queen would not be contented without her; but while appearing, in order to satisfy the latter, to wish the same thing, he hoped that the difficulties would prove so great that, without displeasing her, he should reach his ends. To make the King of Spain speak out, it was necessary to show him publicly that the king was desirous of marrying elsewhere. The plan of the cardinal was, therefore, to make a journey to Lyon to meet the Duchesse de Savoie and her daughter, and thus involve the king with the Princesse Marguerite; still professing that his intention was to press the King of Spain by this means to declare himself. By acting thus he did what he could to content the queen. But in this way the king would see Princesse Marguerite, and from that sight the cardinal hoped for good results; it would put matters in such a forward state that, in case the King of Spain remained silent (which he believed would happen), he could seem to let the king choose a wife to his own taste; for he did not doubt that, considering the strong desire the king had to be married, if he were permitted to see none but the Princesse Marguerite he would take her. The cardinal was convinced, and with reason, that in spite of her want of beauty, the king would be pleased and satisfied

with her, because she was amiable, witty, and sensible; which, according to his own humour, was likely to please him.

The cardinal, seeing in this journey one of two things, either the satisfaction of the queen, to whom he owed everything, or the obtaining of a queen who was cousin of his niece, made the king resolve upon it; but it is indubitable that in this his desires were more for his own interests than for those of the queen. He took this course also to avoid marrying the king to the Princess of England, who, becoming older and more charming, might please him.

Mademoiselle d'Orléans, second daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, who was much spoken of for the king, was another suitable alliance for him; she was very handsome and of the right age to please him; but the cardinal did not choose to give her the closed crown, because the Duc d'Orléans had not obliged him to serve him. He saw that many persons at Court wished this marriage, as suitable to the king by the birth and beauty of the princess; but the minister would not listen to these wishes, fearing to lose the influence he expected to have with the future queen as the one to whom she owed her happiness.

Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, who had made war partly to be queen of France, now saw herself for that very reason, as well as for being older than the king by some years, unable to hope for it. She was, in every way, dissatisfied with her fate, and could not endure without great suffering the extreme vexation of seeing her sister suggested for that eminent place. She would doubtless have preferred to see any other princess on the throne than that sister; for the jealousy of self-love was stronger than ties of blood and nature, and made her incapable of bearing this preference patiently.

The cardinal, by the course he took, restored peace between the two sisters; but the Queen of England, who consented to the justice of the queen's preferring the Infanta of Spain to the princess her daughter, could not endure without extreme pain that the Princesse de Savoie, her niece, inferior to her daughter in birth and beauty, should be preferred before her; and, without openly showing it she resented the affair as much as it deserved.

There was also a princess in Portugal who was not without her share in this noble vexation. Comminges, being then ambassador in Portugal, had sent the queen a portrait of that princess which made her beautiful although she was not so; and he told me himself that the Queen of Portugal, her mother, who had offered the cardinal great wealth if he would bring about that her daughter should be Queen of France, not being able to restrain her vexation at the journey to Lyon, told him, Comminges, that she was astonished that the King of France should make so bad a choice.

Mademoiselle Mancini, although she was not a princess, had her share in the anxiety common to so many illustrious persons; and though in all things she was unworthy of being compared with them, she was not without equally lofty desires. She never left the king, she followed him everywhere, and he seemed to take pleasure in her society. The assiduity they showed to each other began at last to displease the queen, and I noticed that about this time she seemed much troubled. The wife the king was, apparently, about to take in Savoie did not please her; and Mademoiselle Mancini, who appeared to hold the first place in his heart, was not agreeable to her. The manner in which the latter beset the king disturbed the queen; and, in spite of the girl's discretion and the fact of her being the cardinal's niece, the queen showed plainly enough to her confidants

how much she displeased her. She did not act in the same way in regard to her feelings about the Princesse Marguerite; she spoke carefully of her, saying that the affair was not yet settled; that the principal thing was to make the king content and happy; and if that were done she should be satisfied.

At first, from the dislike she had to this marriage, the queen was disinclined to go to Lyon; then she changed her mind and wished to go, in order to try to break it off. Her tranquillity seemed to be as usual, but she would doubtless have gladly taken any pains to put obstacles in the way. She resolved therefore to make the journey; and even the minister advised it, not wishing to displease her. Divine providence seemed to have a great share in this; for the fifteen days that the departure from Paris was delayed, in order to get ready the queen's equipments, were the cause of our having the Infanta of Spain for our queen; for those few days gave time for the person who came from Spain to propose the marriage with the infanta to reach Lyon in time to break off that of Savoie.

On one of the days when the queen was preparing to start, I took the liberty of saying to her that I was pained to see that she meant to make so long a journey in such cold weather as that which was just beginning. In reply she said to me, pressing my arm: "Why do you, who care for all that affects me, say that? Do you not see that I must go?"

Another day Madame de Senecé and the Comtesse de Flex, who did not accompany her on this important occasion, said to her that if the king married they entreated her to let them know in time to follow her, and if they did, they would take me with them; on which the queen, having her mind full of a contrary purpose, said, nodding her head as

if to emphasize her thought: "Stay quiet where you are; I hope I shall not send for you." But when she spoke publicly she showed great indifference to this affair, in accordance with her good sense and judgment.

The queen, however, did me the honour to tell me at this very time, speaking confidentially of the king, that if the princess was, as they said, virtuous and pleased him, she would willingly consent that he should marry her; because she was convinced that, if God thus permitted it, it would be to his advantage; which made me think that if the king found the princess to his taste, the queen would soon accommodate herself to his choice. It is certain, however, that the sentiments of her soul went so far as aversion to the marriage, and that she seemed to us to agree to it only because her will was always entirely submissive to that of the sovereign Master of kings. In all the actions of her life it may also be noticed that she never evaded what was personally unpleasant to herself if it were of any utility to the king or to the good of the State. The journey was therefore arranged, and the Court started October 25, 1658.

The Duchesse de Savoie, on her side, was not without uneasiness; though she was certainly the one who had least. She knew that the cardinal's interest lay in making the marriage between the king and her daughter; she saw no appearance of a proposal from Spain; and she therefore persuaded herself that the Princesse Marguerite, having intelligence and merit, would win the king's regard. Those who had seen the princess spoke advantageously of her. They said she was very discreet, had a great deal of sense, and if she could not be called beautiful, at any rate she was lovable. In short, Madame de Savoie expected that this journey would be both glorious and useful to her, and never imagined that the king, queen, and minister,

having taken this step towards her, could fail to satisfy her wishes.

The Princesse Marguerite, as we learned afterwards, had sentiments very contrary to those of her mother; she thought that this journey would have dangerous consequences for her; she felt they were going to offer her to one who might not take her; and as she was prudent and saw herself exposed to the danger of displeasing, the affair seemed grievous to her. It was known that she resisted the journey, and had even feigned illness to avoid it. But though her precautions could not save her from the humiliation she feared, she won the respect of all those who saw her at Lyon; and if she missed being the queen of a great kingdom, she at least acquired the reputation of being worthy of it — and that is not a small thing.

VI.

1658 — 1659.

The Court of France arrived at Lyon on the 23d of November, and that of Savoie on the 28th of the same month. When it was known that Madame Royale[1] was three leagues from the town, Cardinal Mazarin started to meet her at a distance of about two leagues. Monsieur followed, and met her with the princesses her daughters at one league; and the king and queen went together to a distance of half a league. When the king knew that they were very near he mounted his horse and rode to within about ten paces from Madame Royale's carriage. As soon as that princess saw him she left her carriage to receive him, and the Princesses of Savoie did likewise; for Princesse Marguerite had an elder sister, the widow of her uncle Prince Maurice (who was called the Cardinal of Savoie), to whom she had been married for reasons of State.

The king had shown impatience to see Princesse Marguerite, who seemed to be destined for him; and doubtless he did not approach her without some emotion. After the ordinary salutations, and after, as we can well believe, looking fixedly at Princesse Marguerite, he rode abruptly back to the queen's carriage, seemingly much satisfied at the sight, and said to her with great gaiety these very words: "She is very pleasing; she resembles her portraits; she is rather swarthy, but that does not hinder her from being well-

[1] Christine, Madame Royale, daughter of Henri IV. of France, and Duchesse de Savoie; regent during the minority of her two sons. — Tr.

looking." Immediately after, the carriages met; Madame de Savoie got out of hers, and the queen did the same. In saluting the queen Madame Royale almost knelt before her, and taking her hand kissed it forcibly with great submission. The queen embraced her and her daughters, who both, in saluting her, knelt on the ground. Mademoiselle saluted Madame de Savoie as her aunt, and all the princesses embraced as being near relations.

The queen returned to her carriage and put Madame de Savoie next to her on the front seat, which was her usual place. Mademoiselle sat behind, and with her the Princesse de Carignan, who had gone to meet Madame de Savoie, as belonging to her family through her husband. Monsieur sat at one door with the Princesse Louisa, the widow; and the king had the Princesse Marguerite next to him at the other door. As they drove along he seemed to converse with her gaily and, contrary to his usual custom, he talked much to her, and she to him. The queen, who was attentive to all the king did, told me on her return to Paris that she had been astonished, and felt pained to see them so well together.

According to those who witnessed the interview, and even the queen herself, Princesse Marguerite seemed to every one in these first moments to have a pretty and well-made figure; they thought her eyes very fine, the eyebrows well-shaped, the cheeks rather pendent, taking that from her mother, a feature on the Bourbon side when young. A person who was in the queen's carriage wrote me that she seemed haughty and not embarrassed in finding herself on this occasion the object of the eyes of all the Frenchmen.

This royal company arrived in the finest order at Lyon; and those who were in the suite told afterwards of the grandeur of our Court, and the brilliancy of that of Savoie,

which was decked with care in all its adornments and was truly a fine thing to see. The two Courts came together to the queen's residence, where Madame Royale publicly thanked the king and Cardinal Mazarin for having returned to her the citadel of Turin; exaggerating the obligation she had to France with the most excessive flattery she could imagine; which did not please the queen, who was not fond of praise, or superfluous words, or affectations. Madame de Savoie did not omit to thank the cardinal for all he had done to please her, and for the influence he had used with their Majesties to obtain this restitution. After some moments of conversation, the king and Monsieur took her to her own apartments, and all things on that first evening happened to the advantage of Madame Royale and Princesse Marguerite.

God, who destined the king to another princess, the first in Europe and the greatest in the world, had, in His providence, ordained that the King of Spain, hearing of this journey to Lyon, should be alarmed; and I was told later by her who became our queen that the king her father, on learning that the King of France was about to marry, said, "That cannot be, and shall not be." The princess, after she came to France, did me the honour to tell me that these words of the king her father pleased her, for she had not liked the journey to Lyon. She had in her heart a presentiment which told her that the king was to be her husband, and she knew that she alone was entirely worthy of him; so, to quiet the uneasiness the name of the Princesse Marguerite caused her, she had need to say over and over to herself the above words which she had heard the king her father say.

The King of Spain now felt that, in order to make his words come true, he must quit all craft and show plainly the

desire and the need he had for peace. He therefore ordered Don Antonio Pimentel to go to France, confer with the minister, and offer him both peace and the infanta. Pimentel was sent hastily without passports, at the risk of being taken prisoner; but the time had now come for all animosities to cease. He told me, when I saw him afterwards at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, that he came with the thought in his mind that if arrested he should ask to see the cardinal, and then, whether free or a prisoner, he should be able to negotiate with him the marriage he had come to propose. He disguised himself and managed his journey so well that he reached Lyon on the day of the arrival of Madame de Savoie, and at the very hour when she entered the town along the road from Savoie, he was entering it along the road from Spain — two powers destined to combat one another, the king being the prize of the victorious party. As they were far from equal, it is not astonishing that Spain won it over Savoie, and that peace and the vast grandeur of the infanta were preferred to the Princesse Marguerite, who, bound to yield in all things to this daughter and granddaughter of so many kings and emperors, yielded also in beauty, of which the infanta had much.

Pimentel appears not to have seen the cardinal until the day after the arrival of Madame de Savoie. Some said that he saw him earlier, and that the cardinal concealed it from the queen. I am ignorant as to this, and relate only what happened outwardly, but I do not think it was so. This Spanish envoy knew one of Cardinal Mazarin's servants, named Colbert.[1] To him he revealed himself, and Colbert, as Pimentel afterwards told me, went at once to tell his master of his arrival. The cardinal, interested in his journey, sent

[1] Afterwards Louis XIV.'s great minister; he was at this time Mazarin's steward. Born in 1619, he was now about forty years of age. — FR. ED.

for him, no doubt with much impatience to know what his proposals might be.

The queen, on her side, was extremely depressed by the interview with Madame de Savoie. The Princesse Marguerite was not to her liking; she did not think her handsome; but even if she were, she knew that war would be more firmly established than ever between France and Spain by this marriage. She regarded the king her son, by his crown and by his person, as the most distinguished husband then upon earth, and she saw nothing in the Princesse Marguerite but virtue and birth, which, high as it was, must needs yield to that of the infanta; moreover, she had been rejected by the Duke of Bavaria, who preferred her younger sister on account of her beauty. The queen did not know as yet her good qualities, — which later, during her stay at Lyon, seemed to the queen very estimable, — but even had she then remarked them such as they were, she was sad at losing finally the hope that her niece the infanta might give her grandchildren who would be of her blood on both sides.

Having abandoned the interests of her own family whenever those of the king demanded that she should be insensible to them, she could on this occasion pray for peace, so desired by all Frenchmen, and for a marriage which should give her son the highest and most illustrious princess in the world; her prayers had therefore been as legitimate as they had long been full of ardour. These first moments of disappointment were the more painful to her because she had to bear them alone, and without any hope of remedy on the part of the king; for she had seen by the manner in which he had behaved to the Princesse Marguerite that the marriage did not displease him. Nevertheless, she wished to speak to him on the evening of Madame de Savoie's

arrival; and also to Cardinal Mazarin, to let them know her sentiments. But the king, who desired to marry, and was not repelled by the face or person of Princesse Marguerite, stoutly resisted her; he told the queen he wished the marriage, and went so far as to tell her at last that he was master.

The queen, who did not often weep, shed tears, and felt the deepest pain at this state of things. She ordered her confessor, as he told me later, to put up prayers in all the convents of Lyon, and do all he could to obtain from God what she so much desired.

Beringhen told me that on this evening, seeing the king declare himself so openly for the Princesse Marguerite, and knowing the aversion that the queen had to the marriage, he went up to her and said: "What do you say, madame, to all this?" She replied that she saw but too well all there was to see; but she knew of no remedy, inasmuch as the king was impetuously bent upon it, and the cardinal did not show that he would second her. Beringhen, like a man of honour, going straight to the support of the queen, to whom he owed his whole fortunes, told her that he was amazed at the proceedings of the cardinal, and that he intended to speak to him about them.

He went to find him at once, and represented to him the obligation he was under to restrain the will of the king as a torrent that was rushing too fast, and to support the feelings of the queen, which were against this marriage. To this the minister replied that he did not meddle with all that; as for him, he had not caused the inclination the king seemed to feel for the princess, which was none of his business. This was the answer he was accustomed to make to all who importuned him. When he made it persons knew they were refused, and the wise ones saw that

he was treating them with ridicule and laughing at them. A man who did all, who commanded absolutely the whole kingdom, who would not allow the slightest thing to be done without his order, was plainly scoffing at the queen when he declared that he did not meddle in the marriage of the king! If private persons knew they were rebuffed and scoffed at by such answers, it is easy to judge what the queen thought of this one, and whether she believed that he was indifferent to the most important affair then in the world, which concerned himself as much as any one; and whether, moreover, he was not ungrateful to his benefactress in treating her in this way.

But, at last, the miracle which was to happen did happen the next day. The interview that Pimentel had with the minister made him change his course, and gave the queen reason to believe in the help of heaven, which she had always found propitious to her just desires and designs. On the evening of this great day when all things changed faces, the cardinal entering the queen's room and finding her sad and dreamy, said to her, smiling: "Good news, madame!" "Eh, what?" exclaimed the queen; "can it be peace?" "More than that, madame! I bring your Majesty both peace and the infanta." It is useless to try to represent what the heart of the queen felt at such surprising news; no doubt it was great joy; but as her wisdom was great and her temperament equable, neither joy nor pain appeared externally on her.

The next moment, the queen and cardinal having conferred together, they spoke to the king, who liked the proposal extremely. He had wanted the Princesse Marguerite only because he wished to be married, and she had not displeased him; but his good judgment showing him the infinite distance between her and the Infanta of Spain,

and being now able to obtain that advantage, he did not hesitate a moment in giving his consent to the preference.

Mademoiselle Mancini, who was now less thin and had more fire in her eyes, was consequently not as ugly as she had been. Her passion embellished her, and she was even daring enough to be jealous and to reproach the king for his fickleness and the attraction he seemed to find in the Princesse Marguerite.[1] As the king was not afraid that the princess would refuse him, gallantry and love diverted him in the course of this day from his legitimate object; and to satisfy that passionate girl he had already begun to seem colder to the Princesse Marguerite.

This moderating of his feelings was visible to the spectators; for those who wrote to us from Lyon told of the liking of the first day and the sudden change on the second. But when the king heard that a more illustrious alliance was in store for him, what he had already done for Mademoiselle Mancini was confirmed in his mind by more solid reasons; so that from this second day, so fatal to the grandeur of the Princesse de Savoie, he became more and more indifferent to her. Mademoiselle Mancini, on the other hand, charmed with the king's fidelity and the power she had over him, resumed her usual post, which was always near him, talking with him and following him wherever it was possible; and the satisfaction she felt in believing herself beloved made her love still more him whom she already loved too much.

This is the moment when the Princesse Marguerite ac-

[1] Mademoiselle relates in her Memoirs: "Mlle. Mancini came and asked me, while the king was taking Madame de Savoie to her apartment, what the king had said of Princesse Marguerite, and how he had behaved to her. I answered, 'It seemed to me she pleased him;' and I heard that she said afterwards to the king, 'Are not you ashamed that they want to give you such an ugly wife?'" — FR. ED.

quired esteem and glory, and much praise from even the queen herself; for, whether the king did not look at her, or whether he spoke to her, she continued equable in all her actions, living civilly with all, but never showing any anxiety to please. As the obligations the cardinal had taken towards Madame de Savoie were great, this journey, made in the sight of all Europe, was in itself an engagement; and as the duchess urged both the queen and the minister to satisfy her, there were days when it seemed as if the marriage must take place, and others when, by means of the queen and Pimentel, it appeared to be broken off. But neither the good nor the evil was seen on the face of Princesse Marguerite, whose noble pride never abandoned her. It was the queen herself who did me the honour to tell me this; it was from her that I learned all these particulars.[1]

The cardinal finally gave Madame de Savoie to understand the obligation the queen was under to take every means to give peace to Europe; telling her that she ought to think it right that the queen should prefer the Infanta of Spain, if she could have her, to her daughter; but he held out the hope that if this could not be arranged the king would positively bind himself to marry Princesse Marguerite. The queen spoke to her in the same terms, and as the thing was plausible and reasonable, Madame de Savoie could not be angry. While they were putting her off with these fine words, the Spanish negotiation was

[1] In the Memoirs of the Maréchal de Gramont we read: "These rapid and unexpected changes opened the eyes of interested persons, and the courtiers, doing their usual duty, that is to say, penetrating in a short time what was secretly taking place in the cabinet, though they got little light on it, soon came to the conclusion that an envoy from Spain must have arrived incognito; and twenty-four hours later it was known that Pimentel was the man who had so suddenly disturbed the fête, and knocked over all the stools."—Fr. Ed.

secretly advancing; and the desires of this sovereign princess, daughter of Henri IV., only served to deprive her of the happiness to which she aspired.

The Duc de Savoie came a few days after his mother to visit the king; he was well received and acquired by his presence the reputation of being amiable and witty. He behaved to the king with great respect; but as, since the Regency, the Duc de Savoie, his father, had obtained the favour of his ambassadors being received as those of crowned heads, this advantage, which he held only under the kindness of the king and the facility of the minister, caused him to have the audacity not to visit Monsieur, on the ground that he did not give him the right hand; which astonished the whole Court and gave great annoyance to the king and queen. The difference was properly so great between them that the late duke his father never covered his head in Madame Royale's presence, because she was a daughter of France, and in all things, in spite of his position as husband, he showed her the greatest respect.[1]

Mademoiselle assumed that the Princesses of Savoie had no rank to be considered in relation to hers except that of grand-daughters of France; she thought she had precedence over them as daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, son of France, elder brother of Madame Royale, and long heir-presumptive of the crown; but she was forced to obey the orders of the king, who chose that she should treat them on an equality. She consoled herself for this vexation by

[1] Montglat says: "He did not visit Monsieur, because he wished him to give him the right hand from a fanciful notion that he was King of Cyprus. The cardinal encouraged him in this because he had taken it into his head to make him marry one of his nieces. And when Mademoiselle would not give the right hand to the Princesses of Savoie, he made the queen command her to do so — sacrificing thus the honour of the royal house to his private pretensions and interests. Mademoiselle did it with great vexation." — FR. ED.

the pleasure of seeing the Duc de Savoie, and letting him see her.

This prince had often been proposed to her as a husband; but in the days when she desired a much greater than he, she had treated him with indifference; now, however, the match would not have displeased her. The Duc de Savoie must also have looked at her as a princess whom it would be to his advantage to marry; as much for the grandeur of her birth as for her great wealth; but her age alarmed him [she was 32 years old in 1659], for he wanted children; and her beauty, which was beginning to fade a little, had not enough power to make him forget what all men naturally desire in regard to their posterity.[1]

Mademoiselle, by her impetuous feelings which prudence did not always govern, had herself contributed to her unlucky fate in wishing to be married. She had not succeeded in her wishes; always roughly rejecting matches that would have suited her, because, at the time they were offered, her fancies had made her desire others whom she could not have. So, by a continual return at the wrong moment to the various great princes of Europe, it may be said that she had rejected nearly all of them, and that they in turn had rejected her. The qualities of her mind, the good qualities as much as the bad, had on all occasions injured her.

Madame de Savoie, her aunt, who wanted to govern, had always strongly opposed the desires of her son when, Mademoiselle being younger, he had wished to marry her, because she feared a too enlightened daughter-in-law; but, conceal-

[1] Charles-Emmanuel II. of Savoie; he married Jeanne-Baptiste de Nemours, and died in 1675, leaving a son, Victor-Amadeus, born 1666, who married Anne-Marie d'Orléans, daughter of Monsieur, Louis XIV.'s brother, and Henrietta of England, and was the father of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne. — Tr.

ing that weakness, she confined the force of her reasons for objecting to the marriage to the temper of the princess, whom she knew to be capable of anger and arrogance, and consequently liable to extreme passions which might trouble the peace of a State and a family. But it was now the Duc de Savoie himself who showed no eagerness in desiring it; in fact he treated her so coldly the whole time that he stayed at Lyon that Mademoiselle believed she had reason to complain of him for certain jests which she imagined he had made, unworthy of the respect that he owed to her. He felt obliged to justify himself as to this, and made the Duc de Navailles, whom he knew, speak to her about it.

A ball was given while the two Courts were together, at which they rivalled one another in all that was finest. Mademoiselle, as they wrote me, showed her fine face and her beautiful figure, which made her remarked for what she really was; and though her cheeks had no longer the freshness of new-blown roses, she none the less, so they assured me, adorned the assembly by the brilliancy that still remained of a beauty once perfect.

The Princesse Marguerite also showed that she could sometimes be beautiful. A dark complexion has the advantage by lamp-light; and they told me that on this occasion she was well-dressed and danced in a manner that was much admired. The Duc de Savoie, who acquitted himself worthily, and who (as those that saw him told me), although of mediocre figure was nevertheless handsome, would not dance; this was thought to be from pride and unwillingness to dance after Monsieur. He kept beside the queen, with whom he conversed gallantly and with much wit. The queen having chanced to take off her glove, he threw himself on his knees before her exclaiming with much grace on the beauty of her hands, one of which he took and kissed in

so agreeable, gay, and respectful a manner that the queen could not fail to like it. I heard her say she had never seen a more agreeable man. He had the reputation of being debauched, frivolous, full of levity, and in no way attentive to his duties; his charm carried the day, no doubt, over his capacity.

At the end of several days the two Courts, after much negotiation, separated. Madame Royale returned home with a writing signed by the king's own hand, in which he promised to marry the Princesse Marguerite in case peace was not made and he could not obtain the infanta. The king and queen took the road to Paris, where they arrived at the end of January, 1659.

The queen was pleased at having broken off the Savoie marriage; she was full of desires for that of Spain, and well satisfied to have made the journey. She did me the honour to tell me on her return that she was convinced that without her the king would have married the Princesse Marguerite; for he would at once have so strongly committed himself that when the offers of Spain were received it might have been difficult to meet them as they deserved to be met. The king himself thought he was fortunate to have got so well out of the affair; but the cardinal still hoped that the marriage with the infanta would not take place.

On his return, the king found his affairs on the frontier in a good state. During his absence, Maréchal de Turenne, who commanded the armies, had posted them in the centre of Flanders nearly at the gates of Brussels, between the Lys and the Scheldt. There, he had fortified himself and proudly maintained the glory of France. The Prince de Condé and Don John could do nothing against him. His cavalry ravaged all the neighbouring country, and the enemy was compelled to endure it.

The bad condition in which the affairs of the King of Spain appeared to be might have given us great advantages in continuing the war; but it was necessary either to renounce peace forever, or profit by this weakness; which confirmed what the minister had always said, namely: that we must wage war until the King of Spain was reduced to ask for peace. So many things might arise to give fresh strength to our enemy that it was only prudent in the minister to make it now, and even to grant it on reasonable terms; otherwise it might never have been made, and would have hung dependent upon those revolutions of fortune to which all States are exposed, and to which our Court is but too subject.

After the queen's return she continued to gently show her aversion to the Savoie marriage; and she also let it be seen that she did not approve of the continuation of the love the king appeared to feel for Mademoiselle Mancini; the same scruple which had obliged her to oppose his inclination for Mademoiselle de La Motte made her disapprove of this one; and the quality of cardinal's niece did not prevent her from expressing her sentiments with a certain freedom. But that freedom had no effect, because the king's passion had, up to this time, been protected by the minister. The queen, as a matter of duty and conscience, which should always be the rule of our actions, had an aversion for this girl; personally she had great cause to complain of her, because, contrary to the disapproval she had expressed of her conduct, the king never came into her presence without Mademoiselle Mancini. She followed him everywhere, and whispered in his ear in presence of even the queen herself, unrestrained by the respect and the decorum which she owed to her.

All these reasons obliged her to speak to the king; but

he did not listen to her counsels with the docility he was accustomed to show to her. At first he resisted, and even showed some temper. We must not be surprised if, at his age, sensual pleasures should endeavour to take possession of his soul; they are not accustomed to find Catos who will have no commerce with them; and it is easy to see that in spite of the king's virtue, he was beginning to have more inclination to follow Cæsar's example than that of his monitor. The king and queen continued, nevertheless, united in heart; the solidity of their affection and their union was not shaken; but they did not look at things alike, and Mademoiselle Mancini was not equally beloved by mother and son. The king was seeking only his amusement, and the queen thought only of what could be done to make him lead the life of a true Christian, and put out of his heart all that might hinder him from truly loving her niece the infanta.

The aversion the queen had to Mademoiselle Mancini was greatly increased by a speech which the uncle made to her. He was the slave of ambition, capable of ingratitude, and had an innate desire to prefer his own interests to those of all others. His niece, intoxicated by her passion and convinced of the power of her charms, had the presumption to imagine that the king loved her enough to do all things for her; so that she let her uncle know that, on the terms she was with the king, it was not impossible she might be queen, provided he would contribute his influence to it.

The cardinal could not refuse himself the pleasure of testing so fine an affair, and he one day spoke of it to the queen; laughing at the folly of his niece, but in a manner so ambiguous and embarrassed that he let the queen see what he had in his soul clearly enough to make her answer in these very words: "I do not believe, Monsieur le car-

dinal, that the king is capable of such baseness; but if it were possible that he should think of it, I warn you that all France will revolt against you and against him; and that I will put myself at the head of the rebels to restrain my son."

The result of this conversation has been bitter for this generous mother, through the minister's resentment, which he hid from all the world, but kept in his heart for the rest of his life, and which produced, on innumerable occasions, effects of which the cause was never known. The king himself may never have known the extent of his minister's ambition, which was veiled behind the ardour of the girl and was more pardonable in her than in her uncle, and could not displease him who saw himself so desperately loved.

Pimentel came to Paris incognito to conclude his negotiations with the minister. The queen saw him in private, and the appearances of peace inspired joy in the hearts of all Frenchmen. God, who so willed it, permitted the Queen of Spain to give birth to a second son, which gave still stronger hopes to the queen of being enabled soon to see her niece the infanta become her daughter-in-law.

At the same time Don John of Austria, by command of his father the King of Spain,[1] left Flanders, where he commanded the army, and returned to Spain. The king gave him passports to go by way of France, and the cardinal sent to welcome him on the frontier. Don John wrote in reply to entreat that he might see the queen. The cardinal seemed annoyed, and publicly reproved Millet, whom he had sent to welcome him, for not having evaded the request. The result was that the queen, who had previously expressed

[1] He was the natural son of Philip IV., King of Spain, and an actress named Maria Calderona. — FR. ED.

a great desire to see the prince, suddenly spoke coldly about it; which the courtiers observed to correspond with the annoyance of the minister, who tried to convince all speculative minds that the alliance with Spain alarmed him, and that he only entered it by force of events which compelled him to do so, and out of gratitude to the queen.

What makes it probable that he did not desire it is that he was, at the same time, holding out hopes to Madame de Savoie, while he seemed to be the confidant of the queen in her opposition to that marriage. He said one day to a friend of his, speaking of this affair, that the aversion the queen had to Princesse Marguerite embarrassed him; that for his own interests he did not wish for the infanta, because she would not be grateful to him for marrying her to the king, inasmuch as she considered herself so great that no princess in Europe was her equal. And he added that he feared if the infanta came to France she would follow the example of the queen her aunt, who had hated Cardinal Richelieu, and would make intrigues against him.

The queen determined finally to see Don John of Austria, who came to Paris incognito to avoid all difficulty as to precedence. She received him at the Val-de-Grâce, and felt no doubt much joy in seeing one of her own blood. He came *vestido de camino*, in a large gray coat and a waistcoat of black velvet with silver buttons, in the French style. The queen, who wished to see him in private, took no one with her but Monsieur and a few ladies. I had the honour of being among those who were thus favoured. I saw the prince, who, bastard though he was, made himself everywhere respected. He was attended by persons of quality, and the names of those who were in his suite were the most illustrious in Spain. He seemed to us short, but well-made; his face was very agreeable, his hair black, his eyes

blue and full of fire; his hands seemed to me very beautiful, and his countenance intelligent.

After he had made his salutations to the queen she took him into a corner of her room slightly apart from the rest. There they remained together, standing, for three quarters of an hour, or one hour. From there he went to lodge with Cardinal Mazarin, who entertained him magnificently. The crowd was great around him, every one rushing eagerly to see him. The ladies of the Court were at his dinner and supper; but as he did not know their rank he only looked at them all without speaking to them or asking them to sit down; but he answered gallantly and wittily all those who said anything to him.

The queen made him come to the Louvre by a back door and through her bath-room, which was beautiful; she wished to show him the king, whom he greatly desired to see; she having promised that he should pay his respects to him in private. After he had been a short time with her in her cabinet, the queen sent for the king, who entered for a moment to show himself, and as several persons of rank (in a crowd according to the French fashion) entered with him, Don John, turning to the queen, said, "Madame, is this the privacy of the king?" He praised him much, and said that if he were not a king by birth he deserved to be one by election.

The archduke left Paris two days later, having seen nothing of the city but the fair of Saint-Germain. The queen was much satisfied, and we knew by the joy she felt in seeing this prince how truly she loved those she ought to love. It was Lent, and the queen was pained that he ate meat the whole time, he and all his suite; she could have desired that he were more exact and more obedient to the commands of the Church; but as fish is scarce in

Madrid, Spaniards are not accustomed to keep fast-days, and they do not correct that fault when they go elsewhere.

Holy Week following, a troop of young men went out to Roissy for the holy days, among them the Comte de Vivonne, son-in-law of Madame de Mesmes (to whom the house belonged), Mancini, the cardinal's nephew, Manicamp, and several others. They were accused of having chosen that time with sacrilegious intent to make debauches, the least of which was the eating of meat on Good Friday; they were even accused of having committed certain impieties unworthy not only of Christians, but of men of sense.

The queen, when informed of this affair showed great resentment. She exiled the Abbé Le Camus for merely having intercourse with such dissolute persons; although he was not with them on the days when these things happened. Cardinal Mazarin, to show that he did not protect the crime, punished all the accomplices in the person of his nephew, whom he dismissed from the Court and from his presence; then, after punishing one he pardoned the rest, who escaped with the severe reprimands which the king gave them. This action obliged the Court to praise the cardinal, not only in his presence, but in all places. Though he had so often preferred self-interest to fame, he appeared to show by this conduct that he meant to give the rest of his life to obtaining it. He saw himself at the pinnacle of grandeur, and a sure grandeur; and he now wanted not only to possess the great fortune he enjoyed, but to do some public actions which should make men know that he was worthy of it. The crimes of these young libertines gave him an occasion to signalize himself. His family suffered somewhat; for his nephew, as I have said, was exiled, and his niece's want of beauty was celebrated in a couplet which had great vogue and was not to her glory.

Cardinal Mazarin now prepared to go to the frontier to bring about the conclusion of the great work of the peace, in which all Europe was interested; and the prime-minister of Spain, Don Louis de Haro, was to go there also. The cardinal prepared for the journey with all the more satisfaction, because it was accompanied with public benedictions. It even seemed as if, forced to be wise and cautious by the strong words the queen had said to him, he had taken the course of sacrificing all his other desires to the honour of contributing to so great a good.

The queen saw him start with joy, convinced that he had driven from his mind all that could displease her. Nevertheless, she was not entirely content. The king's attachment to his niece gave her pain, from the loftiness of her soul. She feared a result which would have been unworthy of the king; and she desired that the infanta, bringing to him a pure heart that was wholly his, might not find his heart already occupied by an affection in every way unworthy of him, and capable of rendering their marriage unhappy, through the boldness that she knew existed in the girl's disposition. Nor was she free of fear that an inclination, little becoming in a king, might carry him beyond his own intentions. At this moment those intentions seemed to be in keeping with what he owed to himself; but a passion, however feeble, when fed and supported by another stronger and more violent, might change them; and this was what the queen apprehended.

These thoughts had never come to her in regard to the Comtesse de Soissons; but now she was greatly troubled by this attachment. Her mind having admitted suspicions, that were only too reasonable, of that which would ruin the felicity of the infanta, whom she desired to make Queen of France and happy, she expressed to the cardinal, then pre-

paring to start, all that she felt. She made him see her desire to separate the king from one who held him bound in chains which she thought shameful; she wished to show to the king the mirror presented to Rinaldo, not only to draw him from the spell of Armida, but to force him to fly from so fatal a prison. She now confided in the fidelity the cardinal was bound to have towards her; it was from himself that she asked the remedy for this evil, although he had seemed to have criminal intentions about it, and had already failed her on many important points, usurping all her power, and taking pleasure in annihilating it.

But, in the end, that heart, which was not good enough to serve the queen as it should have done, was not wicked enough to fail her in a matter she felt so keenly; and it may be said that the cardinal deserved great praises for having, in spite of his passion for dominating and for grasping to himself the whole authority of both mother and son, resolved finally to do a thing which was contrary to his grandeur, for the sole reason that it was his duty to do it. For although the advantages he might hope from his niece's favour were not certain, and might even seem to him impossible, it is but too well known that it is natural to man to wish for more than he ought to wish for, and more agreeable to hope for success in things above his strength than to restrain himself by wise moderation on the turn of Fortune's wheel, when he sees that one spoke more might lift him.

Here is one of the finest passages of the cardinal's life, and one of the principal actions by which he repaid the infinite obligations which he was under to the queen. He now entered with such good faith into her feelings that, in spite of the ties of blood, and against his interests, he resolved to remove his niece from all the places where the king could meet her. The king, however, who had much tenderness

for her, was so touched by her grief at being separated from him, that there was a moment when passion carried him so far as to propose, it was said, to Cardinal Mazarin to marry her, rather than see her suffer for his sake. The minister, knowing that the negotiations for peace and for marriage with the infanta were too far advanced to be broken off, took, without hesitation, the part of honour, by refusing what the king asked in an impulse of violent passion of which he would soon have repented; probably he would even have reproached the minister for not restraining him when he saw the kingdom rising against him to prevent him from dishonouring himself by so unworthy a marriage. The cardinal answered, therefore, that having been chosen by the late king his father, and since then by the queen his mother, to assist in his councils, and having served him until then with inviolable fidelity, he could not abuse the confidence reposed in him to allow a thing so contrary to his fame; that he was master of his niece, and would stab her, sooner than raise her by so great a treachery.

The king was finally compelled to consent to this harsh separation, and to see Mademoiselle Mancini depart for Brouage, which was the place selected for her exile. This was not without shedding many tears with her; but he did not let himself yield to the words she could not refrain from saying to him, "You weep, and yet you are the master." It seemed as if the quality and merits of this girl were not such as to cause so great a passion; but to this we may answer that the young king was not the first to be caught by charms unseen by others, for that which binds two hearts are often ties invisible for which the stars must be made responsible; nor was he the only monarch to feel that love makes lovers equal.

The evening preceding the day of Mademoiselle Man-

cini's departure, the king came to the queen in a state of extreme depression. She drew him aside and spoke to him for a long time; then, as the sensibility of the heart that loves needs solitude, the queen herself took a light which stood on her table and passing from her chamber into her bath-room, she asked the king to follow her. After they had been about an hour together the king came out with swollen eyes, and the queen followed him, so touched by the state in which he was, and in which she was obliged to put him, that it was easy to see that the king's suffering cost her much. At that moment she did me the honour to say to me in a low voice: "I pity the king; he is loving and reasonable both; but I have just told him that I am certain he will one day thank me for the pain I give him, and from what I see in him I do not doubt it."

The king and queen were both deserving of praise for having on this occasion preserved their union uninjured, he bearing generously the hard effects of her perfect affection, she feeling the hurt she did with her own hand to the son she loved so dearly. She now took pains to cure him by her loving manners and her treatment, which was as free from coaxing as it was far from harshness and want of feeling.

The next day, which was June 22d, Mademoiselle Mancini departed, accompanied by Mademoiselle Hortense and the little Marianna, her sisters; tears were many on both sides, but particularly on hers. The king accompanied her to her carriage, showing his grief publicly; then he came to take leave of the queen and started instantly for Chantilly, where he went to spend several days and recover his strength. He found it in his reason, in his sound nature, and in a soul such as his, to which God had given the loftiness necessary to a great king.

From all the things that I have written, it will be seen that for some years the extreme authority the cardinal had usurped in this kingdom had so absorbed legitimate authority that the queen, in spite of the indifference of her soul to the desire of governing, had felt, too late, that all that she had done for him did not prevent him from seeking to keep the king wholly to himself; for on many occasions she had known that he tried to destroy her in her son's esteem, either by speaking to him seriously, or by jesting remarks made in presence of herself.

Though the queen's kindness and the nobility of her heart made her sufficiently blind to the cardinal's conduct to keep her from suspecting him of malice, it is, nevertheless, certain that she often felt hampered by the opposition that he showed to her sentiments. This opposition prevented her from acting fully and freely in the things she desired to do, and in all those which concerned her personal satisfaction. During her regency, she had never cared for the power she gave to another, because she regarded it as subject to and dependent on her own; but, in spite of the indifference she had shown for it — too great in a person of her rank and birth — she could not now prevent herself from seeing that she no longer had any influence, or from feeling pained by its loss. When she recommended any action, either to the chancellor, the superintendent of finances, or some other minister, she saw plainly that she was not obeyed; and if she urged its execution they often answered that they must speak to the cardinal; so that she was forced to let those to whom she spoke confidentially perceive that she was not satisfied with the man who governed, although she none the less turned a good face to him.

Her reason made her put up with his faults; but she likewise did so because her judgment kept her from troubling her-

self about things that displeased her; and habit, which had great power over her, joined to many other reasons, rendered her incapable of thinking of a change which might, as I said before, make her still less happy. But as she had insight, she knew the defects of her minister as clearly as she had known his good qualities. She did me the honour to say to me one day, when I had made her some complaint about the cardinal, that he was getting so ill-humoured and so miserly that she did not know how in future one could live with him. She commanded me not to show him the vexation that I felt towards him, saying that in the humour in which I then was I might say something to displease him, and that if he were angry with me it would embarrass her; and therefore it were better that I should hold my tongue; but she undertook to speak to him herself about my business; which she did with much kindness.

My consolation was that I had brought the queen into confidence with me against the behaviour of him of whom I complained. It was a species of vengeance that I took upon him, this making the queen, who had given him the favour by which he now could do almost everything he chose, admit his faults. But these last acts of his in connection with his niece had power to heal in the heart of the queen the wounds his past and daily unfaithfulness had given it. After he had sent away his niece she visibly appeared to esteem his conduct and his sentiments; the satisfaction she derived from this flattered her self-love; it honoured the choice she had made of him in years gone by; she felt rewarded for the constancy she had shown in maintaining him against the people, the parliament, the princes, and his own private enemies. She did not like praise, and would not allow that which was now bestowed upon her for the peace and for the removal of Mademoiselle Mancini, — though she alone

had brought them about, — and instead of receiving it as her due she passed it over to the minister. Nevertheless, she had found strength to fight against him at the time when she had seemed submissive to the grandeur which he derived from her, and had compelled him, by her prudence and by a conduct both firm and gentle, to execute her will.

While the king was at Chantilly the queen received a letter from him by which she was deeply touched. That same day, having gone to visit the apartments of the future queen, I had the honour to attend her, and found myself alone with her in the Salle des Antiques, where, after visiting all the apartments in the Louvre, she sat down to rest awhile. She then did me the honour to tell me what was in the king's letter. I was kneeling beside her. I told her that I had noticed that morning when she finished reading it that tears were in her eyes. She acknowledged them, and following her feelings, she said with enthusiasm: "The king is good!" then, repeating the same words, she said again: "I assure you, the king is good!"

She did me the honour to tell me what the letter contained. By it he showed that he estimated the resistance she had made to him and knew its value. He told her he felt the greatest impatience to see her and could not live content without that happiness. He said he had received a long letter from the cardinal in which he exhorted him to read, to learn his great business of being a king; and he was resolved to do so. In this the cardinal showed very different sentiments to those of former times;[1] but, the king being now of an age to know good from evil, he may have wished, out of policy, to seem high-minded in his eyes in order to win his esteem, imagining at the same time that the

[1] Louis XIV.'s own account of his childhood and education, as he related it to Madame de Maintenon, tells a very different tale. — TR.

king's laziness, which he thought much greater than it was, would always get the better of his reason.

On this occasion I entered upon great topics with the queen. She spoke to me again of the anxiety the king's affection for Mademoiselle Mancini had given her and of the pain that attachment caused her; and she related to me what had passed on this subject between the king and the cardinal; but she seemed to me convinced that what the king had said was an exaggeration of the pain he felt at an exile of which he was the cause and was intended to console her who suffered for his sake and whom he could not satisfy by his protestations of keeping her forever in his heart, rather than the expression of a hope to place her on the throne.

The queen gave the cardinal the praise he deserved for having done his duty on this occasion. From that I passed to the manner in which he had lived with her since the close of the war and of her regency, which had not been accompanied by as much zeal, fidelity, respect, and duty as in the days when his fortunes depended absolutely on her goodwill. I touched upon his defects, on his too great power, and the abuse he made of it as regarded herself; on which the queen reasoned with me; and when I took the liberty of saying that I could not forgive the cardinal for leaving so little power to her who had given him all and preserved to him the authority he possessed, she said to me: "He has a legitimate excuse; he knows I do not care for power." I answered that for that very reason he ought to have taken the more care to make her obeyed and respected. She coloured at this, and looking at me fixedly said: "You are right." Then, by changing the subject, she let me see that such truths were painful to hear because she felt them only too much. But knowing also that they were said from a sentiment of affection and true fidelity, and through the per-

fect confidence I had in her discretion, she was grateful to me for them, and showed it with much kindness.

When the king and queen rejoined each other at Fontainebleau they seemed to have the best understanding. The queen was content with having done her duty; and the king was sad to have lost what he loved; but his grief, restrained by his reason and his virtue, was dispelled little by little, in spite of himself, by amusements and by busying himself in ordering new uniforms for the occasion of his marriage.

Some time later, their Majesties left Fontainebleau, intending to rejoin the cardinal and conclude the great work for which Europe so long had sighed, namely; peace between the two crowns, and the marriage of the king with the infanta, the consequences of which might produce great events in view of the King of Spain's misfortune in having but two sons, lately born, who were both unhealthy. The cardinal had sent his exiled nieces to La Rochelle and to Brouage; and when the Court, on its way to Bordeaux, approached the place where they were, the king desired to see Mademoiselle Mancini in passing. The queen did not oppose it; she let her come to, I think, Cognac.[1] I have heard it said that this interview was full of feeling, and tears were shed on both sides. Nevertheless, the king continued his journey, and the niece returned to her place of exile.

Here ends the romance; for after this honourable interview things changed, and the king found in the grandeur, beauty, and virtue of the Infanta of Spain enough to console him for the loss of Marie Mancini.

The interview of the two greatest kings in the world,

[1] The place was Saint-Jean-d'Angély, and the date August 13, 1659. — FR. ED.

which was now to take place on the frontiers of their States, gave me a great desire to make that journey; and even if curiosity had not, on this occasion, been greater than my laziness, the kindness with which the queen desired me to make it, herself telling the Duchesse de Navailles (destined to be lady of honour to the new queen) that it would give her pleasure if she invited me, would have made me accept the offer which the duchess made to take me with her. I bound myself to this great journey, and we started a short time after the Court. I followed Madame de Navailles to Niort, of which she was governor. Our intention was to go on at once and rejoin the queen at Bordeaux; but the king's marriage being postponed until spring, the Court, to pass the time agreeably, went to spend the winter in Provence. As for me, who love repose, I did not wish to expose myself to the fatigue of that journey, and I remained with my friend, Madame de Navailles, with whom I spent nearly seven months.

VII.

1660.

During the stay that the king made in Provence, the Duc d'Orléans, who was still at Blois, died after a few days illness. This prince deserved to be regretted as much for his own good qualities as for being the son of King Henri-le-Grand, whose memory should be ever dear to Frenchmen. We may believe that the duke's death was precious before God, for it was preceded by a pious and Christian life, attended with true contrition for his sins. He accompanied these virtues, like his brother Louis XIII., with great firmness of soul, and he faced death without fear or weakness. The repose he had enjoyed from the time he retired to Blois had not contributed to his health; on the contrary, he had aged and changed.

He was formerly the leader of all the factions and cabals made in his name against Cardinal Richelieu. That minister often came near perishing as the result of the duke's enterprises; but the kindly nature of the prince always kept him from driving matters to a conclusion; he being so mild that he would never consent to shed the blood of his enemy, or do any act of violence.

His court was in those early days filled with many of the great seigneurs of the kingdom, who all desired the honour of belonging to him, because he was at that time presumptive heir of the crown; and his position was doubly raised by the miserable condition to which his brother Louis XIII. was reduced. But all this glory was passed. That which

he acquired under the regency, of which I have given long and ample description, was also gone; nothing remained of it but the grievous memory of his vain thoughts and his useless actions. Since the ill-success of his unfortunate undertakings he had remained in the sort of disgrace which counts men as dead before they really are so; but it is to be presumed that he lived the life of the righteous, and that his penitence and the alms he gave in his solitude at Blois have won him a place in eternity that is worth more than the worldly grandeur with which he was once surrounded.

The king and queen mingled with the regret they felt at his death the memory of things past, so that their mourning was not excessive. Mademoiselle was grieved, for the loss of a father must always be felt; but the lawsuits she had against him, and the little pains he had taken to marry her, diminished her sorrow somewhat, so that the firmness with which she bore it was less an effect of her virtue than of her indifference.[1]

Madame saw her loss, and it is to be supposed that she felt it much; but she was so fated to be counted for nothing that her tears were not regarded. His other daughters, Mesdemoiselles d'Orléans, d'Alençon, and de Valois were so weary of living at Blois, and their youth had made them so passionately desirous of going to Paris, that they consoled themselves easily enough on seeing the end of their exile; though apparently the death of the duke was the greatest misfortune which could happen to them. He thought so himself, for in his last moments, casting his eyes on his

[1] Mademoiselle says in her Memoirs that the little Monsieur, Louis XIV.'s brother, was, so the king told her, delighted at this death, which gave him the right to wear a trained mantle. She herself had her apartment refurnished *in gray*, and put all her servants into that colour. — Tr.

family, he quoted in Latin to a father of the Oratory who assisted him to die, a passage from Holy Scripture which represented their desolation.

About this time the Prince de Condé returned to France. He went to see the king in Provence, where the latter was waiting until it was time to go and receive the infanta from the hands of her father, the King of Spain, who was to bring her to him. I was not then at Court; and for that reason I can say nothing personal of this interview. The two ministers [of France and Spain], who were at the frontier, had long been occupied with the question of the reconciliation of the Prince de Condé. The cardinal wished to treat him as an enemy who had made war against the king, and did not desire that the protection of foreigners should obtain for him the advantages he demanded. The foreigners, on the other hand, wished to support him to the utmost; Don Louis de Haro would yield nothing on this point, and the protection of the King of Spain was finally so favourable that with it the prince was able to make the reconciliation in the manner he desired.

He then returned, proudly, to throw himself at the feet of the king, who, as I have since been told, received him with much gentleness and gravity. The prince found the king so lofty in every way that from the first moment he approached him he comprehended, so it seemed, that it was time to humble himself. The splendour of the king's youth and that genius as sovereign and master which God had given him, and which was now beginning to make itself externally visible, convinced the Prince de Condé that what remained of the past reign was about to be overthrown; and, becoming wise and moderate through his own experience, he showed, in his sentiments and conduct, that he had taken another spirit and new resolutions.

After passing the winter at Niort, which was uncomfortable through the extreme cold we suffered there, we started, Madame de Navailles and I with her, from that little town directly after Easter (March 30, 1660). We went first to Benac, a house of the Duc de Navailles, situated at the entrance to the Pyrenees. We waited there for the return of the Court, which was to take the same route from Provence to go, as the two kings had arranged, to the frontier to conclude the peace.

Benac is situated on a foot-hill at the entrance to the lesser mountains, which, farther on, become very high ones. It is not far from the plain of Bigorre, and is in full view of the Pyrenees, the snowy summits of which are seen from the windows of the château. It is not entirely deprived of the advantages of a flat country, for the land about the Bigorre is a rather agreeable valley. From this spot we enter the heart of the mountainous region, whether by following the trend of the valleys which are formed by these frightful mountains, or by taking the high-road to Lourdes, which is a fortified place about a league from Benac. It appears to have been placed on the French side to defend the entrance and exit against the Spaniards, in case they had the audacity to attempt to enter France from their side. The Duc de Navailles has much property in this province; he is seigneur of the Lavedan, which contains seven valleys formed in its depths and full of castles and villages. I could easily, by visiting these estates, satisfy the curiosity I had had to see this region which Nature had formed in a manner so different from that of others.

I had always imagined that the Pyrenees were barren and uncultivated mountains, where no beauty could be seen but that which fearful solitude joined to their immense height might give them; but I was amazed to find that the agree-

able and the horrible made an admirable blending of the different beauties of nature. From space to space among these high and monstrous mountains are very beautiful valleys; and though these have not such vast extent as to give the eye the pleasure of a distant view, they at least have this advantage, that the eye can rest on a thousand different objects agreeable to be seen.

Besides the natural beauty of the meadows, grain, and flax, and vineyards, and all things necessary to life are grown there. On one side rises a mountain, the summit of which neighbours the sky and is covered with snow, while clouds form themselves half-way up its height; on the other side are other mountains less high, the slopes of which are cultivated and planted, like the hills around Paris; others, of the same height, are covered half-way down with verdure and pasturage for cattle, and also, lower down, with grain. Among them are some that are barren, with no adornment other than frightful rocks which give, through a certain horror which they inspire in the mind, a strong impression of the power of Him who created all things. From these mountains, and especially from the barren ones, many torrents issue, falling over the summit of the rocks, flowing among the loose black stones of which the rocks are formed, and making beautiful cascades; the sound of which is agreeable and surprising both.

In all these valleys are fine villages and country towns, well populated. The churches are well served and there are many priests. The people are, nevertheless, surly; the severity of the climate makes them cruel; but they do not fail to be devout in their way; on all the roads we met with many chapels and images of Our Lady. Their language is a corrupt Spanish which is difficult to understand. The peasants are all tall, handsome, and well-clothed.

They formerly carried pistols and daggers; but lately M. de Tarbes, their bishop, forbade them to wear them because they killed one another so often and fought among themselves so many battles.

On a little trip which we made to see the beauties of this region, we dined at Joncala, a handsome country-town, a dependency of the *vicomté* de Lavedan; there we ate good meat, but particularly the best butter in the world. The houses are fine; built of a native stone which seems to have the nature of marble; they say that it is marble, but in the rough. Whatever it is, it is handsome and makes their houses very neat; they are fitted with wood inside, and roofed with slate; for these barren mountains are full of slate mines, and it is got from the black rocks which make those mountains so frightful.

From Joncala we went to sleep at Bossein, an old castle belonging to the Duc de Navailles, built at the summit of a semi-mountain. I think it must formerly have been the habitation of Urgande *la déconnue*. It is a nearly inaccessible rock; the top of which forms a large, square terrace, which serves as a courtyard to the castle, whence is seen one of the most beautiful and fertile plains in the whole region; it is more than half a league in breadth, and more than a league long. The Gave flows through the middle of this plain and, issuing as it does from the heart of the mountains, its current is very rapid through the beautiful valley. This valley is surrounded by the highest mountains of this region. There is one which, being very straight and very high from base to peak, is a little separated from the others; it is called the Pic du Midi. It is not farther from the windows of the castle than the Pont-Neuf is from the Louvre.

From this same point six large county towns can be seen

below, or on the foot-hills of the mountains. In one of them is an abbey of importance, with a large revenue, well built, the monks of which lead an exemplary life; it is called Saint-Seurin. The Gave waters the fields of this plain and makes them beautiful; everywhere are well-planted orchards, the fruit of which, we were told, is excellent. The entrance to this valley can be closed by an iron chain, like the famous Vega of Granada in former times. It is entered by a narrow way between the mountains. Among these mountains there are also three other entrances or roads to Spain, which could easily be closed. They are not more than four leagues distant from Aragon.

After satisfying our curiosity as to the beauty of the Pyrenees, we left Benac May 2, to go to Bayonne, where the Court had already arrived. We passed through Pau, which I desired to see; and the respect I have for the memory of Henri IV. made me visit the castle with care, and particularly the chamber in which he was born. We arrived at Bayonne May 5. The queen had the kindness to see us with some joy, and not without great wonder at my arriving at last in a region so far from my own, and also at the triumph I had won over my laziness. The Court did not delay, but started immediately for Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where we arrived on the 8th of May.[1]

Nothing was talked of but the beauty of the place chosen for the interview of the two kings, and called the "place of the conference." Since the preceding year the cardinal and Don Louis de Haro had conferred there on the peace, the terms of which had been discussed and drawn up between

[1] It was on this journey and during the time that the Court stayed at Saint-Jean-de-Luz that Mademoiselle began with Madame de Motteville a correspondence on the subject of "desert solitudes, and the happiness of the life that can be led there," which correspondence lasted two years. See the Memoirs of Mademoiselle; year 1660. — FR. ED.

them. At that time a very handsome building had been erected on the little island called the Île des Faisans, in the middle of the river Bidassoa, with two galleries alike; one leading towards France, the other towards Spain. They entered, one on each side, into a large cabinet, where the ministers had met in council. But now this building was destined to receive the two greatest kings of Europe. It had been enlarged and embellished, and it attracted the curiosity of both nations. Monsieur and Mademoiselle went to see it, May 17; I had the honour to attend them and truly this cabinet was the most charming place in the world.

The King of Spain had arrived at Saint Sebastian. Many Frenchmen went there to see him dine, and all declared that the Court of this king was very solitary, but that the infanta was beautiful. The king questioned with curiosity those who returned, and the queen's inquiries never ceased. All the Spaniards who came over to Saint-Jean-de-Luz to see our Court were well-received, and the French well-treated on the other side; but as the number of the latter was great and their impetuosity excessive, there were days when the King of Spain, whose own grandees dared not approach him when he dined, was almost smothered by the visitors, and his table was nearly upset.

Meantime the king's marriage was advancing, and, in spite of the false prophets who threatened evil and predicted it would never take place, it seemed likely to be a thing accomplished within a very few days. The kings, however, were employed in settling the confines of their kingdoms; on which there was some difference on account of certain regions which had never yet been inhabited.

The king sent often for news of the infanta. She replied with a few words of compliment to the king, but sent to the queen her aunt very tender messages. The Bishop of Fréjus

told me that having gone to see the King of Spain at Saint Sebastian, as witness, on the king's side, to the marriage, he carried a letter from the king to the infanta, written as though she were actually betrothed to him. Not finding matters quite in that state, the King of Spain deferring his consent until certain differences were settled which had not been decided in the treaty of peace, the Bishop of Fréjus dared not present the letter to her to whom it was written. He told the King of Spain that he had it, and that he passionately desired to give it to the infanta. The king told him to keep it; that it was not yet time to give it. But the bishop, wishing at any rate to show it to the infanta, in order to let her feel the king's impatience, held it hidden in his hand on the day he had his audience with her, and on delivering the compliments of the king and queen he said, "But, madame, I have a secret to tell you." At the word "secret" she cast her eyes slyly around her to see if her *camarera-mayor* and the duennas were listening, after which she let the bishop speak.

He then said to her, letting her see the letter, that the king his master, thinking himself more fortunate than he was, had written her this letter; but that the king her father had commanded him not to give it to her. To which she answered, in a low voice, "I cannot receive it without my father's permission; but he tells me that everything will soon be arranged." On being pressed to say something in reply for the king, she said, "What I say for the queen my aunt may be understood for the king." The Comte de Saint-Aignan, two days before she left Saint Sebastian to come to Fontarabia to be married, having been sent to visit her on the part of the king and queen, she said to him, of her own impulse, after making her compliment to the queen her aunt, "And to the king also."

The Bishop of Fréjus had previously been sent from Avignon to the King of Spain, and had carried to the infanta a letter in which the queen had the joy of giving the name of daughter for the first time to her niece. I found this letter afterwards among the papers of the young queen; having fallen into my hands I copied it, and now place it here, for it seems to me that it ought to be precious to those who revere the memory of the great princess who wrote it, and that they will, in part, share the joy she then felt. I copied it from the original in Spanish, and this is the translation: —

"MADAME, MY DAUGHTER AND NIECE, — Your Majesty can easily believe the satisfaction and joy with which I write, in giving to you the name which I have desired all my life to give you. God, in his infinite goodness, has granted me this favour. Nothing remains for me to wish except to see the happy day I have so longed for, when I can say to your Majesty in another manner than by written words how much love and tenderness I feel for you. I will say no more now; I rely on what the Bishop of Fréjus will say to your Majesty on my part, and on that of another person whom I will not name. I pray Our Lord, my dear daughter, that he will guard you for me as I desire — and that is not a little.

ANNE,

Good mother and aunt of your Majesty.

AVIGNON, March 24, 1660.

On the 19th of May news was received at Saint-Jean-de-Luz which was very agreeable to the king and queen, namely: the re-establishment of the King of England in his kingdom. Monk had served him well, and had brought back to him both the parliament and the army. For a long

time the people, detesting tyranny, sighed for the legitimate rule of their king; so that finally the parliament sent a deputation to the prince, who was then in Flanders, to request him to return to his country, and to say to him that they desired for the future, through repentance and fidelity, to atone for their criminal revolt.

On that same day the king went to visit the place of the conference which still continued between the cardinal and Don Louis de Haro for the purpose of settling the confines of the two kingdoms. He wished to go himself and see how his troops were to be placed on the day of the interview between the queen and the infanta after she became queen, on which occasion he intended to see her. Many Spanish grandees, especially the son of Don Louis de Haro, were present, who admired the king, and showed their satisfaction by the excessive praises they gave him.

There were great delays on the part of the Spaniards as to certain villages which they demanded from France. These quibblings disgusted the two kings, and vexed the Court. Murmurs were heard on both sides, and it was whispered about at Saint-Jean-de-Luz that the marriage might still be broken off. Nevertheless, it appeared, from what happened at Lyon, that God had ordained it; and it was, in truth, by divine orders that we obtained that great princess for our queen. The negotiations of the ministers came at last to an end that was honourable to the king; for, Cardinal Mazarin having held firm, the King of Spain sent him word that he took him for umpire, and requested him to settle the dispute as he thought just.

Le Tellier brought this news to the king and queen on the day of the feast of the Holy Sacrament, while their Majesties were at high mass in the parish church of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. It gave great joy to the whole Court, for everybody longed

to get back to Paris; and as the disputed points were not of great consequence, the minister was praised for finding a way to relinquish with honour some small portion of what Spain demanded. Further conferences on the subject between the ministers and a few trips to and fro of the subaltern negotiators took place, and then everything was arranged. The divisions were made, a good deal to the advantage of the king; the day was appointed for the marriage; and the interviews between the King of Spain, the queen, and the infanta, and that of the two kings, were fully arranged.

Wednesday, June 2, the King of Spain left Saint Sebastian and came to Fontarabia for the marriage, which was to take place on the morrow, June 3d. Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish minister, was to marry the infanta in the name of the king, and the Bishop of Fréjus was appointed as the king's witness. I wished to go and see this ceremony and the Court of Spain. I was not alone in this curiosity; many persons, men as much as women, shared it. Mademoiselle wished to go incognito; and she did me the honour to wish to take me with her. Having engaged to go with others I could not do so, but I joined her at Fontarabia.

When we arrived on the banks of the Andaye we found boats which the King of Spain had sent, knowing that ladies were to be of the party. These boats were covered outside with stuffs of brilliant colours, and inside with crimson damask, spangled with gold and silver, and curtains of the same. In the boats were benches and seats richly trimmed. Carriages of the King of Spain awaited us on the opposite bank of the river at the foot of the walls of Fontarabia, in which we were driven to the house of Pimentel, who was an acquaintance of the persons (Mesdames Colbert and de Lyonne) with whom I was. There they immediately brought us chocolate and biscuits, the great Spanish refreshment.

This house was in the chief square, and during the little repast I busied myself in gazing at everything before me; I am inquisitive, and I like to take notice of things I have never before known.

First I saw a great quantity of the king's liveries; those of the grandees were also in reasonable numbers, but without gold lace; which was not improving to them. We saw several of the grandees themselves pass the house, who, besides their footmen in livery, were attended by pages of the king who followed them. We were told that several had pages whom the king maintained for them; some more, some less, according to their rank and dignity. From Pimentel's house we were taken to the church, where we found Guards drawn up in line, without anything to do; because there were not enough courtiers at the Spanish court to make a pressure;[1] it is to be remarked, however, that their expenses on a journey are defrayed by the king, and therefore no one follows him unless by his orders. This custom deprives his court of bustle and splendour; but in itself it has grandeur.

Never have I been at the slightest ceremony with such ease. To tell the truth, I was astonished to find in this place, on so famous a day, such great solitude. We stationed ourselves in the choir close to the steps of the high altar, whence we could see the *courtine* of the king; that is to say, the place where he sits to hear mass, which is something like a bed with curtains all round it. The curtain before him is drawn so that he can hear the service, and on ordinary occasions he is not visible. This *courtine* is placed on the right of the choir, the floor of which was covered with a large

[1] Mademoiselle says: "The church had a great portico, with a few guards at the door. Everything is so well-regulated in Spain that no one presses to go where he ought not to be; so there is never any trouble." See Memoirs. — FR. ED.

Turkish carpet. Beside the *courtine* was a large bench, also covered with carpet, which was placed at one corner of the *courtine* and formed a square for the grandees of Spain.

Mademoiselle arrived shortly after me, and sat with the rest of us; but as it was known that she was coming, some persons, and even the priests who were waiting to perform the ceremony, asked me which she was. These priests occupied the time in talking to me. I could speak Spanish to them; they replied; and I even venture to say that they spoke to me in terms that were rather too gallant for priests; but the corrupted tone of that country wills it so. At the end of half an hour, or perhaps three quarters, the King of Spain arrived with the infanta, whom he led by his left hand. They were not followed by many persons or a great pageant; the King of Spain has few guards, and the noise of drums and trumpets does not accompany him, as it does our king. They both entered the *courtine;* the infanta on the left of the king her father.

From the first moment that I saw the princess I thought her beautiful; and the King of Spain seemed to me to have the countenance of a man full of kindness. The curtain of the *courtine* on the side towards us was left open; and it was thought that this was done to favour Mademoiselle, whom the king looked at often. The grandees placed themselves on the bench prepared for them; Don Louis de Haro being next to the curtain of the *courtine*, then the Duc de Medina de las Torres, the Marquis de Mondejar, and others.

Mass began at once, and was said low, without any ceremony, by the Bishop of Pampeluna. We noticed that even the ornaments were villanous. Without counting a large number of French persons who filled the church, our great seigneurs, who had placed themselves in the choir, stood on the steps of the altar, beside which were seated the Bishops

of Fréjus and Comminges of the Choiseul family. We ladies were on our knees on the carpet directly opposite to the king and the infanta.

Mass having been said, the Bishop of Pampeluna, being arrayed in his pontifical vestments, approached the *courtine;* Don Louis and the Bishop approaching also; and the infanta, having slightly advanced, the proxy deed of the king our master was read aloud, and the bishop immediately married them. When it became necessary that the princess should say the "yes" so important to us, she made a deep curtsey to the king her father, and then pronounced it modestly. The second time she said it a little louder; and, the ceremony being completely finished, she knelt before her father, who kissed her tenderly and raised her with tears in his eyes; which brought them also into ours.

The infanta-queen was small, but well-made.[1] We admired the most dazzling whiteness of complexion ever seen, and all her person was the same. Her blue eyes seemed to us fine; they charmed us with their sweetness and brilliancy. We praised the beauty of her mouth and lips, which were rather full and fascinating. The outline of her face was long, but the lower part being rounded pleased us; and her cheeks, rather fat, but handsome, had their share of praise. Her hair was that silvery blond which suits so perfectly the beautiful colours of her complexion. To tell the truth, with greater height of figure and finer teeth she would have deserved to be ranked among the handsomest women in Europe, and I thought she resembled closely the portrait my brother had given me of her. Her bust seemed to us well made, and sufficiently plump; but her clothing was horrible.

Neither the style nor the fashion of it charmed our eyes.

[1] See her portrait by Velasquez in the "Memoirs of Madame," volume vii. of this Historical Series. — TR.

For my part, whether in France or elsewhere, I think that I readily perceive what is bad or good. Just as I thought the dress of Frenchmen ridiculous, with huge bow-knots of ribbon on their legs, and found much to say against their little doublets which covered neither their bodies nor their stomachs, so the garments and the coiffure of the Spanish women gave me pain in looking at them. Their shoulders and busts were not covered with anything firm, and their neck-gear was open behind. With the exception of the infanta, I did not see one woman among those who attended her who was not lean and dark. Consequently, it actually nauseated me to see their shoulders thus uncovered. Their little sleeves were slashed in the worst style; they wore scarcely any linen, and their laces seemed to us ugly, their hanging sleeves were devoid of grace, and their *guard-infanta* (hoop), was a semi-round and monstrous machine, which seemed to be made of several barrel hoops sewn inside their petticoats; except that ordinary hoops are round, while their *guard-infantas* were flattened a little before and behind, and projected wider at the sides. When they walked, this machine moved up and down, giving them a most ugly appearance.

Their finest coiffure was broad, and of false hair; their foreheads, too much uncovered and without curls, had no charm. Some wore their hair knotted behind, with locks tied here and there by ribbons, which are ugly in Spain. This latter style of hair-dressing, being the simplest and most natural, was also the most agreeable.

The infanta-queen wore her hair dressed in the grand style on the day of her marriage. Her gown was white, of a rather ugly stuff embroidered with talc, silver being forbidden in Spain. She wore precious stones set in a great deal of gold. Her beautiful hair was hidden by a sort of

white cap around her head, which was more fitted to disfigure than adorn her; nevertheless, in spite of her garments, we perceived her beauty — an infallible mark of its greatness.

From there we went to see her dine, with a very eager desire to be close to her. When she left her room to come into that where her table was set, they invited us to approach her and kiss her hand. The Duchesse d'Uzès, who was of our troop, was the first to do so; then Madame de Lyonne, then I, as chance had placed me next to her; the others followed in like manner. She then sat down to table and was served by her ladies and pages.

As in saluting her I had spoken Spanish, she paused at me, and did me the honour to answer all the questions that I put to her. Her own hair was not visible; she wore what they call in Spanish *monos*, meaning false hair. I asked her to let me see her own; she showed it to me, and I had reason to be certain of its beauty. While she was at table she commanded me to approach and converse with her. I passed behind her chair; and as her ladies, out of respect, did not approach her, I told her that as she was now our queen she must accustom herself to endure our importunities.

Mademoiselle, who had gone to see the King of Spain eat his dinner, now came back; and as she leaned upon me, I was their interpreter. Our new queen, knowing it was Mademoiselle, who did not wish to be recognized, gave her several smiles, and answered very agreeably all that we said to her. On leaving table, she came up to Mademoiselle and said, making signs to kiss her, "I must embrace this unknown lady." She made her enter her chamber, where were two hassocks, one of which she ordered given to Mademoiselle, treating her as a queen, all the while pretending, however, not to know her. In this she followed

the order of the king her father, who had sent her word to behave in this manner, because in the interval between the entrance of the princess and her return to her chamber she had sent to inquire of the king how she should treat her.

If Mademoiselle could then have remembered her own ardent desires for the crown of France she might have felt some bitterness; but she was not given to reflection, and time, which effaces everything, having had power to change her feelings, she returned quite content from Fontarabia. As for us, we thought, after seeing the infanta-queen, that we ought to return thanks to God for having given her to us. She resembled the queen her aunt, although her colouring was different.

The Court of Spain seemed to us deserted compared with the numerous company of persons of rank who fill and confuse that of our king. What I saw of it, however, which was but little, seemed to me magnificent. The grandees do not wear clothes as much embroidered as those of Frenchmen; but on their plain and simple stuffs they all had splendid jewels, which distinguished them from common people, and gave them a fine appearance. Their clothes had grace, although their breeches were too narrow, just as those of Frenchmen looked deformed by their width.

After we had seen the new queen married and had paid her our court, Pimentel gave us a good dinner. Others were entertained by Don Louis de Haro: and after our French troops had been well fed we all returned to Saint-Jean-de-Luz to tell the queen that we had found the queen her niece equal to her wishes. We made her portrait, and our picture increased the impatience that she felt to see her.

The next day the queen was to satisfy this desire, attended only by her lady of honour, as was resolved between the

king, herself, the King of Spain, and the infanta-queen, in order to enjoy in peace the pleasure of meeting once more in the course of their lives. Monsieur, whose rank could not embarrass them and whose person was dear to them, alone accompanied her. The king was to show himself on horseback to the infanta-queen through the windows of the room in which she received the queen; but his impatience changed this first intention.

So, on the 4th of June, the queen went to see the king her brother and the queen her niece for the first time; she was attended by only the Comtesse de Flex and the Comtesse de Noailles; in fact, the latter had some trouble in obtaining leave to go. The two kings were to see each other but once, ceremoniously, and this was to be on the day when peace was solemnly declared; but, as I have said, this plan was not followed because the king, as was natural, desired to see the infanta-queen more closely; and the following is how the matter was arranged.

The queen arrived at the conference before her brother the King of Spain, who was detained at Fontarabia by the visit of the Duc de Créqui, despatched by the king to carry to our young queen, not the crown jewels, but those the king sent her as a wedding present, which were very fine. The King of Spain having arrived, he and the queen embraced each other, the king more gravely than the queen; for she wished to kiss him, but he drew his head so far back that she could not touch it. The queen her niece, threw herself on her knees before her, and tried a long time to take her hand, but did not obtain it; instead of giving her hand, the queen embraced her as tenderly as we can well judge from the ardent desires of her heart for this happiness which she now possessed.

Monsieur then approached the King of Spain, and paid

him his compliment. The king told him he was delighted to see his Highness; and the young queen and he paid each other compliments. Cardinal Mazarin was received by the King of Spain with many praises to him personally on his fine qualities, and with assurances of the esteem his Majesty had always felt for him, which he concluded by saying that to him Europe owed the peace.

Don Louis brought a chair for the king his master; and at the same moment Madame de Flex brought one for the queen. The two then sat down upon the line which, in the hall of conference, separates the two kingdoms. The *camarera mayor* (lady of honour) brought a hassock from the Spanish side, for the young queen her mistress, who then sat down beside the king her father. Monsieur placed himself on a folding-stool beside the queen his mother. Their conversation was kind, tender, and eager on the part of the queen, but too grave on that of the king her brother, and she seemed to us on her return more content with his good intentions as to friendship than with his expression of it.

They talked of the war; and on the queen lamenting its duration, the king said, "Alas! madame, the devil made it." He said, at another time, "As things are now, we shall soon have grandchildren;" to which the queen replied, "So I hope; but I ask your permission to wish for a son to the king rather than a wife for the prince my nephew." Finally they talked of all those things likely to come into the minds of a brother and sister who had not seen each other for forty-five years.

The queen said further, on the topic of the war: "I believe your Majesty will pardon me for having been so good a Frenchwoman; I owed it to the king my son, and to France." To which the king replied: "I esteem you

for it. The queen, my wife, did the same; for, though she was French, she had nothing in her soul but the interest of my kingdoms and the desire to please me." This great king then related to his sister the love he had for the queen his present wife; he said that she had beauty and was good, and that he had a great desire to see her again. Nor did he forget to praise the noble qualities of the deceased queen, his first wife, daughter of France, whose memory was held in veneration throughout his States.[1]

Cardinal Mazarin, who had amused himself by talking with Don Louis de Haro, now interrupted the conversation by approaching their Majesties and saying that an unknown person was at the door and asked to have it opened. The queen, with the consent of the king her brother, ordered him to allow the stranger to be seen. The cardinal and Don Louis, putting the door half-open, enabled the king to see the infanta-queen; but as it was also necessary that she should see him, they took pains not to hide him. They had not much trouble in pointing him out to one whose eyes were so interested in gazing at his Majesty's handsome face, because his fine figure made him a whole head taller than the two ministers. The queen coloured on seeing the appearance of the king her son; and the young queen blushed still more in considering him attentively. The King of Spain also looked at him and smiled, saying to the queen his sister that he had a *lindo hierno* — a handsome son-in-law.

The queen then said, in Spanish, that she would like to ask the queen what she thought of this unknown person; on which the king replied, "It is not the time to tell it." "And when may she tell it?" asked the queen in Spanish.

[1] Madame Élisabeth of France, daughter of Henri IV. Her beautiful portrait by Rubens will be found in the Brantôme volume of the present Historical Series of Memoirs. — TR.

"When she has passed that door," replied the king. On which Monsieur said in a low voice to the young queen, "What does your Majesty think about that door?" She answered at once, with a sprightly air and laughing, "That door seems to me very handsome and very good."

After the king had looked at the infanta he retired, and went to post himself on the bank of the river to see her embark. He said to the Prince de Conti and to M. de Turenne, as he went away, that at first the ugliness of the infanta's clothes and head-dress had surprised him; but, on looking at her attentively he saw that she had much beauty, and was well assured that it would be easy for him to love her. The crowd which the Spanish grandees made around the king in their eagerness to see him, and their admiration for his person were quite extraordinary. They bore him along, and pressed upon him; and the guards of the King of Spain, mingling with his own guards, taking the same posture, gave him a thousand benedictions. In short, never was there an interview of kings like unto this one. Let us hope that it may have better results than those that formerly took place between our kings and the kings of Spain and England.

The young queen wished to thank the queen for the presents the Duc de Créqui had brought her that morning from the king, but the queen replied: "No, no, my daughter; you must not speak to me concerning those presents, for they all came from the king."

When the queen and the King of Spain were ready to part, both these royal personages found themselves abandoned by their respective courts; all the Frenchmen had gone to the bank of the river to see the King of Spain and the young queen enter their boat, which was perfectly beautiful; and all the Spaniards had followed our king to see him and

salute the queen, our worthy mistress, whose hands were nearly worn off by dint of being kissed. Great and small, grandees and common persons, they all kissed her with incredible joy. There was a certain Count Pugnœnrostro, formerly her page, who came near devouring her hand. The queen told us, on her return, that she thought she never should have drawn her hand from his, so tightly did he hold it.

The king, while the queen his mother was receiving the salutations of those of her nation, having seen the infanta-queen embark, galloped along the river bank following the boat in which she was, hat in hand, with a very gallant air. He would have ridden as far as Fontarabia but for the marshes which hindered him from passing. The King of Spain, on leaving the conference, whether it was that he did not see the king or that he pretended not to see him, did not lift his hat, which he had not worn during his interview with the queen; but when he saw the king galloping along the river bank in the attitude of a lover and attended as a king of France should be, he put himself at the window of his boat and bowed very low as long as he could see him.

I heard afterwards from Donna Molina, the infanta's first waiting-woman, whom she brought with her to France, that she had asked the infanta-queen on her return if the king were well-made and if he pleased her, to which the young queen replied: "If he pleased me? — why, certainly he is a very handsome young man, and he made a most gallant cavalcade." The king had in fact ridden out with no heed to the fact that he rode uncovered in presence of a king to whom he was not accustomed to pay civilities without receiving greater, or at any rate equal ones; but at this moment his grandeur gave way to gallantry, and the splendour of his purple yielded for once to the sparkling of his love.

Journey of Louis XIV and Maria-Theresa

We heard afterwards, both from the queen and from Donna Maria Molina, that the King of Spain, shortly before the wedding, having had the marriage contract read before him and before the grandees of his court, said aloud, on hearing the article of the renunciations: "That is nonsense; if the prince, my son, fails to succeed, my daughter will inherit of right." May God preserve the present Prince of Spain, now living! But if Spain were to lose him, it is to be believed, after the above declaration, that legitimate right, the king's merits, his power, his noble qualities so vaunted by the Spaniards at this interview, and the love the whole nation bears to their infanta, may perhaps give to Frenchmen the advantage of commanding all Europe; at any rate, by the acknowledgment of the King of Spain himself, it would be just if it were so.

On Sunday, June 6, the peace was sworn to with all possible solemnity; the two kings met at the conference, each having the grandees of his kingdom with him. On the side of our king the princesses and duchesses were also present. The kings took the oath at a table, each placing his hand on the Gospels and kneeling down. After this important action they embraced, saying that they wished also to swear an eternal friendship.

The next day the king and queen, followed by many men but no women except the lady of honour and the lady-in-waiting, went to fetch into France the infanta-queen. After the two kings, the two queens, and Monsieur had been a long time together, they separated, with many tears. The King of Spain and his daughter parted with evident sorrow, and the queen his sister showed by her tenderness that she felt the force of blood. The king and Monsieur, when embracing the King of Spain as their uncle, wept, and were moved at seeing the young queen in such extreme affliction. Three

times she knelt before her father and asked his blessing, and the King of Spain wept when he quitted her.

The grandees of Spain also showed great tenderness to their infanta, our young queen, and returned to her often to kiss her hands and her gown; all of which she received gravely. Finally, she was put into a carriage, embroidered in gold and silver, and driven to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, attended by the Gardes, the light-horse, the gendarmes, the musketeers, and three companies of the regiment of the Gardes. The whole Court were on horseback, all very magnificently attired.

The young queen was taken to the apartments of the queen her aunt, where all the princesses were awaiting her with a fine company. She wore a robe of cherry-coloured satin, embroidered in silver and gold, and a few precious stones set after the fashion of her country, that is to say, in a great deal of gold. The queen, who from that day took the name of queen-mother, sent the queen, her niece and daughter, into her chamber to be unlaced, and then retired herself into her own room to do likewise. As every one was excluded from the little house which now contained so many royal personages, and as all men at the request of the young queen were dismissed, even the captain of the guards and the ushers, the two queens being both undressed, the king went to visit the queen to beg her to go to bed. He told her that her supper should be served to her in bed; but she preferred to go and sup with him and with the queen his mother. He then took her, himself alone, by the hand and led her to see his mother, whom she found almost *en chemise*. On entering she threw herself into her arms and kissed her tenderly, calling her sometimes aunt, sometimes mother.

This worthy mother, enchanted to enjoy such happiness,

after kissing the young princess with great pleasure, gave her a folding seat, the only one then in her room. She looked at her with eyes full of joy, and praising her beauty made the king, who was no doubt extremely satisfied with it himself, take notice of it. The young queen, seeing that the king stood beside her, made room for him on her own seat, in a tender manner and yet with some embarrassment; but he, with a sentiment that might pass for gallantry, did not take it, but continued to stand beside her. The infanta-queen was charming thus in half-dress; for the guard-infanta was so monstrous a thing that when the Spanish women did not wear it they looked far better.

The two queens remained alone with the king. Monsieur was there also, but no other witnesses except a few waiting-women and myself. They supped with as much familiarity as if they had been together all their lives. The queen-mother was very tender to the young princess, who, treating her as a mother, kissed her hand several times. After supper, the king took the queen back to her own chamber, where she was attended only by the Comtesse del Priego, lady of honour.

The King of Spain, on the other hand, was depressed with sadness at the separation from his daughter. When he reached Fontarabia he threw himself upon his bed and said to those about him: "I return half-dead; for, to see my daughter weep — it was her duty, and my sister's also; but to see those two young men hanging to my neck and crying like children has so moved me that I can bear no more."

Thus ended this celebrated day, with equal satisfaction on both sides; which was confirmed by the assurance the queen gave to the queen her aunt that she had never had any inclination for the emperor. She asked the king for

a courier by whom to write a letter to her father; and did not close her letter after writing it until she had sent it to the king, begging him to read it. She thus let him know by this first action how disposed she was to live on the best terms with him, and to give him even more than he could wish. But, as all good things here below are mingled with some troubles, I heard afterwards, that the queen did not sleep all night, but that many times she said, sighing, to her waiting-woman, who slept beside her: *Ay, Molina, mi padre* — "Alas! Molina, my father!" She wept for the father who loved her so tenderly, and whom, according to all appearances, she was never to see again; but, after all, the king's presence had enough charm for her to sweeten this bitterness.

The next day she rested. The king went to see her in the morning and was some time with her; then they went to hear mass at the Recollets. The queen was shown her clothes, linen, toilets, and all the things necessary for the wedding, which had been put together in reserve for this occasion; after which their majesties dined together. After the repast the queen-mother went to see the cardinal, who was ill, and the young queen went to the Comedy. That evening they tried on her French clothes, and put her for the first time into a petticoat-body, which the Duchesse de Navailles (appointed that day as her lady of honour) fastened upon her. At first it incommoded her, but she bore it with gentleness and patience. The king was with her quite a long time that evening in her chamber; and though, up to this time, he had pretended to be ignorant of the Spanish language, it appeared on this occasion that he knew it perfectly well. The queen went to bed early to prepare herself for the morrow, on which the final ceremonies of the marriage were to take place.

The young queen woke in the morning, June 9th, and the Duchesse de Navailles, who had the honour of dressing her, fulfilled on this occasion the duties of lady of honour and lady-in-waiting. She had some trouble in making the closed crown hold firmly on the queen's head, which was dressed with her own hair solely. There were no means of fastening it, except to tie it, in the Spanish fashion, with ribbons at the bottom fastened to those which bound the head, — a style of *coiffure* different from that she wore on the day of the wedding at Fontarabia, but quite elegant. She wore the royal robes dotted with little golden fleurs-de-lis, — a fine costume. Besides the honour conveyed in wearing it, it is certainly more becoming than any other. It consists of a petticoat-body and sleeves, with a petticoat of the same, scattered over with golden fleurs-de-lis. Over this was the royal mantle, fastened to the upper part of the petticoat-body, and falling to the ground, with a very long train, the end of which was cut round.

The king wore a black costume, and no jewels. They went together to the church along an open gallery a little higher than the street, which had been built for the purpose, from the house of the queen-mother to the church. There the queen was placed beside the king under a high dais of violet velvet, sown with gold fleurs-de-lis; the platform, that is to say, the carpet, chairs, and hassocks, were of the same, — the whole covered with golden fleurs-de-lis.

When the king and queen were placed under the marriage canopy, and the time had come to make them kiss the *pax*, it was Cardinal Mazarin who gave it to them, and who then bore it to the queen-mother, his true benefactress and mistress. She was placed to the right of the king, on a high platform separated from his and covered with black velvet, under a dais of the same, and surrounded by the

chief officers and grandees of her Court. The Comtesse de Flex, her lady of honour, bore her train.

On the face of this great queen we could easily recognize the inward joy of her soul; which made her so beautiful that at fifty-nine years of age she could almost have disputed the palm of beauty with the queen her niece; who, in truth, did not possess a beauty as perfect as that of the queen her aunt at her age. The queen-mother had finer features, she was taller, her bearing was nobler, with far more majesty, and her face was of handsomer form. She surpassed her also in the admirable beauty of her hands and arms; but the young queen had a more beautiful complexion, the lovely colours of which embellished her; she resembled the queen-mother, as I have already said, in a certain air, and slightly in the shape of the face. This happy mother, on returning from the ceremony, did us the honour to tell us, the Comtesse de Flex and me, that the thought had come into her mind on seeing the queen advance to make her offering in the royal robes and crown, that that head alone in all the world was of sufficient dignity to wear that crown.

The king, the two queens, and Monsieur dined together. The young queen, on leaving the church had lain down to rest awhile; then she rose and dressed herself in a costume of white cloth of silver made in the French fashion. She then went up to the apartment of the queen-mother; they were together for some time in private in her little chamber, no one being present but the Comtesse de Flex, the Duchesse de Navailles, Madame de Noailles, the Comtesse del Priego, and myself. The queens after this went out, to show themselves a little to the public, and to watch the king, who took pleasure in flinging to the populace the money which had been struck, as usual, for the occasion.

After a time they all, that is, the king, the two queens, Monsieur, and Cardinal Mazarin, retired to the little chamber of the queen-mother. They sat there in the alcove of the bed and talked of indifferent matters.

When it was dark the young queen left the house of the queen-mother and went to that of the king, conducted by him and accompanied by the queen-mother and Monsieur. I do not know who was at the king's house, for I was not there. Their Majesties supped in public, without more ceremony than usual, and immediately afterwards the king desired to go to bed. The queen said to the queen her aunt, with tears in her eyes, *Es muy temprano* — "It is too soon," which was the only moment of annoyance she had shown since her arrival, and which her modesty now forced her to feel; but finally, on their telling her that the king was undressed, she sat down on two hassocks beside her bed to do likewise, without placing herself at her toilet-table. She wished to gratify the king, even in what shocked in some degree the modesty that had made her dismiss all men from her room, even her personal officers. She then undressed without making any difficulty, and on being told that the king awaited her she said these very words: *Presto, presto! qu'el Rey m'espera* — "Quick, quick! the king expects me." After an obedience so exact, which we may suspect to have been mingled with passion, they went to bed, with the blessing of the queen their mother.

It seemed as if God had shed His favour upon this marriage; for the king showed the greatest tenderness for the queen, and she for him. She told him she had no will but his, and that she had quitted the king her father, whom she loved tenderly, her country, and all that had ever been offered to her, to give herself wholly to him; that she did it with all her heart, but she entreated him to grant her in

return the favour of allowing her to be always with him, and that he would never propose to leave her, because it would be to her the greatest pain she could receive. The king granted this request so willingly that he at once commanded the grand-master of the household never to separate the queen and himself, no matter how small the house might be.

The queen-mother, who knew the king her son to be rather cold and grave, owned to us that she had felt great fear lest the indifference which she imagined to be in the king's soul should prove injurious to this niece she had so ardently desired to make him marry. But after she had seen him act with her as he did during the first days she was in France, she happily lost that fear, for she saw him then as open to affection in regard to the queen as she could possibly have desired. She had only, she said, to ask of God a continuance of this happiness. We must hope for it; but the sorry experience every one has of the instability of the happiness of mankind, gave her reason to apprehend what happens so frequently in life.

Soon after the marriage, she did us the honour to tell us, the Comtesse de Flex and me, speaking of the satisfaction and contentment of the king, that he had thanked her for having taken out of his heart Mademoiselle Mancini (whom he owned he did not at all esteem in the matter of good sense and reason) to give him the infanta, who would, apparently, render him happy as much by her beauty as by her virtue, her compliance, and the affection which she showed for him.

The young queen told us herself, later, what she had felt for the king from her childhood. She did us, Madame de Navailles and me, the honour to tell us one evening that she had always regarded the king as destined to be her

husband; that not only had she loved the king, but she had even loved his portraits; that the queen her mother, daughter of France, had often told her that to be happy she must be Queen of France; and that she wished to see her wear that crown, or else a veil. In the love she now felt for the king we soon saw her "pass all bounds and reach her happy end." Nor need we wonder; the cause of her passion was a noble one; and her innocence giving her the power to let it be seen, such as she felt it, she took pleasure in publishing it, and in having, by the reciprocal love the king then showed her, a just ground for glorying in its excess.

VIII.

1660 — 1661.

It was at this time that the King of England returned to his States. On landing, this young king, who had merit, and whom the experience of much suffering had made an honest man, received Monk, who had worthily served him, with great marks of gratitude. He knighted him on the spot and embraced him; the Duke of York, his next brother, put on the Garter, and the Duke of Gloucester, his youngest brother, the sword. Shortly after, the king made his entry into London, where he was received with transports of joy, such as past tyranny and true repentance must inspire in a people on recovering a legitimate and amiable king who seems to them full of good qualities.

The Court travelled day and night to reach Bordeaux on its way to Paris. There was nothing remarkable in this stage of the journey except that at Rochefort we had a great earthquake, the adventures attending which served only to amuse the public. On the 23d of June, the Eve of Saint John, the king, the queens, Cardinal Mazarin, the princesses and duchesses, and all persons of rank and known merit got into a boat at Langon, and all the Court in other covered barges. After proceeding two leagues, the aldermen of Bordeaux brought for the king a large and beautiful boat, in which the king, the queens, the cardinal, the princesses, and all persons of rank placed themselves. It was magnificently lined throughout with crimson velvet and gold lace; a table

in the middle was covered with the same, also a chair of velvet with silver lace for the queen-mother. The upper end of the boat was closed with a balustrade, like a cabinet raised one step, where their Majesties placed themselves. This balustrade was gilt, and adorned with emblems, initials, paintings, and devices. The floor of the boat was carpeted, and all around it were benches covered in crimson velvet with silver fringes, which served as seats for the ladies. A gilded balustrade ran round the boat, forming a gallery on the outside, enriched with devices in Latin decorated in the same way.

The cabin, which took up nearly the whole boat, was large; it had several great windows, and the roof was a high dome lined with crimson damask with trimmings of silver and gold. The boat was drawn by four large flat-boats shaped like galleys, which were blue and scattered over with gold crowns and initials, and the boatmen who rowed them were dressed in blue taffeta with gold and silver trimmings. Many other boats followed this one, and a number of persons from Bordeaux came in more boats to see the king pass.

He was saluted on his arrival with firing of cannon and shouts of the people who filled the quay, which looked like an amphitheatre made for a gala, because the ground of the quay slopes upward from the river. Violins accompanied the king's boat; the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon mingled with the music. The king and the queens took pleasure in it; and the fine effect of so many things combined would, as I think, have made this entry beautiful and agreeable if the heat, which was excessive throughout the day, had allowed us to enjoy it more comfortably. The king played cards during the trip, and the Abbé de Gorde lost fifty thousand crowns in one hour.

After three days spent at Bordeaux, we came on (Sunday, 27th) in the same boat to sleep at Blaye. After that we drove to Poitiers, a large and ugly town, and thence to Richelieu, the famous name of which answers for the beauty of the place. From there we came to Amboise, then to Blois and Chambord. From Chambord to sleep at Orléans, where the entrance was fine; all the streets were draped and the people testified the utmost joy in again seeing their king. Their late rebellion ought to have made them tremble at the sight of their true master; but their repentance and their supplications drew to them the effects of his royal kindness in the forgetting of their faults, for as he had just given peace to all Europe he would not leave upon this beautiful city any signs of his indignation. We finally arrived at Fontainebleau, July the 13th.

After remaining about a week at Fontainebleau, the queen-mother came to Paris, and the cardinal also. The king and queen stopped at Vincennes while preparations were being made for their entrance into Paris. The cardinal, whose health was now bad, had the gout, which struck in, as they say, in consequence of baths he had been made to take because he also had the gravel. This suppressed gout caused him great suffering in the bowels, which gave him fever and convulsions that caused fears for his life. One day, the king, who often came to Paris, asked his advice on some affair, to which he replied, "Sire, you are seeking counsel of a man who has no longer any mind, and who raves." The king, knowing that he did in truth have moments of delirium, was touched with such grief that he went away into a little gallery adjoining the cardinal's apartment, and wept there for the man who had served him as guardian, governor, and minister in one. He had never known all his faults, and the recent services he had ren-

dered him showed the king his capacity and his right intentions.

All the sovereign courts went to pay their respects to the minister, with sentiments very contrary to those they had shown in the past. Parliament deputed a president, two counsellors of the grand-chamber, and one from each chamber of inquests, to thank him for the peace he had just concluded, — an honour which until then had never been done to any minister or favourite. This assembly had recently set a price upon his head; but on this occasion their harangues were full of laudation; and they testified the utmost veneration for him, without shame for their past injustice or their present fickleness.

The cardinal was no doubt sensible of this glory, for in truth it was great; but, in order to lessen it, God put him in a state, by the near approach of death, to experience in himself that the blessings of this life are never perfect. He answered all according as it was right for him to feel; and he spoke to them eloquently. A few days later he felt better, and this amendment gave hopes that his ailment would be nothing.

At the beginning of September the entrance of the king and queen into Paris took place; until this celebrated day they had lived at Vincennes. I shall say little about it, and refer these details to those who assume to inform the public. It was, however, a fine thing and very agreeable to witness. The queen was in a triumphal car, more beautiful than that which is fabulously given to the sun; and her hair might have won the prize of beauty from that of the god of day. Her Majesty was dressed in a black robe embroidered in gold and silver, with quantities of precious stones of inestimable value. The colour of her silvery hair and the rose and white of her complexion, which harmonized with

the blue of her eyes, gave her extreme brilliancy, and her beauty seemed extraordinary. The people were enchanted in seeing her; transported with joy and love, they gave her thousands and thousands of benedictions.

The king was such as poets represent the men they deify. His costume was an embroidery of gold and silver, as beautiful as it should be in view of the dignity of him who wore it. He was mounted on a horse that was fit to show him to his subjects, and was followed by a large number of princes and the greatest seigneurs of his kingdom. The grandeur that was seen in his person made him the admired of all, and the peace he had just given to France, with the beautiful princess he gave to Frenchmen as their queen, revived in the hearts of his people their zeal and their fidelity; and all who looked upon him on this great day esteemed themselves happy in having him for king and master. The queen-mother witnessed the passing of the king and queen from a balcony in the rue Saint-Antoine, and her joy can easily be imagined from all that I have written on this subject. The Queen of England, and the princess her daughter were with her.

The queen-mother, after marrying the king to the one her heart had always desired, now wished to think of Monsieur, and, as a good mother, to choose for him what seemed to her best and most precious in Europe. This was the Princess of England (Henrietta Anne) whom she had always tenderly loved, and whom she would have chosen for queen in default of the infanta. She therefore made the king resolve upon the marriage, and to bring it to a conclusion she herself went to ask the young princess of the queen her mother. She obtained her easily, for Monsieur was worthy of being joyfully received by the greatest princesses of Europe. The Duke of York, second brother of the princess, did not make

Rigaud

Henrietta Duchesse d'Orléans

so good a match for himself; for about this time he married a young lady, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, lord-chancellor of England, in the suite of the Princess Royal, his sister, now the widow of the Prince of Orange. The Queen of England had just lost her third son, the Duke of Gloucester, who, by the reputation he had already acquired, seemed likely to prove a great prince; and her affliction was doubly increased by the fault of the Duke of York in choosing so low an alliance which was not suitable for him. After granting her daughter to Monsieur a few days before the feast of All-Saints, she started for England to pay a visit to the king her son, and take measures with him for their common interests. Her intention was to propose to him a marriage with Hortense Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, without other foundation for this scheme than the complaisance which Lord Germaine and Lord Montague desired to show to Cardinal Mazarin. They alleged, as a reason, that the re-establishment of the King of England among the people was insecure; that parliament still seemed to have factions; and that the army was not wholly submissive to his will. They therefore thought that a large sum of money would be necessary to pay off the troops, dismiss them, and buy up what remained of factious persons in the kingdom.

The Queen of England, on arriving in London, found all things so well arranged, the armies so obedient, the parliament so submissive, that the proposal of a marriage with Hortense could not be agreeable to the heart of the king her son.[1] The necessity for the five millions promised by the cardinal whenever they were wanted, no longer pressed him

[1] Mademoiselle asserts in her Memoirs that Madame de Motteville was charged at this time by the Queen of England to propose to her the King of England as her husband; she says that she did not take the matter very seriously, and refused it, to Madame de Motteville's great discontent. — Fr. Ed.

to demand or accept them. That is why the marriage proposed to him ceased to be desirable; the army disbanded of itself by the mere force of his will; and the parliament was ready to do whatever he desired. The cardinal was no doubt vexed at this change; but it may be said to his credit that he had, apparently, so little sought the proposed honour, and had shown such ostentatious indifference to the matter, and to the urgency of the English lords, that neither envy, hatred, nor malice could find sufficient ground on which to make him a reproach. His wisdom and his moderation seemed on still another occasion almost as advantageous to him, for the Duc de Savoie having offered to marry one of his nieces provided he would cede to him the fortress of Pignerol, the cardinal refused, and said to the Duc de Navailles, as the duchess told me, that he wanted to marry his nieces only to establish his glory, and that such treachery to the king for the sake of his own interests would bring him shame.

The lord-chancellor of England, unlike Cardinal Mazarin, asked permission of the Queen of England to appear before her to pay his respects. She sent him word that she was willing, provided he did not speak to her of his daughter. But the king her son, who had promised to support the marriage out of the affection he felt for the chancellor, urged the queen his mother so strongly that, conquered at last by the force he put upon her, and by the advice of several English lords, the Earl of St. Albans, and the Abbé Montague, she consented to the marriage. She pardoned her son, and received the Duchess of York as her daughter. The lords thought that she ought to do so, as much for the sake of her own affairs and to obtain the considerable revenue the king gave her, as to benefit themselves, particularly the Earl of St. Albans, the minister of her Majesty. The latter made himself the friend of the lord-chancellor,

after holding back for some time and playing the part of an honest man, which is, not to yield without difficulty. Lord Montague had no desires for fortune in England; his attachments were in France, through the friendship the queen-mother felt for him; moreover, one may say of him that in all things in all countries his true piety made him disinterested.

Early in the following year (1661) the cardinal again fell ill of a languishing disease. It seemed as though the gouty humour rose from the legs to the stomach and remained there, causing suffocations which were thought for a long time to be hysterical. The doctors purged him frequently; and as he always improved under purgation it became known in that way, spite of their dissimulation, that the trouble was humour, and that the humour came from a bad source. The state in which he was did not prevent him from thinking of his treasures; and whenever he had moments of reprieve he was often seen to be busy in weighing the pistoles which he won at cards, in order to stake the lightest of them on the morrow.[1]

[1] See the Memoirs of the Comte de Brienne, secretary of State under Louis XIII. "One day," he says, "I was walking through the new apartments of his palace (I mean the great gallery which runs along the side on the rue Richelieu and leads to his library); I was in the small gallery, where there is a tapestry all in wool representing Scipio, executed from designs of Guilio Romano. I heard him coming by the noise of his slippers, which he dragged along like a very languishing man just out of a long illness. I hid behind the tapestry and I heard him say, 'I must quit all this!' He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble; turning to this side and to that, and casting his eyes on the objects that struck his sight, he said, from the depths of his heart, 'I must leave all this!' Then, turning again, he added: 'And that, too!—What trouble I had to get these things! how can I abandon them without regret?—I shall never see them more where I am going!' I heard those words very distinctly; they touched me perhaps more than he himself was touched. I gave a great sigh, which I could not repress, and he heard me. 'Who is there?' he said, 'who is there?' 'It is

The cardinal's avarice was such that the young queen had no money. All the expenses of her household were paid by Colbert, a creature of the cardinal, who economized on everything. The young princess had no money for cards; for they did not pay her more than the thousand crowns a month, awarded from time immemorial to the queens of France for their minor pleasures and charities. But as cards were the fashion and the queen liked to play sometimes, that sum was not sufficient; for, being liable to lose a great deal in one day, it often happened that her money came to an end, so that she had nothing with which to give alms or to pay for her pleasures.

It was customary, in the days of the late king, to give the queen-mother on New Year's day twelve thousand crowns, but the young queen was given only ten thousand francs; which annoyed her because the queen-mother had told her she was herself accustomed to receive twelve thousand crowns. This difference displeased the queen, and she complained of it to the Duchesse de Navailles. That lady, thinking to do the cardinal a service, warned him of this,

I, monseigneur, who am waiting to speak to your Eminence.' 'Come here, come here,' he said in a mournful tone. He was naked in his camlet dressing-gown, furred with squirrel-skin, and had his night-cap on his head. He said to me, 'Give me your hand, I am very weak; I can't bear much more.' 'Your Eminence ought to sit down,' and I wanted to give him a chair. 'No, no,' he said, 'I am glad to walk about; I have business in my library.' I gave him my arm and he leaned upon it. He would not let me speak of public matters. 'I am no longer,' he said, 'in a state to hear them; speak to the king, and do what he says; I have other things in my head now.' Then, returning to his thoughts, 'See, my friend,' he said, 'that beautiful picture of Correggio, and that Venus of Titian, and that incomparable Deluge of Annibale Carracci, for I know you love pictures and understand them; ah! my poor friend, I must quit all that! Adieu, dear pictures I have loved so well, and which cost so much!'" Montglat, in describing his end, says: "He showed no fear of death, but an incomprehensible attachment to money to his last breath." — TR.

and advised him to treat her mistress better; she told him also that the young queen was sensitive, and knew both the good and the evil that was done to her. To which the cardinal replied that the queen would have money when it pleased him to give it to her; but he did not promise to give her any. He seemed angry with the queen-mother for wishing that the twelve thousand crowns I have mentioned should be given to the queen, and said with emphasis, "Alas! if she knew where that money comes from, and that it is the blood of the people, she would not be so liberal with it." He, who staked every day three or four thousand pistoles, who had all the money of France in his coffers, who let his niece, the Comtesse de Soissons, gamble away immense sums daily, — he, who pillaged everything, who allowed the greatest robberies to be committed on the French people, — he, I say, who was found, after his death, to have filled with untold treasure all the places under his rule and also those of his friends, *he* had the hardihood to reproach his benefactress, the mother of his king, the mother of France and of the poor, because she wished the twelve thousand crowns given to her by the late king, her husband, to be given to the new queen! In this, we can see what his tyranny, his hardness, and his ingratitude were in things about which he acted out his nature.

On Sunday, February 6, the gallery of the Louvre, called the Galerie des Rois, caught fire and was almost entirely burned, together with an adjoining salon which had just been built. The king was compelled by this accident to go to Saint-Germain for some days to allow the Louvre to be cleaned.

On Friday, February 11, the cardinal, who was then at Vincennes, felt himself in a bad state. He sent the Duc

de Navailles to the king to tell him he was very ill and desired to see him. The king wept before the duke and told him that he was losing much; that if the cardinal could have lived four or five years longer he would have left him capable of governing the kingdom; but that now he should be embarrassed, not knowing whom to trust; and that his greatest desire was to manage his affairs for himself. This news of the cardinal's illness brought the whole Court back to Paris, and the king went at once to Vincennes. The queen-mother joined him there, and was served by the officers of the young queen, as she did not take her own with her. That same day, 11th, they gave the cardinal an emetic towards evening, which greatly relieved him; for that reason they gave him another on the 13th, from which he was better for a day or two, on account of the great evacuation; but immediately after he fell back into the same troubles.

The Queen of England arrived in Paris on the 20th of February, and was well received by the king and the queen, who went as far as Saint-Denis to meet her, with all the grandeur and attendance of the kings of France.

On the 22d the king and queen-mother, who were at Vincennes, went to see the cardinal. They found him much worse that day and more oppressed. He spoke of his death and said very touching things. The king and queen-mother were with him two hours, and came away weeping and much affected. At the end of February he again grew worse; and not knowing how to dispose of all his innumerable treasures, he married his niece, Marie Mancini, who had returned to Court, to the Connétable Colonna [Prince Lorenzo Colonna] with a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs a year from Italian funds, and his beautiful house in Rome, which he bequeathed to her. The king, after her return, lived with

her with more signs of indifference than of passion. Some persons said that he had a few moments of tenderness which threatened to relight his early flame; but I am ignorant of this, and can say nothing about it.

The cardinal also married Hortense Mancini to the Grand-master, the son of the Maréchal de La Meilleraye, making him heir to his property and obliging him to give up his own name of La Porte, which was fairly honourable, to take that of Mazarin with enormous estates and establishments. For a long time the Grand-master had been in love with Mademoiselle Hortense, and had refused to marry the Comtesse de Soissons, hoping to get her younger sister; but the cardinal kept the latter, who was beautiful, for kings or at least for sovereign princes. Until now he had shown aversion to letting the Grand-master marry her, seeming not to esteem him personally; but now that death, taking him by the throat, did not give him time to accomplish, in the nieces who remained to marry, the grandeur of his hopes, he was fain to take the Grand-master as a *pis-aller*. The latter was already very rich, for his father through the favour he had had with Cardinal Richelieu, his relation, had much property and many dignities. He seemed fortunate in being led by fate to the enjoyment of this great inheritance; but it is not being really fortunate to be too rich.

On the 3d of March, the second day of Lent, I went to Vincennes. Cardinal Mazarin, who had been better for a day or two, was so ill that morning that he was obliged to receive the holy viaticum. The queen-mother was awakened by this news. She had heard him groaning in the night, because he was lodged on the other side of her chamber, and his illness was of a nature to suffocate him continually. The king held a council that morning before the queen-mother was awake, and he came soon after to render her an

account of what had taken place. On the same day she did me the honour to tell me that Le Tellier, Fouquet, and de Lyonne were destined, not to govern, but to serve the king. She spoke to me of Maréchal de Villeroy as a man who loved the State and had capacity, but who was weak. She believed, however, that he would be of the council — which did not happen. She seemed to me convinced that Le Tellier was an able man in his office, an honourable man, but not capable of the first place. She did me the honour to remark that she believed the attorney-general, Fouquet, being capable, though a great thief, would be master of the others. As for de Lyonne, she showed me that she intended, if she could, to remove him from the council after the death of the minister.

The cardinal, who was superintendent of the household of the queen-mother, begged her to allow him to give that office to his niece the Princesse de Conti. The Comtesse de Flex, her lady-of-honour, was vexed at this, but the queen-mother remedied the trouble, for, in order to soften the mortification of seeing a lady placed above her, she gave a patent as duchess to her mother Madame de Senecé, with reversion to herself and her heirs male, — a very unusual favour, but one which the queen asked urgently of the king as a thing she desired eagerly.

On the 3d of March, public forty-hour prayers were ordered to be put up for the cardinal in all the churches of Paris, which is usually not done for any but kings. The queen now believed she was pregnant, and this was a consolation to the king which easily cured the grief he felt for the state in which he saw the cardinal, whom he greatly loved. It was his first attachment; childhood had set its seal on this affection.

The princess-palatine sent the minister, under compulsion

and to her great regret, the resignation of her office of superintendent of the household of the young queen, which he then gave to the Comtesse de Soissons, wishing, before he died, to put his two nieces in these offices, which are fine. He left the Grand-master (husband of Hortense Mancini) his governments, his palace fully furnished in Paris, and incalculable sums in money; besides which, he had married his nieces the Princesse de Conti, the Duchess of Modena, the Comtesse de Soissons, and the Princess Colonna, and had given them each a large *dot*. He also left two hundred thousand crowns to the little Marianna, the last of his nieces, and the government of Auvergne to whoever married her.[1] As for his nephew, Mancini, although he disinherited him, not thinking him worthy to bear his name, this discredited nephew received the principality or duchy of Ferretti in Italy, the duchy of Nevers in France, with a part of his house and much other property. He gave to each of his Mercœur grand-nephews great revenues and benefices; and to all his friends governments, bishoprics, and money. He re-established the Duc de Lorraine in his States, in part recompense for what he had refused him; and each of his recommendations, or laudations made the destiny of the greatest seigneurs of the kingdom. He made his will and signed it March 6th, and as he had received the viaticum he seemed to wish to give the rest of his time to his salvation.

On Thursday, March 3, which was the day on which he received the communion, the queen-mother said to me, in presence of the king, that the cardinal was then very small

[1] The Duc de Bouillon married her; she had much taste for poesy; and in after years was the friend and protectress of La Fontaine; but being compromised, with the Comtesse de Soissons, in the Voisin trial she was exiled from France. — Tr.

before God; that his feelings of humility were great, and that she hoped that God would have pity on him. There are two things which it is difficult to think of as compatible, — Christian humility with love for the good things of earth and for that grandeur which made him dispose of a whole kingdom as he pleased. He gave away all offices that were then vacant, and many that were not his. It is true that he did this with the king's consent, and no doubt this encouraged him to believe that he could take all and give all with impunity to his own family. The excuse itself was not, however, legitimate; it was abusing, in a manner, the feelings that habit had formed in the heart of the king towards him in order to take from him his power, his finances, the right of bestowing offices, governments, abbeys, bishoprics, and, in general, almost everything that was in his gift.

Cardinal Mazarin was suspected of not having much religion. His youth was dishonoured by the bad reputation which he had in Italy; and, as I have already said in speaking of him, he had never shown enough reverence for the sacred mysteries. His life, morally well regulated, seemed not to have as its rule of conduct the gospel maxims. It could have been wished for his sake that the last years of his life, when he did virtuous actions, had been ruled entirely by the desire of salvation. But God alone knows what is in man, and laudable appearances ought nearly always to oblige us to believe the good we see in others to be sincere; because we cannot discern the thoughts and feelings of which we unjustly seek to be the judges.

The minister showed much firmness and tranquillity of mind in his last days. He worked with Le Tellier on the affairs of the State. On the 4th and 6th he even made despatches for Rome, which he signed. On the 7th, the

day on which he received the extreme unction, after taking leave of the king, the queen-mother, and Monsieur, whom he entreated not to take the trouble to come and see him again, he gave the king eighteen large diamonds, a very fine diamond to the queen-mother, a bouquet of diamonds to the young queen, and several emeralds of immense size to Monsieur. He gave a diamond to the Prince de Condé, with many praises and great signs of friendship, and one to the Maréchal de Turenne, and appointed as his successors in the ministry those I have already named.

He received the extreme unction in his chair, answered for himself, and thanked those who administered it. He sent for his servants, and let them all see him; having had his beard trimmed, and being clean and agreeable-looking in a flame-coloured gown, with his cardinal's cap on his head, like a man who braved death. He spoke to them in a very Christian manner, asked their pardon with many signs of humility, and confessed that one of his crimes before God had been the anger and roughness he had shown to them. He told them what he had left for them, and did all this in a gentle, kindly manner. Then he embraced his friends and made them compliments. In the midst of this occupation he was seized with faintness and said, "I am weakening; give me some pomegranate water." After taking it he said, "I revive," and continued talking to those about him. He occupied the rest of the day in acts of faith and contrition: which he did in a devout, firm, and tranquil manner. He signed his will; and he also signed, towards night, despatches on the king's service, and though he seemed to wish to think of God only, as long as he could speak and hear he ordered all that seemed to him useful to the State.

The king and the queen-mother sent again to ask him

what he desired should be done after his death, and it seemed as if his words were to be oracles to guide the future. There was, undoubtedly, much grandeur and beauty in his death, but his reputation was blackened by the ingratitude he showed to the queen his benefactress, in having tried to put coldness, dislike, and distrust of her in the mind and heart of the king, in order to possess them wholly himself; he even went so far as to blame her for giving alms and for giving too much attention to devout persons. She perceived all this on many occasions, as I have already said.

On the 8th of March, the queen-mother, after holding her court in the queen's apartments, came for a moment to the cardinal's chamber to inquire how he was. She sent for Colbert, who told her he was very ill, and that he did not think he would live through the night. The queen-mother was affected by these words and the tears came into her eyes; then, taking me aside, she did me the honour to tell me, speaking of the cardinal, that she had always known him better than any one; that she had not undervalued the opinion of those who held that she ought to have dismissed him from Court; but that having found in him a faithful devotion to the service of the king and the good of the State, she had believed it was just that she should excuse his faults in view of his good intentions.

She added, later, certain particulars about the regret the cardinal had expressed at having displeased her by his conduct, for which he asked her pardon with every sign of great repentance. She said also that she had been vexed that the king, instigated by the minister, had taken a dislike to the princess-palatine; which had forced her to resign her position as superintendent of the queen's household in order that it might be given, as I have said, to the

Comtesse de Soissons. The latter princess did not please the queen-mother and had never lived on good terms with her. The remains of the old attachment which the king had for Olympe Mancini made the queen-mother fear she might recover a place which it seemed that her sister Marie had lost only to return to her.

The queen-mother also did me the honour to tell me that the king would doubtless take pleasure in governing the kingdom himself; that she was very glad of this, and intended to show him, by the moderation of her conduct, that she did not desire to rob him of any of his authority. It was through these sentiments that she lost the advantage of entering the council; for which she was blamed by many persons, who imagined, perhaps with reason, that she was led to do this by self-interested advice of which she did not detect the cause; still, the truth is that her natural inclination made her desire repose and retirement.

On the evening of the 8th of March the king, no longer having the cardinal, summoned the ministers, and I then beheld the living take the place of the dying, with a beginning of grandeur, parade, and bustle which made me marvel at the changes of this world. The king shut himself up with them; and the queen-mother, after they had departed, went to see him. As she was lodged in the old and small apartments, because the large apartments in the new building were being painted, she left her chamber, which was next to that of the dying man, and went to sleep in the king's apartments.

The cardinal died between two and three o'clock in the morning of March 9. The king, on awaking, called his nurse, who slept in his room, and leaving his bed, made her a sign with his eye to know if the cardinal was dead. He did this for fear of waking the queen, or of troubling her

by the fatal sight of death, which, in itself, is always frightful. Being answered "yes" he dressed himself and sent for the ministers, Le Tellier, Fouquet, and de Lyonne, and commanded them to do no business without speaking to him about it; declaring also that he did not choose that persons asking favours should address themselves to any one but himself. He then went to see the queen-mother. They dined together and afterwards started as quickly as possible for Paris. The queen was carried in a chair,—the Marquis d'Hautefort, her chief equerry, and Nogent, old but vigorous, accompanying her on foot.

The king was afflicted by the death of his minister, and wept much. The queen, his mother, stronger than he and more disgusted with human beings through the knowledge she had of their imperfections, felt less grief. She regretted the cardinal, and had moments when long habit and the good qualities she had loved in him, together with the service he had rendered her in sending away his niece, made her feel his death, but in a tranquil manner; and the memory of his ingratitude, great and small, soon and easily effaced that grief.

Their Majesties, having arrived, rid themselves of the crowd which they found at the Louvre and in the antechambers by shutting themselves up in the cabinet of the queen. She had borne the journey well, and by the state in which she then was, the king, the queen-mother, and all France had reason to hope for the joy of soon seeing her the mother of a dauphin. This young princess was in no way afflicted by the cardinal's death, but the amusement the king had resumed with the Comtesse de Soissons, though apparently slight, displeased her so much that if she seemed to be grieved it was only because, as the philosophers say, the lover was transformed into the beloved object. Never-

theless, these three royal personages, finding themselves together, and away from the dead, began to breathe in peace. The pleasure of liberty, which they saw before them in its usual charms, gave them an agreeable thought, after these first emotions, which consoled their affliction. The queen-mother was the first to say, to those who carelessly discoursed of the cardinal's death, that no more need be said about it; that she feared it might make the king ill; and that he ought now to busy himself with something better than useless words.

The king, as soon as he saw his minister approaching his end, showed that he meant in future to govern his kingdom. He said that he did not approve of the life of a do-nothing king, who let himself be led by the nose. He added that he saw plainly that people might reproach him for having done what he blamed; but that his past conduct must be attributed to the esteem he had had for the cardinal on account of his ability, and to the habit of submission and dependence to which his childhood had accustomed him. The queen, his mother, who had felt the burden of the yoke she had imposed upon herself, was resolved in future to submit to no other power than that of the king her son; she was therefore most desirous that he should work himself, and for himself. She was not ambitious, but she was a sufficiently good mother to wish to help him in every way she could.

All right-minded persons were of the same opinion; and the cardinal in dying, whether from a desire to do his duty in giving good advice to the king, or because he did not wish for a successor in the glory of royal favour, bequeathed to him as a principal maxim, to do his own business and never again to raise a prime-minister to the height that he himself had reached; confessing to him that he knew, from

the things he could have done injurious to his service, how dangerous it was for a king to put a man in that position. He also left other counsels and valuable precepts, which the king himself wrote down, in order to remember them for his guidance.

On the morning of the day the king heard of the cardinal's death he shut himself up alone for two hours, to work at the regulation of his life and his affairs; and as soon as he arrived in Paris he gave orders that on the morrow the grandees of the kingdom, to whom he wished to make known his resolution, should be at the Louvre in the apartments of the queen-mother at four o'clock.

That day the queen-mother went to the Val-de-Grâce to perform her devotions; on her return in the evening, the officers of the crown and the ministers being assembled, the king said to them that God had removed from him a minister who had taken charge of his affairs from the days of his childhood; that this care had been so much to his benefit that he could wish it had pleased God to preserve it to him longer; but since it was His will to deprive him of this help he intended in future to govern his kingdom himself; and he hoped that God would give him grace to acquit himself well, and would bless the good intentions which he now had to act in accordance with justice and reason; adding that for this result he did not desire a prime-minister, but should make use of those who held the offices to act under him according to their several functions, and if at any time he needed their counsel he would ask them for it; so saying he dismissed them.

This resolution was taken to keep close the secrets of public affairs, and to hold off the Prince de Condé and other grandees of the kingdom, who, if they could have gained the smallest share in the government would have taken a

greater, and enfeebled the royal authority as much as they could. The king arranged his hours, ordered all those who had favours to ask of him to present petitions, and said that on Saturdays he would answer them.

After the ceremony the king and the queen-mother went up to the queen's apartments, and we thought we already saw on their faces marks of their satisfaction, and it was easy to judge that the faults of the dead man would soon seem to them greater than they had ever thought them; for he was not contented with exercising sovereign power over the kingdom; he exercised it over the sovereigns themselves, having on many occasions no more compliance to the king than he had to the queen, and not allowing him the liberty to dispose of anything of importance. He was so jealous of that authority which did not belong to him that he himself filled nearly all the offices; so avaricious that he wanted to make profit out of everything; so distrustful that he was easy to alarm; so abstracted and gloomy that for most of the time one scarcely dared to speak to him, while he often pretended to be in a bad humour to prevent those who thronged about him as he passed along from taking that time to speak to him. That is why it was visible that, from the king to the least of the courtiers, few persons (unless they were under great obligations to the cardinal) failed to be glad they were at last delivered from him.

The king, that evening, made the Prince de Condé enter the little cabinet of the queen, and read before him and before the rest of us several items of counsel which the minister, who had great perspicacity and long experience in public affairs, had left him in writing, and which were, in truth, very good; and as we saw that Maréchal de Villeroy was excluded from the council, because he had never re-

covered the good graces of the minister after he was accused of failing in gratitude towards him, everybody imagined that that exclusion also was a thing he had inspired.

The king, the queens, and the whole Court went into mourning for the cardinal; a thing which had never before been done; for kings wear mourning for none but sovereigns, or princes who have the honour to be related to them, and he was neither the one nor the other. The first few days were spent solely in talking of the immense wealth left by the cardinal. Le Tellier, his friend, told the Duchesse de Navailles and me that he had three millions five hundred thousand francs from the offices in the queen's household, which the king had given him, and which the minister had sold, even down to those of the washerwomen; and that this sum, which formed part of his wealth, did not come from the Treasury. He told us also, to excuse his great riches and show us that they were not wrung from the people, that he did a great business traffic in his governments, particularly in Brouage; that he enjoyed the benefit of various sums intended for the payment of ambassadors, for the artillery, for the admiralty, and so forth; that he took it upon himself to pay them, and did not do so; consequently it is to be believed that he took a great deal without it being possible to convict him of taking it from the Treasury.

I heard Le Tellier say at the same time, speaking of the cardinal, that he had two supreme passions: the desire for glory, and that for wealth; that in dying, his great fortune, with which his mind seemed too busy, had greatly diminished the glory of his fine actions, and thus he had failed to fulfil the first of his desires because he had given himself too much to the second. I heard Le Tellier say also that two days before the cardinal died, he wished to

write his will and express it clearly in fine language; and that he was working over it when he, Le Tellier, urged him to leave it, fearing that such close application might weaken him; on which the cardinal became vexed with him and said, half angrily and yet laughing: "Let me alone; the constraint you put upon me is worse than death;" and he seemed at that moment to speak of death as if he laughed at it, although at another moment he had said to him in a very serious tone: "This is a strange crisis, monsieur; I am a man and a sinner, and I ought to fear the judgments of God; but one must hope in His mercy."

His nieces, to whom he left great wealth, did not regret him in the least. A certain Italian, their servant, reproaching their ingratitude, said to them: "Mesdemoiselles, you avenge all Frenchmen for the hardness your uncle the cardinal practised upon them by that which you have for his memory." He spoke truly; for Cardinal Mazarin, generally speaking, had a great contempt for this nation.

IX.

1661.

The king succeeded to the throne of France on the day of Louis XIII. his father's death, being then only four years old; but it may be said that the day of Cardinal Mazarin's death was really that of his coming to the crown, — that on which he began to be king and to show that he was worthy of being so; for it was then that he resolved to take upon himself the care of his affairs, and to make it known that all favours to be bestowed on great and small depended on him alone. For these reasons he now began to regulate his life as follows: —

He resolved to rise at eight or nine o'clock, although he went to bed very late. On leaving the queen's bed he went to his own; then he prayed to God and dressed himself. His business affairs obliged him to close his doors in the morning, as much to attend to this vast work as to relieve himself of the crowd. Maréchal de Villeroy, in the capacity of having been his governor and esteemed worthy of becoming his prime-minister, alone had permission to see him; and in this preference the maréchal found consolation for his other privations. About ten o'clock the king entered the council and remained until midday; then he heard mass, and the rest of the time until his dinner he gave to the public, or to the queens in private.

After dinner he often stayed for quite a long time with the royal family; then he returned to work with some of his ministers. He gave audiences to those who asked for them,

listening patiently to such as had something to say to him. He took the petitions of all who presented them, and gave answers on certain days appointed for so doing; and as a council of conscience had been established in the beginning of the regency, he now re-established it on a certain day.

As the single desire for glory and to fulfil all the duties of a great king occupied his whole heart, by applying himself to toil he began to like it; and the eagerness he had to learn all the things that were necessary to him soon made him full of that knowledge. His great good sense and his good intentions now made visible in him the rudiments of general knowledge which had been hidden from all who did not see him in private; for he suddenly appeared a politician in affairs of the State, a theologian in those of the Church, precise in matters of finance, speaking with justice, taking always the right side in council, sensitive to the interests of private persons, but an enemy to intrigue and flattery, and stern towards the grandees of his kingdom whom he suspected of a desire to govern him.

He was agreeable personally, civil and easy of access to every one; but with a lofty and serious air which impressed the public with respect and awe, and prevented those he considered the most from emancipating themselves even in private intercourse, although he was familiar and gay with ladies. One of the things which may have contributed to make the king take this course was the reputation the King of England had acquired after he returned to the throne. The great praises the king heard given to him for the manner in which he governed his kingdom — much less submissive to its kings than ours — stirred him to emulation, and increased, if that were possible, the passion he had to make himself greater and more glorious than all the princes who had hitherto worn crowns.

Shortly after the cardinal's death Monsieur's marriage with the Princess Henrietta of England took place. The king had never had much inclination for this marriage. He said himself that he felt the natural antipathy to English people which is said to have always existed between the two nations; but it was easily effaced in him by the ties of blood, which invited the princess and himself to like each other, and by the agreeable intercourse which in their earliest youth had accustomed them to be at any rate personal friends. The queen-mother loved the Princess of England; she desired her as a daughter-in-law; and when the cardinal died the king found himself so far bound to the marriage that he did not even think of breaking it. He gave Monsieur the appanage of Orléans, such as the late Duc d'Orléans had possessed it, save and excepting Blois and Chambord.

The Princess of England was rather tall; she had grace, and her figure, though it was not without defects, did not then seem as spoilt as it really was. Her beauty was not the most perfect; but her whole person, though far from well made, was nevertheless, through her manner and charm, altogether agreeable. Her complexion was very delicate and very white, mingled with a natural rosiness, comparable to roses and jessamine. Her eyes were small, but soft and brilliant; her nose was not ugly; her lips were red, and her teeth were as white and fine as one could wish; but her face was too long, and her thinness seemed to threaten her beauty with a speedy end.

She dressed and wore her hair in a style that suited her whole person; and as there was something in her that made itself loved, it may well be believed that she was not averse to pleasing, and easily succeeded in doing so. She had not been able to be queen; and to repair that vexation she wanted to reign in the hearts of honourable persons, and find

fame in society by her charm and by the beauty of her mind. It was already visible that she had ideas and reason; and in spite of her youth, which until then had concealed her from the public, it was easy to judge that when she found herself on the great stage of the Court of France she would surely play one of the leading rôles.

These two agreeable persons were married at the Palais-Royal on the last day of March, 1661, in presence of the king, the queen-mother, the queen, and the Queen of England. The ceremony was performed in private, and no one was invited to be present except the Mesdemoiselles d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé, as the nearest relatives of the pair.

Towards the end of April the Court went to Fontainebleau to pass the whole time of the queen's pregnancy; and as this would be long, the king made plans to render their stay agreeable by the accompaniment of all the honourable pleasures and amusements that could be desired. It is natural to men to reckon the glory of their epoch by that of their hey-day only. This is a matter in which few persons escape falling into some absurdity. I can nevertheless say that, without being of the age or sentiments of young people of fifteen, I had never seen the Court more beautiful than it seemed to me then. The glorious period of the queen-mother's youth was almost entirely hidden from me by my youth and by the years I had lived in Normandy until the death of the late king; I saw in perfection only that which succeeded this period, namely that of the regency; the first five years of which were accompanied by great prosperity and by all permissible and possible amusements. For my part, I enjoyed them at that flowery age when all seems wonderful; but even so I prefer that of which I am about to speak; chiefly because France was now governed by its true master,

who had not only all the qualities of a great king, but also all those of an honourable man.

The queen-mother, by her virtuous conduct, had acquired once more a great reputation; she was loved and revered by all for her gentleness and courteous manners, and she made the happiness of great and small by her kindness. She was the consolation of the miserable through her charity and through the constancy of her virtuous piety; by becoming the protectress of worthy persons it may be said that she was the cause of the good works that were done throughout France. Though she was now nearly sixty years of age, she was still charming, and it may be said without flattery that she had great beauties. Besides the fact that her face was fresh, her beautiful hands and arms had lost nothing of their perfection, and the fine braids of her hair had the same thickness and colour as when she was twenty years old. Her health, joined to her natural sweetness, made her ready and willing for all pleasures in which she could take part. No one perceived that it might have been more her compliance than her inclination that induced her to join in them; and those pleasures that no longer suited her she willingly saw others enjoy.

The young queen, her niece and daughter, was beautiful, virtuous, and full of piety; she loved retirement rather more than a queen of France, who owes herself to the public, should love it; but this defect, being founded on her devotion, deserves more praise than blame, and ought, at least, to be readily pardoned.

Monsieur, as I have often said, was an amiable, witty prince; very gentle and familiar with all; Madame had the gift of pleasing; she was the ornament of the Court, and as everybody loved her, she, on her side, did not hate them. She gave herself up to all that sixteen years of age and

propriety could desire and permit. She did this with grace and ardour. The king continued to love the queen his mother, and that illustrious mother loved him even better than in the past, if that were possible. Neither ambition nor jealousy troubled their repose. The king sought glory only; and the queen his mother, desiring it solely for him, and informed of all matters by him, was content, provided they were rightly done, liking as well to have them done by him as by herself, and even better. She loved the queen very tenderly, and that princess could not be content unless she were near her. Monsieur had always lived cordially with the queen his mother; and that illustrious mother, to reward him, had given him for wife the sister of a great king, and one with whom he could find much delight.

This young princess, who, until then, had had the queen-mother as her sole protectress, being now Monsieur's wife and entirely one with the royal family, soon effaced by her own merits the dislike the king had seemed to feel for her during her childhood. She became agreeable to him, not only in her person, but by the inclination she had for the same pleasures. At first, the queen-mother arranged these herself, and tried to establish their innocence and to guard against the dangers that are usually met with in the excitements of young people, particularly those of grandees. In short, the whole royal family lived together in a union and concord that were far from common.

This peace produced another and very complete one among the dwellers at Court, where it would have been disgraceful not to have followed the example of their august master. Virtue and piety now reigned there by reason of that which the queens professed. They spent more time in prayers than the king — to satisfy fully the glorious title given to our sex, of "devout women."

The king, who up to this time had been, or had seemed, virtuous, appeared in all things to wish to bear justly the title of "Very Christian." He tolerated no vice; debauched men could not please him; he had a horror of blasphemers and impious persons. These good sentiments, aided by the vigilant and pious care of the queen his mother, had abolished duels, so that brave men were no longer dishonoured by refusing to fight. In this respect all preceding reigns must, it seems to me, yield precedence to the happy beginning of this one, since virtue, innocence, and peace reigned upon the throne, not only as regarded him who occupied it, but in some respects in regard to those who approached it; that is to say, as much as the natural evil in man, his foibles and his passions, would allow. For there are no periods and no good examples which are entirely exempt of these.

This prosperous condition made the Court very large, and pleasures reigned abundantly. The Prince de Condé held the first rank after Monsieur; the king showed great consideration for him, and the prince, whose various experiences had altogether changed him, now proved that he was as grand through his humility and gentleness as he had been in his victories. His son, the Duc d'Enghien, though still very young, gave, on all occasions, signs of intelligence and judgment. Often the king, the queens, Monsieur, and Madame, being on the canal in their gilded boat shaped like a galley, their Majesties would take a collation in the open air, when the Prince de Condé, in his quality of grand-master, served them with such respect and so easy an air that it was impossible to see him act in that manner and remember things past without praising God for present peace.

We also saw the Duc de Beaufort, that leader of the

"importants" and the *frondeurs*, the "king of the markets" in former times, hastening to follow the king his master at all times, and seeking to please him; sometimes by taking dishes from the hand of the Prince de Condé (because the boat was too small to admit the proper officers), sometimes in hunting, where he accommodated his own pleasure to that of the king.

Besides the princesses and ladies who belonged to the Court, the maids of honour of the two queens and of Madame held a great place, and among them were some who were very beautiful. Balls, comedies, excursions in open carriages, and hunts were frequent. In short, nothing that could divert and amuse was lacking during this charming sojourn. The different courts and the various gardens of Fontainebleau seemed fairy palaces and gardens, and its desert places Elysian fields. It is not, however, in such things that happiness consists, but rather in the exercise of virtue and in peace with one's own self and with those we love; the power of the greatest kings, the abundance of all that they enjoy, the ease with which they obtain every sort of pleasure, does not make their felicity any greater than that of their subjects; and here is the proof of it.

Two months or more went by in this happy state, where, on all sides, things seemed to represent the manner of living in a golden age rather than that of ordinary life in the present day, when the innocent pleasures of our prosperous Court were poisoned by the bitterness which is ever inseparable from it. Virtue and piety had seemed for a time to be in favour, but ambition and other passions were not long in making war upon them; and whatever pains the queen-mother took to maintain them it was soon seen that as man's life is a vapour which rises from the earth and is dispersed in a moment, so reason and virtue are easy to

disturb and corrupt, and that human happiness has no duration.

Although the queen-mother did not like the frequent excursions of the king with Monsieur and Madame, the close union and solid friendship between the king and herself was unchanged. As she had, until then, been the confidant of his pleasures, and had, on the other hand, told him that the queen her daughter, unable to endure losing him from her sight, was often distressed by things which were really nothing at all, so she now told him that he ought to pardon an ill-humour which came from the excess of tenderness the queen felt for him, and try to give her as little cause as possible for uneasiness. At the same time she endeavoured to make Madame see that her late hours and her hunting parties might injure her health. But youth does not readily yield to reason, and takes as reproof the best counsels that are given to it. So the amusements continued in full force.

The endeavour and care of the Comtesse de Soissons (now mistress of the queen's household) was to have the king much in her apartments, — to please him, and take part in his excursions and amusements. The king loved the queen dearly, and did not give her any grounds to suspect him of loving others more than herself; but the force of the queen's suspicions was so great that, almost without thinking of it, she found herself inimical to those whom she did not dislike, simply because she naturally felt averse to all that parted her from the king.

Madame, who was beginning to make a great figure at Court, declared for the Comtesse de Soissons, not only because Monsieur considered the latter his friend, but because her youth invited her to amuse herself, and she wanted company about her whose presence would be agreeable to

the king, while that of the queen, leading a pious and rather retired life, was not so suited to him. Moreover, the queen would have been her superior; whereas the Comtesse de Soissons, needing protection, was in every way submissive to her. Madame remembered also, with a certain noble vexation, that the king had formerly disdained her when she might have expected him to marry her; and the pleasure bestowed by vengeance made her welcome joyfully the contrary sentiments which appeared to be rising in the king's soul towards her. Monsieur, too, desired to please the king, and was aware that the consideration he now showed for Madame was advantageous to him. These three persons, each for his or her own interests wished to please one another; and blood and nature justifying this union, it soon began to appear as great as it really was. The Comtesse de Soissons, by consent of the three, had been associated with them, as agreeable to the king and necessary to Madame; but Madame was still more necessary to her; for not being liked by the queen, nor sustained by the king as much as she desired, she needed to call pleasures to her aid, and to strengthen her position by the compliance she showed for the slightest things that came into the head of the king. Hence, following the inclination of a king only twenty-one years of age to amuse himself, and that of a princess of sixteen or seventeen to follow his example, the daily pleasures, the repasts, the excursions into the woods lasting till two or three o'clock in the morning began to be practised in a manner that had a more than gallant air, and as if the lust of pleasure would presently corrupt a virtue which had been, with good reason, all the more admired because it was a rare possession at the king's age.

But the sight alarmed the queen, who was distressed to

find the king so occupied with other objects. At first the queen-mother condemned her fears; she told her it was not right to wish to restrain the king, and that the honourable pleasures which he sought ought not to give her pain. Their continuance, however, went to such extremes that the queen-mother finally ordered me to advise Madame to put some moderation into these amusements.

The young princess would be likely to have confidence in me, as much for the honour the Queen of England did me in treating me with kindness and believing me attached to her interests, as for the assiduous services I had rendered to herself on all occasions with the queen her mother-in-law. I spoke to her therefore; and as she was gentle and complying, she appeared to wish to follow my advice, receiving it with a good grace. I may truly say it was such that, had she followed it, she might, without offending the king or failing in the proper compliance which she owed to him, have preserved his good graces and established herself firmly in his esteem and in that of the whole Court, while at the same time she would have fulfilled what she owed to the queen her mother-in-law, which ought to have been to her an indispensable obligation.

But she disdained these benefits, which would have cost her nothing but a little self-restraint, and from which she might have drawn very great advantages; for had she merely deprived herself of excursions which shocked propriety and injured her health, and shown the king that she renounced them of her own will, the king would have praised her conduct, because a reasonable action always inspires respect in those who are reasonable themselves. She would also by the same means have acquired great merit in the eyes of the queen-mother, letting her gently know that she followed this course to please her. But her natural senti-

ments were opposed to prudence. She listened with her ears to the counsels I gave her, and rejected them through the promptings of her heart, which led her to follow vehemently whatever she wished that did not seem to her criminal nor wholly contrary to her duty, so long as it amused her.

From a letter which I received about this time from the Queen of England it will be seen that she too was uneasy at what was going on at Fontainebleau, and because the queen-mother was not satisfied with Madame's conduct. She commanded me to serve her daughter as another herself. I had done so already with all the fidelity I was bound to have for her sake, and I continued to do so; but the young princess would not profit by my good intentions. The copy of the queen's letter which I place here is made from the original. I have kept very many of the letters which this great princess did me the honour to write to me, and which showed the goodness and beauty of her mind. The long habit which she had of writing in the English language had slightly corrupted her French; but good sense and reason are perfectly expressed in them:—

Letter of Henrietta-Maria of France, Queen of England, to Madame de Motteville.

"I believe that in your soul you are saying: 'That Queen of England no longer thinks of me.' This is not true; M. de Montague will tell you that I do keep my word and remember you. In letters I own to a little laziness, and I admit I have done wrong in not writing to you the satisfaction that I had in receiving two of your letters. I ask you to continue them, provided you have leisure; having seen yesterday ladies who have just come from Fontainebleau, who tell me you are always with the queens, and that no one can have

more access to them than you. I fear that by letters it can not be had, — from the way in which they speak. If you have many rumours where you are, I have much silence here; which is more suitable for remembrance of friends; of whom I believe you are sufficiently convinced that you are of the number; and you may be assured of its continuation. You have with you another little myself who is strongly your friend, I do assure you. Continue to be hers; that is enough to say to you."

Shortly after this, the queen-mother commanded me to advise the queen, who did me the honour to have some confidence in me, to bear with more patience the king's diversions; and also to represent to her that he ought to be master of his own actions; that she had no real grounds for alarm, and that although his virtue seemed to be attacked it was not vanquished. She also thought it well that I should endeavour to unite the queen and Madame in friendship. Though she loved the queen by far the most, she considered Madame also, and would have been delighted to see them on good terms together. I worked for this union, and so did Donna Maria Molina, the queen's *assaffata* (head waiting-woman) and favourite, who was a very kind person and full of good-will.

We found means, by reasoning, to calm the queen's mind, as much as it was possible to do. She was satisfied with our counsels and took them as marks of our affection for her service. Madame, to whom I spoke as proposed, seemed also satisfied; but what I said to her on both matters was made known to the king, and was, no doubt, told to him in a manner disadvantageous to me. I do not wish to know whence proceeded my misfortune, for what concerns royal persons ought to be to us respected mysteries. Madame may even

have spoken without any intention of injuring me, and from an impulse of confidence, which to her young mind may have had nothing contrary to honour.

However that may be, the Comtesse de Soissons, knowing it, and regarding me as the friend of her enemy, Madame de Navailles, found means to envenom everything that came from me, and to make the king hate my efforts to obey the commands of the queen his mother. He spoke to the queen-mother about it and said, showing his vexation against me, that he thought it very wrong that I was so often tête-à-tête with the queen, and that I gave advice to Madame which appeared to be in some way opposed to his amusements.

The queen-mother defended me generously; and as the right, which may displease on certain occasions, never fails to impress the souls of those who esteem it, the king, being unable to accuse me of anything against his service, and learning from the queen-mother that I had acted only by her orders, showed that he had some good-will to me by owning to his mother, as she did me the honour to tell me, that it was true he had found the queen in better humour ever since I had spoken to her. But, wishing to sacrifice me to the Comtesse de Soissons, who hated me mortally, he continued to treat me as if I had deserved his dislike; so that he forbade the queen to allow me to be in her apartments during private hours. By so strong a mark of his aversion he made me readily understand that my fortunes were in a bad way; but, knowing that I had done nothing that was capable of shaming me, I felt on this occasion that innocence is a great preservative from such evils. I even believed I ought to hope that the king, having much intelligence and equity, would sooner or later know that my intentions and my words had been conformable with my duty.

One day, speaking to the queen-mother of these things,

being shut up with her in her oratory, that princess and I agreed that we were both very unfortunate in not applying ourselves to love and serve God rather than kings; because the latter know not the heart, however faithful we may be to them. They can be deceived, and ill-treat the most innocent persons as though they were guilty. It is a great evil not to be able to expect from sovereigns a just reward for our affection and our fidelity to their service; but at least it is soothing to our misery to be able to find some among them sufficiently reasonable to console us themselves for the ills they are able to make us feel. My faults, in short, did not make me blush, and they increased the good-will which the queen-mother and the queen felt for me.

Many of the leading persons at Court seeing that the queen-mother had much confidence in me, and not knowing what would be the upshot of these small beginnings of disagreements, made me many compliments, and showed they were ready to take part in the vexation I felt at having displeased the king, whom from duty and many other reasons, I must have wished to please. The rumour ran that I was about to be dismissed; but it is probable that the king never thought of it, and the rumour died away through the public signs which I received from both the queens of their good-will. For instance, the queen-mother commanded me to go to the queen from her and say something to her; she gave me this order at her toilet, speaking loudly, so that if, by chance, my disobedience should displease the king, she would have the right to defend me. Two days later, the queen-mother being with the queen, their Majesties sent a valet to fetch me. He found me in the grand alley leading to the kennels. I went in some fear, for the position I was in kept me in a state of continual uneasiness.

On entering the queen's cabinet, where the two great prin-

cesses were, surrounded by their circle and by much company, my fears were dispelled; for, on seeing me enter, they began to laugh; and on my approaching the queen-mother, she did me the honour to say that she wanted to see me only to show a good face to me before the Comtesse de Soissons, adding: "Without having anything to say I wish to talk to you a great deal, and in a whisper, in order to vex her." That evening, on going to the Comedy, the queen-mother, passing through the queen's apartment, where I was standing in a corner, turned out of her way and came up to me to say, laughing: "I continue the comedy; for the Comtesse de Soissons, who attends me, will refrain from injuring you with the king if she sees how I consider you."

This little affair, as appears from what I have now said, contributed much to irritate the queen against the Comtesse de Soissons, and began to rouse in the heart of the queen-mother real vexations against Madame, which were much increased by the little pains the latter took to satisfy her. These dissatisfactions made the courtiers imagine that sensual delights might perhaps detach the king from the queen-mother; but that great prince was too attached to his duty, and too naturally virtuous for such disunion to arise. The hour for pleasure over, he always returned to the queen his mother; rendering her all that he ought as a well-beloved son, and showing how much consideration he felt for her. Not only did he love her, but he said to her things which proved how much he respected her. And in truth, she had given him reason to do so by her disinterestedness, and by the tender and respectful affection which she had for him.

During the last week of May the Prince de Condé told the king that a portrait of Henri IV. had been hung on a gibbet at Auxerre with a dagger in his breast, and a very criminal Latin inscription against his person. The king re-

plied, "I console myself by thinking they would not do as much for a sluggard king [*roi fainéant*]." Another day he said in confidence to a person he esteemed that if he ever made war he should go to it in person; and the one he spoke to having replied that it would be a great imprudence, and even a fault in a king to risk his life in that way, and that France had formerly suffered much from the imprudent valour of François I., the king replied: "Imprudent if you please; but all the same, that imprudence put him in the rank of the greatest kings." It was at this time that he gave a new order to the grand provost to punish all persons who swore, with the greatest severity.

Cardinal Mazarin, before he died, had given the king some advice, so it was said, against the Superintendent Fouquet; he believed him too prodigal of the finances, and he advised the king to install Colbert under him, to watch his conduct and stop the profusion of his liberalities. Le Tellier loved the State, and did not love Fouquet, or at least he did not esteem him; and Colbert, his ally, who had been his clerk, and whom he had formerly given to the cardinal to serve him in the management of his domestic affairs, was at that time very agreeable to him. He believed him to be wholly for his interests, and persuaded himself that he could always hold over Colbert a complete superiority. This reason led him to care for his fortunes and to put him in a position to help him to destroy Fouquet, whom Colbert believed to be his enemy. They each wished to join with the other for their private advantage; showing to the king only a desire for that of the State and his service. The king, who knew the defects of the superintendent, received their advice, which, being supported by the counsels of the late cardinal and strengthened by Fouquet's bad conduct, had the effect usually produced by faults of individuals, on the one hand,

LOVISE FRANÇOISE DE LA BAVME —
LE BLANC DVCHESSE — DE LA VALLIERE ,

and the secret designs of those who seem to be disinterested and faithful, on the other.

Monsieur, who had allowed Madame to engage in excursions and pleasures rather more than propriety permitted, began now to be annoyed by these excesses. His presence, and the innocent intentions of Madame, who, up to this time seemed to have no other object than pleasure in general, had taken away all danger; but this extreme devotion to amusement, even when Monsieur deemed it necessary, was more a pain than a pleasure to him; and now, changing his sentiments, he felt a repugnance for the very things he had formerly approved.

The queen-mother, wishing to remedy these growing dissatisfactions, complained of Madame to Lord Montague, her old servitor, and spoke of her also to the Earl of St. Albans, minister of the Queen of England, telling them that the princess took no pains to please her by her conduct, and showed her no consideration. She wished them to represent her complaints to the Queen of England, now leading a pleasant life at Colombes in a house she had lately purchased there. She sought peace; and knowing that the inclinations of Madame's soul were good, she was not as yet seriously uneasy about her actions, because she believed them blameless.

It was about this time that the king first made known his inclination for Mademoiselle de La Vallière, one of Madame's maids of honour. She was amiable, and her beauty had great charms from the dazzling white and rose of her complexion, the blue of her eyes which had much sweetness, and the beauty of her blond hair which increased that of her face. At first, Madame and the Comtesse de Soissons seemed pleased; they contributed to the intimacy by their compliance, seeming glad to be discharged in this way of the little grievances of the queen. The queen-mother was distressed

by this new passion; she feared danger from whichever side it came; but she was advised not to oppose it with violence, and her own prudence made her approve and follow that advice; all the more because, several days earlier, she had been suspected of having commanded me to have Mademoiselle de Pons removed from Fontainebleau to Paris by my friend Madame du Plessis, to withdraw her from the eyes of the king, who seemed not to dislike her.

The method that the queen-mother took to moderate this new inclination of the king for Mademoiselle de La Vallière was to warn him cordially, representing to him what he owed to God and to his kingdom, and telling him that he ought to fear that many persons would use that attachment to form intrigues about him which would some day be to his injury. She begged him also to help her to hide his passion from the queen, for fear her grief might cause some evil effects to the life of the child she was then bearing. The king esteemed this advice; and the secret was kept throughout the Court with such care that the queen, who was then pregnant some four or five months with Monseigneur the dauphin, concluded the period of her pregnancy without knowing it.

What is usually termed fine gallantry was producing at that time many intrigues. The Comte de Guiche was sent away, some time later, for having the audacity to regard Madame with rather too much tenderness. As it is to be believed that she was virtuous, she desired to convince the public that she acted in concert with the king and Monsieur in having him sent away; but his exile was short, and we may suppose that his crime did not much offend the object of it; for this passion, though apparently disapproved by her, could not, according to the false maxims inspired by self-love, bring her anything but fame.

The Duchesse de Valentinois, sister of the Comte de

Guiche and daughter of the Maréchal de Gramont, who had married the Prince of Monaco, remained at Court after her brother's exile; but not for long, because her spirits, or rather her rashness, threw her into countless intrigues for the return of her brother, and even led her to make jests not in keeping with the respect which she owed to the queen-mother. She was tenderly beloved by Madame, and this sister of the exiled culprit was treated by her as a favourite. Madame could not live without her, making her take part in all the excursions; and every day she brought to bloom — not flowers beneath her feet, as the poets feign of the nymphs of the chaste Diana, but — quarrels, misunderstandings, and all those nothings which are capable of producing great events. The queen-mother, dreading results, caused her to be exiled as well as her brother, and it soon after appeared that she had great reason to fear her conduct, for being agreeable, witty, and young, she was also carried away by her passions.

The English lords did what they could to heal matters between Madame and the queen-mother. The Earl of St. Albans offered the latter that if she would let things go in accordance with the desires of youth and the pleasures which they considered innocent, Madame would serve her with the king, and would endeavour to keep them always united. The queen-mother, who looked only to her duty, and who, moreover, was content to the bottom of her heart with the treatment of the king her son, replied (as she told me on the same day) that she needed no good offices with the king from any one whatsoever; that she desired his glory only, and gave him no advice that was not disinterested; that so long as the king received it as he had done hitherto she should be satisfied; but whenever she saw herself under the necessity of having a third person to do her service with

him she should leave him and go to the Val-de-Grâce, to spend the rest of her days in peace. She said the same thing several times to the Superintendent Fouquet and to all others who, aspiring to her favour, tried to bribe her to protect their fortunes by promising her their services with the king. She would take no measures to secure her authority; her sole object was to do what she thought just and reasonable. She succeeded in this; by her virtue and gentleness she remedied many evils; though, in fact, she never had much power, because she had always neglected to assume it. But she had good reason to feel herself bound by chains of tenderness to the king, who made her enter into all that he thought advantageous to him, and kept nothing secret from her. He sent Le Tellier to her to talk over the affair against Fouquet, and when he started for Nantes at the end of the month of August, it was to her alone that he told his intention of having him arrested at that place.

The queen-mother was vexed at this arrest; she liked the minister because he took much pains to serve her, and even, with consent of the king, sent her money, which she needed for her succour of the poor. But not being able to divulge the king's secret, nor to justify Fouquet on the criminal accusations that were made against him (which were not all unjust), she was forced to enter into the project for his ruin, and to listen to those who were in the confidence of the king and who came to inform her of his resolutions.

The managers of Fouquet's disgrace had warned the king not only of his irregularities in the finances, but also of attempts which he seemed to be meditating against the State. According to the judgment the king formed on them, and according to explanation given of them, they were enormous, and the king, having resolved to forestall them on going to Bretagne, took all measures necessary for that purpose, con-

sidered at the time of the utmost importance to the State. He started for this journey August 29. He was still tenderly attached to the queen, and his new passion had not effaced the legitimate feelings that he had for her. This separation seemed to give him sensible distress; he shed tears, which he tried to hide from the public, but which, seen by her who caused them, consoled her for all her woes. His grief gave her joy, and that joy increased the pain she felt in parting from one she loved so dearly.

As soon as the king reached Nantes he wished to execute his purpose against the superintendent, who had made the journey although he was ill of a double tertian fever; but his reason, more diseased still, led him to follow the king because he had great designs on hand for the establishment of his fortune and his favour, which he wished to bring to a completion. These high ideas caused his fall down the precipice; the excess of his ambition was the source of his misfortunes. The king, who knew that Fouquet had bought nearly all the men of the Court, dared not trust his captain of the guards to arrest him; he made use of d'Artagnan, a former henchman of the late cardinal, who commanded the mousquetaires.

As the superintendent left the king's apartments to return to his own, he was warned by La Feuillade that an order was issued against him. On receiving the information, Fouquet, instead of entering his own chair tried to enter that of another person, and so escape; but d'Artagnan, who followed him and kept his eye on the chair he was to take, seeing that he did not come to it, pursued him just as he was turning off into a by-road. He arrested him in the king's name and put him at once into a carriage held ready for the purpose. They afterwards made him enter a house to take some soup, and there they took away the papers which he had

upon him. He was then taken to Angers, and his wife to Limoges. Two masters of petitions had orders to go at the same time to his house and seal up his papers; which was done immediately. They were taken to the king, who saw them, and made several judicious remarks upon them, as was told me by those employed on this commission. Bruan, Fouquet's head-clerk, took to flight. Gourville, whom I mentioned at the time of the civil wars, and who had made himself a financier, had orders to follow the Court. The king sent to seal up everything in the houses of the superintendent, at Vaux,[1] in Paris, and at Saint-Mandé.

When arrested he turned to one of his servants and said merely, "Ah! Saint-Mandé!" He had reason to fear that much would be found at that place on which to try him; for there were things concealed there that seemed to dishonour his reason and tarnish his memory by rendering him contemptible to persons of good sense and all who professed virtue. His friend, Madame du Plessis-Bellière, and his brothers, were warned by the man to whom he said those words, and they had time, had they chosen to do so, to go to Saint-Mandé and burn his papers. But Madame du Plessis, as was afterwards known, would not do this, believing that he had burned everything before he started.

The king returned to Fontainebleau September 8th, and for a long time nothing was talked of at Court but Fouquet's disgrace, his great fall, his ambitious and chimerical projects, and the intrigues which he gathered around his person with the object of making himself prime-minister. Belle-Île was the chief object that offended the mind of the king.

[1] To adorn this splendid dwelling Fouquet had spent the value of eighteen millions of our present money. It was in this palace (about a league from Melun) that he gave the king on the 17th of August, 1661, the celebrated fête which was the prelude of his disgrace and ruin. — FR. ED.

Fouquet had restored it, supplied it with cannon, and made it into a fortress. Its situation renders it such by nature, and the care of that man was beginning to make it capable of being, at a future day, an instrument in some great war against the State, owing to its neighbourhood to England. But, as all things have divers faces, it might also serve as a strong barricade against the attacks of the people of this nation. Fouquet's friends have said (and it is to be supposed they spoke the truth) that the superintendent, who was really capable by his genius and his intelligence of great designs, had the intention of building a city there, the port of which would attract all the traffic of the North, and, by depriving Amsterdam of those advantages, would do a great service to the king and the State.

He was accused of having an understanding with the English, but this accusation was seen to be unfounded. The unfortunate never lack crimes; and this man seeming guilty, there was no moderation in the judgments formed against him at first. He had bought the duchy of Penthièvre in Bretagne (lately fallen from the house of Vendôme in payment of its debts), and it was said that he meant to make himself the sovereign of that region. This last point was a saying never verified; but it is certain that, by fortifying Belle-Île and by having in his pay nearly every one at Court, he had the appearance of a most ambitious man; and as his soul was daring he was supposed to be capable of everything.

His papers and letters were read; many were found from persons of the Court, some were full of political intrigues, others related to many gallantries. By these it was seen that certain wives and daughters who passed for virtuous were not so; and it was made manifest that, if he had great ambition, he had, none the less, a passion for voluptuousness.

There were even some letters from women who suffered through him which showed that it is not always the young and gallant lovers who succeed the best, and that the poets had good reason to invent the fable of Danaë and the shower of gold.

Few persons at Court were found exempt from having sacrificed to the golden calf; and as, by most extraordinary ill-luck for them, Fouquet had kept all the letters that were written to him, the king and the queen-mother, having read them, learned things that showed great wrong in many persons. At Saint-Mandé there was a room reached by a subterranean passage, with an issue, on the other side of the road, into the house of one of Fouquet's secretaries at some distance from his own house. In this room were found instructions which he kept among his papers, ordering all that his friends were to do in case of his arrest. That which he expected to save him served to convict him of crime; and as what he asked of those friends were crimes of *lèse-majesté*, he put them all in a position of needing clemency from the king, who might well believe that Fouquet had not written these instructions without informing those whom they concerned. It seemed, however, that many persons were named in the paper who were right-minded men and good servants of the king, as if the list were only a meditated scheme he had drawn up. Madame du Plessis-Bellière was named as the superintendent of the whole affair; guards were therefore sent to her, and she was treated with more severity than the rest.

Fouquet was much dishonoured by many things, and especially for having kept all the letters written to him, and for having left his scheme for the future abandoned to the curiosity of his enemies. By this he lost his friends; for such persons are ever fearful of dismissal. It was said of him that through this folly his day of judgment

had come; every detail of his life was laid bare, — his crimes, his thoughts, and those of every person who had ever held intercourse with him. We may judge from this that if we could know other men in the same way we should find strange weaknesses in nearly all of them. In point of fact, it was found that Fouquet was guilty of great profusion, but that he was not rich, and that he owed much more than he possessed. His crimes against the State may have been in his own imagination; he may have committed them alone, by writing schemes which it would have been difficult to convict him of really intending; indeed the very project which blackened him the most was found behind a mirror as if it were a rough draft of no consequence; which makes one judge that he did not think it of the importance it seemed. But it is a great misfortune to be lacking in wisdom and to fall into disgrace with one's king.

Le Tellier, who had applied himself to studying the mind of the king with much care, confirmed to me, about this time, what my brother had told me of the background of severity and gravity which he knew how to mingle with his natural kindness in order to impress respect on all who saw him, and fear in those who, approaching him frequently, might be capable of abusing the liberty he gave them to speak to him. But Le Tellier was surprised to see in how little time he had made himself sufficiently capable of fulfilling all his duties, after being so completely abandoned to the cardinal till the day of the latter's death. He excused himself one day on this ground before us all for a little idleness which usually accompanies youth, dwelling on the great gratitude he had for the services the cardinal had rendered him, and the care he had taken to teach him to govern.

The blessing of God seemed now to fall not only on him

and on the royal family, but on the whole kingdom in the birth of a dauphin. When the child came into the world, at five minutes before midday on the first of November, the feast of All Saints, he was heir-presumptive of the two great kingdoms of France and Spain; for now that the Prince of Spain, the last remaining son of the king, had died, all the centuries taken together could scarcely show us a prince whose birth was accompanied with such glory, in view of the ancient grandeur of the kings his paternal ancestors, and the new splendour of the emperors and kings his maternal forbears.

The queen was very ill at her delivery and in peril of her life. While she was in her great pains the king seemed so distressed and so keenly touched with sorrow that he left no room for doubt that the love he felt for her was deeper in his heart than that for others. He went at five o'clock in the morning to confess and receive the communion; and after imploring divine protection, he gave himself wholly to the care of assisting her who, suffering for him, gave him at every moment signs of tenderness; so that the precious infant, entering the world, was in himself not only a tie that bound still closer the two royal persons from whom he drew his life, but in the act of being born he became, by the pain and joy he gave them, a mark infallible of their affection.

Madame de Montausier[1] had been chosen by the king to be governess of the child to be born to him. This choice, made of his own motion, received at first universal approbation, for the lady was generally esteemed by every one. She had been in her youth a favourite of the late Princesse

[1] Julie d'Angennes, daughter of Madame de Rambouillet. Her husband, the Marquis de Montausier, was considered the original of Molière's Alceste. — TR.

de Condé, and the dearest friend of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon when that lady, through the favour of her uncle, Cardinal Richelieu, was idolized at Court. She did not really have a share in the benefits of the great minister, but contented herself with taking part in the dazzling glory of his niece, who, unable to enjoy any pleasure without her, gave her in this way a great share in her triumph, and also the means of giving pleasure to her friends; which she valued more than riches.

She had had beauty, accompanied by a fine figure and a sweet, majestic presence, of which years had not deprived her. The Marquise de Rambouillet, her mother, so illustrious in her day, had brought up her daughter in the great world which was daily at her house, the resort of not only all the *beaux esprits*, but also of the people of the Court. She treated her friends, both men and women, in so frank a manner that it was impossible not to desire to please her; and those who wanted only passing amusement found it at her house, — more, perhaps, because they met honourable persons there than for the pleasures of private confidence; because the crowd that surrounded her deprived her friends of the means of having it. The kindly demonstrations which she gave of her friendship flattered all those who saw her, so that each believed he had what he expected from her. Nevertheless, it was said by some that she had one defect; she was blamed for always seeking to please by her civility those who had no share in her esteem; so that those who believed they deserved it complained that she appeared to give it equally to all, and to enter into the interests of everybody; in short, by seeking to have too many friends she risked having none.

Those who judged her more favourably did her some justice; being satisfied to find in her, through that inward

discernment which they imagined she expressed of them to others, all that they could claim; for (considering her disposition and manner of life, always spent on external things) she seemed more attached to public esteem than to private friendship. Madame de Montausier did not dislike the Court; she desired general approbation, but more ardently that of persons of influence; for she was by nature eager for all that is called "favour." She had married, when no longer young, the Marquis de Montausier, who had loved her for forty years; and in giving herself to him she seemed to be more affected by the obligations she had to him, and by his merit, than by any desire to marry. We now saw her in the office the king bestowed upon her with the hope that she would contribute, by her cares and her good sense, to render Monseigneur the dauphin as great in virtue as he was by birth.

The queen-mother alone, without disapproving of this choice, was not altogether content with it; she feared that Madame de Montausier was not capable of tying herself down as much as was necessary to the single occupation of attending a child and thinking only of his preservation. She seemed to her more fitted to manage an assembly for pleasure than to be the watchful guardian of a cradle; but she took the part of not saying what she thought, for fear of doing her wrong; but she was almost equally silent in praise of her as in relation to things for which she did not think her suitable. When Madame de Montausier came to thank her for the honour the king had done her, the queen-mother, wishing to be as sincere as she was prudent, said to her freely, as she did me the honour to tell me, that she had had no share in the choice, and deserved no compliments for it.

The queen-mother, and particularly the Queen of England,

wished to do me the honour of choosing me as governess of the children of Monsieur and Madame. When it pleased the two queens to speak of it to the king, which was some days after the queen's delivery, they found that he resisted it. He wished, in order to please Madame, who could not dislike a man who had suffered for her, that Madame de Saint-Chaumont, sister of the Maréchal de Gramont and aunt of the Comte de Guiche, should be chosen to fill that office. The favourite cabal of the king, composed of the Comtesse de Soissons and Mademoiselle de Fouilloux, maid of honour to the queen, incited Madame to avoid in my person a servant of the queen-mother, whom the young princess now feared and had ceased to love. For all these reasons I could not be agreeable tc her, and still less to the Comtesse de Soissons, who has since owned to me that she did me on this occasion all the harm that she felt bound to do to an enemy who had declared against her interests.

The king, in spite of the dislike they had given him against me, actuated by a remnant of justice which he still did me, might not have been opposed to the choice, and he so declared in presence of three persons (the queen, Madame de Béthune, and Madame de Navailles who told me of it) in a manner quite kindly to me, as though to console me for my loss. But the truth is that Madame, by inducing him to exclude me, restored me to a state of tranquillity for which I am still grateful to her; for in view of that office and those binding engagements, the loss of my liberty, and all the charms it had hitherto had for me, would have caused me great pain.

In this position I saw myself exposed to the misfortune of either losing the peace of my life or of being deprived of an honour for which I had wished. The latter happened to me; and it was not, I own, without suffering from the painful

stabs of my enemies. By an amazing contradiction of passions and desires, I found myself wounded by the deprivation of a benefit which would have gratified my self-love, while at the same time I was inwardly consoled by the hope of enjoying for the future a great peace. I now desired to cure myself entirely of ambition, and I resolved to no longer aspire to elevations which one naturally desires to obtain at Court, but to stay there solely to satisfy the attachment that I owed to the queen-mother. In this I followed the feelings of my heart; for I had long been disgusted with the human beings and the medley of trifles and evil things which occupied me there.

The queen-mother had often seemed to wish for repose; and as, when the thought came to her from time to time to retire to the Val-de-Grâce, she had always promised to take me with her, so noble an example invited me to follow it, and God gave me the grace to wish to do so, and yet to consider that this great queen, in spite of the desire she had to retire from Court, felt herself obliged to remain, not so much to support its grandeur and majesty as, by maintaining virtue and piety, to prevent voluptuousness from becoming its master under a young king whose tenderness for her was such that she still had power to preserve the union of the royal family; and I felt that I ought not to abandon the Court before she did.

The household of kings is like a great market to which one must needs go to traffic for the support of life and for the interests of those to whom we are attached by duty or friendship. Wise men may go there when reason invites them; and I do not think it impossible that such persons should seek and find means to conquer or escape their own weaknesses. Though, to tell the truth, when the disillusions of the world are in us to a certain degree, it

is usually a great weariness to remain there; and the soul which knows the right and does not follow it suffers much; for to live at Court continually, desire and hope must be our sustenance; otherwise there is no pleasure and much pain. All that the strength of the human mind can do in those who have succeeded in satisfying their ambition by the favours they have received, is to suffer courageously the martyrdom that their reason, if they have any, makes them feel in the thraldom of office, the clashing of ranks, the maintenance of dignity, and the opposition of the envious persons and enemies who are found there.

X.

1662—1664.

At the beginning of this year the queen-mother seemed in such good health, and was, I may add, so beautiful, that I had reason to suppose she might long be the ornament of the Court; but, on the other hand, I saw in her such great indifference for the things of this world, in which she was beginning to wish to no longer mingle, that I believed she would resolve to retire altogether, according to the intention I have already mentioned; for, although she was still of all the pleasure-parties which her age allowed her to attend, it was only from affection for the king and queen that she constrained herself to do so in order not to constrain them. A conversation which I had with her early in the year 1662 does not allow me to doubt it.

One day, being alone at her feet, she seemed to me to desire ardently to retire to the Val-de-Grâce and occupy herself solely with her salvation. She assured me she was restrained only by consideration for the queen, to whom she judged herself necessary, and for Monsieur, whom she tenderly loved. She added to those words that the king, who had always been most dear to her, was so capable, so fortunate, so content, and so great, that she believed herself altogether useless as regarded him; and that, having now nothing to conquer but her own sensibility and affections, she wished to sacrifice those to God, and deprive herself of the pleasure she had in being near the king, in order to give the rest of her life to her true duties.

These words touched me keenly, and in many ways. I took the liberty to tell her she was equally necessary to the king, the queen, and Monsieur; and that she ought not, for a good which was only in idea, and which, if certain, concerned only her personal repose, to abandon all that she might do by her presence, not only to the royal family by maintaining the union in which it now was, but to all France, by warning the king of certain things and reminding him of certain truths which his ministers either dared not tell him, or had some interest in concealing from him, and which she herself would never know if she lived apart from him; which things, nevertheless, either then or at other times, would always produce good effects on the soul of the king, who by nature loved justice, knew the value of virtue, and had great principles of religion.

It seemed to me then that my arguments made an impression on her mind, and that they had at least made her postpone the execution of her design; which was finally prevented altogether, as will be seen in the latter part of these Memoirs, which I have felt obliged to continue for the perfecting of the work I began; that is, for the whole period that I was near her, which lasted until the fatal moment when I lost her. Those who read the conclusion of these Memoirs will not find there such great events as in the earlier parts, when France was distracted by Civil War, and employed in other wars against the foreign enemy; but, in compensation, they will read of the private life of the queen-mother, with which I was especially connected; and also of the manner in which the king lived with her and with all the consecrated persons of the royal family, during the four years of the illness of this great princess, when she was no longer in a condition to be publicly seen. It is these private matters which those who write history in general

never know, or do not think worthy of being recorded. And yet it is these personal details, never studied, which betray the secret of inclinations, and, by revealing character, make known if we are worthy of esteem or blame. That is why some have more curiosity to read of them than of what happens openly in the world, where for the most part we all try to appear what we are not, and where we are always on our guard.

The year began by the promotion which the king made of sixty knights of the Order of the Saint-Esprit; the ceremony taking place as usual in the church of the Augustins. The preparations for the Carrousel with which he wished to entertain the ladies, after the manner of the one which celebrated the marriage of the late king his father, occupied for a long time the princes and seigneurs who were appointed to take part in it. The queen-mother, who had not witnessed the one which, in her youth, was given for her, gave us fine descriptions of what she had heard old courtiers say about it. I saw none, however, who could tell me that the one given in the Place Royale was finer than that of the Place des Tuileries. The latter was composed of five quadrilles representing five nations — Roman, Persian, Turkish, Indian, and American. The king was the leader of the first, Monsieur of the second, the Prince de Condé of the third, the Due d'Enghien of the fourth, and the Duc de Guise of the fifth. I shall not stop to describe the order of their march, the richness of their costumes, the splendour of their suites, the gallantry of their devices, and the variety of their colours. I shall say nothing better to show the beauty of it all than that I was not wearied, and that the Comte de Sault, son of the Duc de Lesdiguières, had the honour to carry off the prize in riding for the ring; which was followed by applause on the part of the specta-

tors and much pleasure on his in receiving a diamond of considerable value from the hand of the queen-mother, who was seated on a staging erected near the palace.

After this spectacle, which had something of the character of the tournaments formerly so frequent in France, England, and Germany, and which was well suited to the flowery youth of a king who had just given peace to Europe, putting an end to a war which had been so glorious for himself, the usual amusements of the Court began once more.

It was about this time that the king appeared to attach himself to Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt, maid of honour to the queen. I do not know if she was subordinate in his heart to Mademoiselle de La Vallière; but I know that she caused great changes at Court, more through the force of intrigue than for her beauty, though of that she had enough to give birth to great passions.

The Duchesse de Navailles, lady of honour to the queen, believed herself obliged, in the discharge of her duties, one of which is the care of the maids of honour, to oppose the king's sentiments. She spoke to him often as a Christian and an honest woman. At first the king merely showed that he did not like these disagreeable little harangues; on other occasions also he seemed ill-pleased; but this was shown in so civil a manner that she thought she had no reason to fear his anger.

Some time went by in this way; but at last the desire for victory, and the annoyance that opposition causes in the breasts of men, particularly those of sovereigns, made themselves strongly felt in the king's heart. He let Madame de Navailles know that she was exposing herself to the danger of displeasing him, and he commanded her, through Le Tellier, not to meddle any longer with the behaviour of the queen's maids of honour; and he even had several methods

proposed to her of accommodating his wishes under honourable appearances. She answered the minister that it would not be fulfilling her obligations to cease to do her duty; and that so long as the king was pleased to leave her in her office, she should do the functions of it in the best manner possible to her.

Then the king became angry in good earnest, and told her she ought to fear what he could do against her; and that she had better refrain from disobeying him, out of consideration for her own interests. She replied that she had already considered them, and saw all the evils that the loss of his good graces might cause her; and then, enumerating herself her offices and those of her husband, she told him that the withdrawal of all those benefits could not change the resolution she had made to satisfy the duty of her conscience. She conjured him to seek elsewhere than in the household of the queen the objects of his pleasure and his inclinations, inasmuch as he appeared to have done so already in the person of Mademoiselle de La Vallière.

The king grumbled, and seemed vexed and out of temper; but that evening, or the next day, Madame de Navailles being in the queen's bedroom, leaning against the silver balustrade, the king came up to her and, offering his hand with a gentle and favourable manner, asked for peace. He did this action not only as a great prince, striving to vanquish himself by triumphing over his weakness, but also as a very honest man who had too much sense to refuse to give his esteem to one who deserved it.

This visible sign of the king's equity and of his goodness gave me, I acknowledge, great joy. I regarded it not only as an almost certain foreshowing of my friends' safety, but still more as a proof that the king could surmount his passion by a sentiment of estimable virtue — which was not of

slight consequence to Frenchmen, because they thus had a king who in this, and in still more important matters, could battle against himself in their favour.

Madame de Navailles acted after this for quite a time without constraint, and the king seemed satisfied. He continued, however, to meet Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt at the rooms of the Comtesse de Soissons, who fostered this passion in the heart of the king as much as she could. She hated the Duchesse de Navailles, and being no longer able to attract the king herself, she sought to keep his favour by all the means that ambition could inspire. She turned into ridicule the virtue of the woman she wanted to ruin, and made continual sarcasms against her before the king, and jested about his weakness in putting up with her. By such ill offices she increased the king's passion and diminished his virtue; he believed in the dangerous work of a person whom he thought his friend. This is what often happens to great personages; for besides the fact that they have, like other men, to fight the passions intrenched in their own hearts, they must also resist the passions of those around them.

The king's heart was filled with the human follies which in youth make the false happiness of many an honourable man. He let himself be gently led by his passions, and chose to satisfy them. He was then at Saint-Germain, and had taken a habit of going to the apartment of the queen's maids of honour. As the entrance to their chamber was forbidden by the sternness of the lady of honour, he often talked with Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt through a hole in the partition, which was made of pine boards.

I was at this time in Paris, and had gone to the Val-de-Grâce in attendance on the queen-mother. There I met my friend, Madame de Navailles, and saw her anxiety. She told

me of the position in which the king placed her by his eagerness for that girl, and said that she had just consulted a learned and pious man as to her duty in the matter, whose answer had been decisive. He told her she was bound to lose all her establishments rather than fail in her duty by criminal compliance. She seemed to me resolved to follow that advice; but it was not without shedding a great many tears, and feeling the anguish in which these two great alternatives threw her. On her return to Saint-Germain, she learned by her spies that men of good appearance had been seen at night on the gutters and around certain chimneys which from the roof could lead adventurers into the apartment of the maids of honour. The zeal of the Duchesse de Navailles was now so great that, without checking herself, or seeking means to prevent with less scandal the thing she feared, she at once ordered all these passages closed with iron gratings. By this action she preferred her duty to her fortunes, and the fear of offending God was greater in her than the desire to be agreeable to the king, which in the eyes of the people of the great world is the greatest pleasure to be enjoyed at a Court, when it can be done innocently.

It is not amazing that the king was now in good earnest irritated against the Duchesse de Navailles, saying that he only pressed the adventure in order to annoy her, and that her boastful virtue could no longer be borne. But as he had in all things a marvellous power over himself, he did not show at this time all that he felt about the iron gratings, and concealed his vexation under the ridicule and contempt with which he spoke of them. But he did not forget them, and his remembrance brought greivous results on those who had dared to resist him. Nevertheless, I am convinced that if it had not been for the intrigues of the Comtesse de Soissons, his good sense and kindness would easily have effaced from

his memory whatever was against persons of true worth whom he respected; his respect would doubtless have overcome his dislike. He complained to the Duc de Navailles for not restraining his wife from doing what might be disagreeable to him, and blamed him for seeming to approve of her conduct. The queen-mother valued the feelings of both husband and wife, and often told the Duchesse de Navailles to continue to act virtuously, assuring her that some day the king would praise her for it.

Mademoiselle de La Vallière, to whom, no doubt, these tales were not pleasing, because they made her see a rival in Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt, profited, in her ill-regulated desires, by the virtue of Madame de Navailles, and used her charms with such success that, in spite of the Comtesse de Soissons' efforts, the king, weary of battling with the lady of honour, finally attached himself solely to the one who was destined to possess for a long time his good graces. It was even said that what contributed to fix the fate of Mademoiselle de La Vallière was the fact that Mademoiselle de La Motte hesitated for some time in favour of virtue; whereas the other, having ceased to defend hers, it was through her weakness that she conquered and triumphed over the rival who had contested with her for the king's heart. But as I was not the confidant of either of them I speak with much uncertainty.

While the king was letting himself go whither his desires led him, the queen was suffering greatly. She knew nothing of what was going on; by order of the queen-mother, all the king's gallantries were hidden from her. Madame de Navailles, who was faithful both to the king and to the queen, contented herself with doing her duty on both sides and said nothing that could distress her mistress. But the heart, which is never deceived and which truth teaches, made

the queen so sure, without precisely knowing it, that Mademoiselle de La Vallière (whom the king now loved solely) was the cause of her suffering, that it became impossible to conceal her misfortune from her.

On my return from a little journey I made about this time into Normandy, I found the queen just confined with Madame Anne-Élisabeth of France. One evening, as I had the honour of being beside her in the alcove of her bed, she made me a sign with her eye, showing me Mademoiselle de La Vallière, who was passing through her room to sup in that of the Comtesse de Soissons, and said to me in Spanish, "That girl with the diamond earrings is the one the king loves." I was much surprised at this speech, for this secret was then the great affair of the Court. I answered something confused which would mean neither yes nor no; and in order to give her strength for the future I tried to convince her that all husbands, without ceasing to love their wives, are usually unfaithful in this way, or pretend to be to satisfy the fashion that demands it.

The queen, who understood no doubt that we ought not to acknowledge anything to her, did not answer what I said to her; but she was not the less sad. I went at once to tell the queen-mother this little secret, and assure her that the queen was more discreet and less ignorant than we had thought her. It was now easy to see that the tears she had been shedding, which seemed to be about trifles that did not deserve them, came undoubtedly from a wrong she felt but dared not complain of.

The first year of the queen's marriage the king had been very tender to her, and very sensible of the legitimate passion which she had for him. As soon as his affection began to diminish the queen perceived the change; she needed no confidant to warn her of it; before knowing the

cause she felt the effects, and often said to the queen-mother, weeping excessively, that the king no longer loved her. When, later, she was almost certain of the change through the knowledge she obtained of his love for Mademoiselle de La Vallière, she was for a long time in a pitiable state. It seemed sometimes as if her heart would come out of its place, so agitated was she; showing by this emotion that she could not be at peace unless she were reunited to him of whom she complained. The king saw nearly all her trouble; but not being able to change himself, and not wishing to, either, he was consoled by his independence, which he put to full use, and made it an easy remedy for all these little woes.

In the month of October, 1662, the king bought from the King of England the town of Dunkerque and that of Mardick with all the cannon and munitions of war that were in them, for the sum of five millions, payable in instalments; but after the first payment, as the King of England needed money, he offered great reductions for the immediate payment of the rest; so that this important place cost the king but little money and showed his opulence and his adroitness, and at the same time the weakness of the King of England in having abandoned for so small a sum a place which put him in a position to enter Flanders or France, and so help France or Spain as he might see fit. Estrades, who had been employed on the negotiation, told me that the English people murmured loudly.

Shortly after this a letter was brought to Señora Molina, first waiting-woman of the queen, which seemed to come from the Queen of Spain, the cover being addressed in her own handwriting to the queen. The Molina, who had lived in the palace of the Spanish queen, knew the writing; but seeing that the package was badly folded, she felt convinced

that it was in some way different from the rest. It was brought to her from the Comte de Brienne, secretary of State; but the queen's letters from Madrid came usually through the Spanish ambassador. For these reasons the letter seemed to the Molina very strange.

She had heard it rumoured that the King of Spain was very ill, and fearing that the letter might give the queen some sudden distressing news, God, who took care of her innocence, inspired her to see what was in it, although it was not her custom to open the queen's letters. Having opened it, she found it was in a French handwriting, written in bad Spanish with many French idioms; it contained tales already well-known in which the king and Mademoiselle de La Vallière were the chief actors. After having read it, she blessed the divine providence which had averted this danger, and went at once to show the letter to the queen-mother. The latter advised her to take it to the king; which she did; and knocked on the door of his cabinet where he was then in council. She told him she had just received the package, and, by divine inspiration, had opened it, without showing it to the queen. Molina afterwards told me that when the king had read the letter, he turned red and seemed much surprised; for he did not imagine there was any one in his kingdom daring enough to meddle in his affairs against his will. He asked Molina, brusquely, if the queen had seen the letter. Being told that she had not, he put it carefully in his pocket.

The close friendship which I had with the Duchesse de Navailles, who now stood in the king's mind as a crazy reformer of the human species, made him suspect me of having written the letter. But he suspended his judgment on this for a time, and his anger did not break forth upon any one. In the end, we shall see him punish, justly, the

authors of this poor trick; who were as unfaithful to him as those he suspected of disrespect were zealous in his service.

Time, which flows along insensibly, had brought us to the beginning of the year 1663, when amusements were frequent, and the passions which produce intrigue were their accompaniment. This is not surprising. A king powerful, through the peace and through his immense wealth, an honest man, well-made, young, and magnificent, naturally made and controlled all pleasures. He was even the source of all evils and griefs. His grandeur and his opulence inspired ambition in the souls of men; and his fine qualities caused many agitations in those of women. Both sexes aspired to the happiness of pleasing him, and every one, from different motives, wanted to have a share in his heart and in his benefits. But as a prince, however powerful he may be, cannot give more than limited favours, and can only love imperfectly, these desires and these benefits, which bear their poison with them, often fill with bitterness those who, in the vanity of their thoughts and desires, seek only their own satisfaction.

The king alone was happy, if any one in this world can be. His affairs were in a good state; his armies were ready to fight whoever, by breaking the peace, should dare to become his enemies; and pleasures, which crowded around him, seemed to satisfy him completely. But he was a Christian; and that one word inclosed all that in the future he had to fear; and as it is to be supposed that he sometimes reflected, we must believe that if he had fewer causes for vexation than other people his felicity was none the more actual.

The queen, who loved the king as much as he was worthy of it, continued to suffer from the fear that she was not

enough loved by him; but the queen-mother consoled her by the pains she took to divert her; which she happened to do during the last days of the carnival on an occasion when the scrupulous propriety which she was accustomed to observe in all things yielded to annoyance and affection, — to annoyance, in regard to the king, who publicly refused to take the queen to a masked ball, preferring to take Mademoiselle de La Vallière; and to affection, because in order to soothe the heart of the queen, who was deeply hurt, she promised to take her herself; so that when she left the Carmelites, where she had spent the whole day in a sacred manner, she came to the queen, who was in my room at the Palais-Royal with a fine troop of masks dressed in antique robes, awaiting the hour for the ball in Monsieur and Madame's apartments, where none but masked persons were allowed to enter.

The queen-mother was their conductress, wrapped in a mantle of black taffeta in the Spanish fashion, which she put above the dress that she had worn since morning; affecting this gayety to please the queen, who was so good and virtuous that she would take no amusement unless she was accompanied by the king or the queen-mother. Devout persons who saw in this action only that which appeared on the surface, murmured against the queen-mother; but her motives were innocent, and the tenderness of the mother was surely enough to efface the wrong. She knew she was blamed and suffered gently in consequence; doing me the honour to tell me privately that those who blamed her were right, and that the affection she felt for the queen had too much power over her on this occasion.

Lent, which followed these days of folly, was religiously observed by the queen-mother; she fasted with even more severity than others, although her age dispensed her from the

obligation. She was the worse for it, and at Easter she was compelled to own she could do it no longer. Immediately after the festival, she recovered her good looks and seemed in the best possible condition. But this appearance of health did not last long. On the 10th of April, 1663, she began to feel ill, with great lassitude in her arms, pains in her legs, sickness at the stomach, and fever. The next day, making light of her illness, she assured us she was better, and merely kept her chamber; but she looked ill all that day.

The following day the queen had fever and was bled towards evening. The day after, the fever becoming tertian, she had a strong attack of it, accompanied by drowsiness, oppression, and headache. The royal family were much troubled by this incident. The king seemed anxious, Monsieur's heart was wrung by fear, the queen had recourse to tears, Madame seemed less gay, and the whole Court was depressed by sadness.

On the ninth day of her illness the queen-mother was bled for the fifth time; and that quantity of blood drawn from her veins had so diminished her strength that on this day, having tried to rise to have her bed made, she fainted. Monsieur was then holding one hand and the Comtesse de Flex the other. As that amiable prince felt that his mother was about to fall and he could not hold her up, he let himself adroitly slip beneath her so that she might not hurt herself. The queen, who seldom left her, terrified at the state in which she saw her, ran to the bathroom where the king was, crying out that she was lost, that her mother was dead. The king, who in all the queen-mother's illnesses, and particularly in this one, showed the feelings of a son who was full of affection, came at once where she was. He helped to lift her, and seeing that her senses returned to her he

was filled with joy, and ran to tell the queen, who was still weeping, and brought her back to this illustrious mother, by whom they remained, very uneasy at her state.

The queen-mother, feeling herself growing worse, desired to talk with the king in private. After the conversation, which was long, Monsieur came to her and said that he feared such a long interview had done some harm to her head. She answered no; that she did not regret it, for she was much satisfied, and would, on no account, not have done it. The next day she confessed and took the sacrament, and told her confessor to come every day at four o'clock to pray to God beside her and talk with her. The Comtesse de Flex and I both told her the doctors assured us, which was true, that she would soon be well. She answered that we must only wish for the will of God; and never, either in this illness or in the final one which was much the worst, did we ever hear her complain of her sufferings.

The attacks of fever continued and became at last so violent that the doctors expected it to become continued, but it remained double-tertian and lasted until Whitsuntide without increasing or diminishing. On the 13th of May they proposed to give her an emetic, but she resisted vehemently. The king watched beside her on several of the nights when it was feared that the attacks of fever might become more violent. He had a mattress brought and laid on the ground at the foot of the queen's bed, and sometimes he threw himself down all dressed upon it. I passed one of those nights beside him and the queen-mother; and as I watched him sleeping I admired the tenderness of his heart combined with so many great qualities not usually to be found with kindliness; and in spite of my sadness and anxiety I recalled, as I looked at him, those heroes that romance depicts lying in a wood or on the sea-shore; and

passing on from those futile thoughts to others more solid and more suited to the then state of things, I could not help wishing for him all the blessings of heaven in time and in eternity. I hope that God will grant them to him, and that He will not forget, according to His promises, to reward with long life a son who, on several occasions, has so faithfully obeyed His commands towards a mother, to whom he has ever given such true signs of respect and affection. He assisted her on this occasion with incredible care; he helped in changing her bed, and served her better and more adroitly than any of her women.

The queen-mother, noticing all his care, his assiduity, his anxiety, also the infinite tenderness of Monsieur, who almost never left her, said one day with a great exclamation that she had good children, and seemed to us greatly touched by the proofs she received of their affection during this illness. When the doctors for the second time urged her to take an emetic, she answered that as her illness continued, and the public prayers offered up for her health had not obtained it, it must be believed that God willed her to be ill; that she consented to take ordinary remedies, but would have no others, and that she wished to suffer as much as it pleased God to let her.

On the fortieth day of her illness, the doctors, urged by her attendants, who never ceased representing to them that many persons had been cured of the same malady by the powder of vipers, seemed willing to give it to her. But as doctors are men who usually disapprove of what they do not practise, they finally gave her quinine. This remedy took away the fever, that is to say, it stopped it for some time by arresting the humour; but it left her mind clouded with a sort of stupor that seemed alarming. She was kept, by their orders, sixteen days in this state, without being purged,

because they feared to bring back the fever by the operation of medicine.

At last they purged her, and the fever returned with more violence than ever; this relapse made them the more desirous to give her an emetic. The king begged her earnestly to take that remedy, for which she seemed to have a great aversion. Her confessor also told her that she must do it; that not only was she opposing the will of divine Providence towards her, but that if she did it for the love of God her action would be laudable; on which she consented to do so. She took the emetic twice and was completely cured by this last remedy.

The joy was great at Court on the return of that precious health. The fear of losing the queen-mother had chilled the hearts of all right-minded persons. The poor looked upon her as their mother, and the afflicted as their protectress. During the days when she was in danger the churches were filled with all sorts of persons asking of God the life of the virtuous queen. On fête-days and Sundays her antechamber was full of working-men, who instead of taking a walk as they usually did on those days, came in crowds to know how she was, and in the streets people asked one another for news eagerly and with great affection. God permitted it thus, no doubt, in order to let her receive from the very people by whom she had formerly been so unjustly insulted a public reparation for their past wrong-doing, which their present affection and their true repentance effaced in a manner very honourable to her.

One evening when the queen-mother was beginning to recover, and all her family were assembled around her bed, they began to talk of women's jealousy; on which the queen asked Madame if she would be jealous in case Monsieur gave her just cause for it. Then she answered the young princess,

who had told her no, that in truth it was useless to be so; that she herself felt daily that the sensitiveness of women only hardened the heart of husbands, and what ought to be agreeable to them as a mark of affection, displeased and importuned them. The king, to turn the conversation, asked Madame de Béthune, the queen's lady-in-waiting, a worthy and virtuous woman but rather devoid of sense, whether she had ever been jealous of her husband. She answered no, for he had always been faithful to her. On which the queen, laughing, said in Spanish, in a feeling yet gentle tone, as she rose to go to supper, that in saying that she seemed the silliest of the company; and for her part she could not say as much.

This remark of the queen showed the king clearly that she was better informed than he supposed, and that her silence was more the result of discretion and the fear of displeasing him than of ignorance. I do not know if he was sorry for it; for, being resolved to love Mademoiselle de La Vallière, he may sometimes have desired that the queen's first feelings of distress should pass in order to accustom her to suffering and so enable time, which effaces everything, to soften her pain. This point of cure was not yet reached, however. The queen wept often; but the queen-mother assured her of the king's continued esteem, advising her not to care about the rest. The Duchesse de Navailles, her lady of honour, told her the same; and, moreover, entering generously into the griefs of her mistress, she often represented to the king the justice of her distress. The king, accustomed to be master in his kingdom, chose to be that of minds, wills, and hearts, not only in making himself beloved, but also in making himself feared. He sometimes replied to Madame de Navailles in the tone of an autocrat husband, to whom no obstacles were agreeable, and these stern words were said, no doubt, as much for her as for the queen.

This attachment of the Duchesse de Navailles to the queen displeased the king afresh, and swelled the mass of his annoyance which brought about her coming disaster. She was, nevertheless, sufficiently faithful to the king to defend him to the queen; but, as he did not know this, and saw she was convinced that the queen had just cause to complain, he imagined she was at the bottom of the queen's ill-humour. These thoughts, added to his earlier vexations against her, had their ordinary effect, and led at last to her complete disgrace.

The Comtesse de Soissons, not having succeeded in the scheme she had of attaching the king's heart to one of her friends, became uneasy at what she had done. She believed that Madame de Navailles might have injured her with the queen, and had perhaps let her know the desires she had formed in favour of Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt. To remedy this imaginary evil she wished to make a confidence of her own to the queen as to what had happened. It was said, but I do not know this certainly, that she requested the king to let her repair the ill-offices the Duchesse de Navailles had done her by explaining matters to the queen. The queen-mother being then convalescent, the queen went to drive and often stopped at the Carmelite convent in the rue du Bouloy. She loved the Mère de Reuville, the superior, who with much piety had also much intelligence and merit. It was there that the Comtesse de Soissons, having asked for a secret audience, received it. The intimacy between Madame and the Comtesse de Soissons still continued, and the queen continued also to hate Madame, accusing her of being the one who had taken the king from her, because, on account of Mademoiselle de La Vallière, he was perpetually with her. Madame, on the other hand, who did not like being hated on account of

another person, wished the queen to be fully informed as to all the king's attachments, of which she suspected something. For this reason, Madame aided the Comtesse de Soissons' design of declaring to the queen all that had happened, and of accomplishing in this way what the letter given to Molina had failed to do — the authors of which were not known until much later.

This interview of the Comtesse de Soissons with the queen was of consequence, as much by its own results as by the feelings it produced in the heart of the queen. She first learned in this way of the king's love for Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt, and also of that for Mademoiselle de La Vallière, of which she was not altogether ignorant, but the certainty of which caused her to shed many tears. Her heart knew by its own feelings that it was betrayed, but perhaps it might have wished to still tell itself it was mistaken.

The queen now knew for the first time what had been the fidelity of her lady-of-honour. Returning to the Louvre all full of these things, small in themselves but great in their effects, she shut herself up in her cabinet and told them to Molina. The secret was confided to me that same evening by my friend; and the queen, very justly, informed Madame de Navailles that she knew what she had done for her, and was grateful for it. The queen-mother also knew it, and seeing that she could in this way prove to the king the loyalty to him of the Duchesse de Navailles, whose conduct she approved, she informed the king of it.

Madame de Navailles, by Le Tellier's advice, also spoke to the king, who seemed astonished at what she told him, and asked several questions. Vardes, the intimate friend of the Comtesse de Soissons, happened to enter the apartment of the queen-mother at that moment, and seeing the king leaning against a window, employed in talking and listening

to the Duchesse de Navailles, hurried off to warn his friend. They at once took measures to defend themselves, and the Comtesse de Soissons, to whom the king went on leaving the queen-mother, told him that she thought she ought to warn him that in the conversation she had had with the queen at the Carmelites she found she was fully informed as to what had happened; and she finally convinced him that it was the Duchesse de Navailles who had given the queen the information. The king, unable to discern clearly truth from falsehood, doubted and remained undecided. But being favourably inclined to the Comtesse de Soissons, he finally supposed it to be a tale invented to ruin the princess with him, and to hide the treachery he was convinced that Madame de Navailles did him with the queen. He therefore remained satisfied with the Comtesse de Soissons and much displeased with the Duchesse de Navailles, and it was then that the innocent paid for the guilty, and that I, being a friend of Madame de Navailles, was involved in her misfortune.

The queen-mother sometimes perceived these dislikes which were easily formed in the king's mind against persons whom she protected; but she did not trouble herself about them. She said, without anxiety, that people must always do what was right, and that the king in the depths of his heart had sentiments that were too reasonable to allow of our fearing his resentment in doing our duty. Meantime, however, the distress of the queen did not in the least diminish his attentions and assiduity to Mademoiselle de La Vallière. The only change that he showed in his conduct was that, instead of telling the queen daily that he came from visiting Madame, he now owned freely that he had been elsewhere. This sincerity gave him the pleasure of staying away longer and coming back later, without the

queen being able to complain of it; for it is the misfortune of our sex that men have made the laws and have taken all rigour to themselves out of them; and it is only in heaven that equality of rule will cause each soul to receive according to its works.

About this time, that is to say, in the winter which followed the queen-mother's recovery, the king received the news of the death of the Duchesse de Savoie, his aunt. Eight days later the other Duchesse de Savoie, daughter of Gaston Duc d'Orléans, died also, like a flower that opens in the morning and withers at night; and the Princesse Marguerite, once proposed as our queen, but whose cruel fate had made her Duchess of Parma, followed them closely. Let us consider from this how fragile is the grandeur of the great of this earth, and let us profit by this reflection on the death of these three princesses, the last two of whom were very young.

In the spring of this year (1664) the Court went to Versailles, where we had the finest fêtes in the world, — the king desiring to efface by such enjoyments the memory of past illnesses; but it was on this journey of pleasure that the queen-mother felt the first pains of her cancer. It first appeared as a little swelling on her breast, about which she felt no uneasiness. This was really the cause of her death; for if in the beginning she had sought a remedy, it might perhaps have been easy to avert the fatal results. The queen, who was again pregnant, caused the queen-mother far more joy than her illness caused her pain; and this joy was increased by that of seeing Madame in the same condition, as she had been for five or six months. This trip to Versailles, outwardly so agreeable, was followed by much vexation. Certain excursions which were made displeased the queen-mother; she thought it wrong that Madame de

Brancas, the wife of her chevalier of honour, should have accompanied Mademoiselle de La Vallière; for up to this time the respect felt for the queens had prevented ladies of quality from following the latter. Madame de Brancas was brusque and free, and no observer of the precepts of the Gospel concerning charity to our neighbours. She complained to the king of the reprimand which the queen-mother had given her, and told him that the Comtesse de Flex and the Duchesse de Navailles were the ones who had put the queen-mother in bad humour against her, inveighing against their virtue, which she maintained was very ridiculous.

The king was angry at the annoyance the Comtesse de Brancas had met with in trying to please him; and this trifle was the cause of a coldness between himself and the queen-mother for some time. As the Duc and Duchesse de Navailles were already half out of favour, this complaint of Madame de Brancas struck the heart of the king, already ill-disposed to them, and made a wound which became incurable. It is to be supposed that their old enemy, the Comtesse de Soissons, applied a dressing that was not salutary for them.

Shortly after, the king, followed by the queens and all the Court, went to establish himself at Fontainebleau for part of the summer. It was there that, on a mere word which the Duc de Navailles said to him in speaking of a matter of little consequence relating to the cavalry, the king showed anger to him publicly, and the ruin of himself and wife was determined. They received commands (June, 1664) to give in their resignation of Havre-de-Grâce, of the lieutenancy of the light-horse cavalry, and the office of lady-of-honour. The king, in sending them from Court did not wish to deprive them of property which they had

received and bought; and out of justice and kindness he gave them in compensation for their places nine hundred thousand *livres*.

The queen-mother, who seldom shed tears, wept at their downfall, which happened against her will and in spite of the entreaties that she made to the king in their behalf. She felt their misfortune in every way; for besides their own loss, she had the pain of seeing but too clearly on this occasion that she no longer had much influence with the king. The queen seemed as grieved as she had reason to be; she wept; and in spite of her ordinary timidity, she spoke to the king, as she did us the honour to tell us, with the feeling due to the affection and fidelity of those she was about to lose. She embraced the Duchesse de Navailles and assured her when they parted that she would never forget her.

The Duchesse de Montausier, until then governess of the children of France, was immediately put into the place of the Duchesse de Navailles. According to what I have already said about this lady, it is easy to judge that she was likely to be agreeable to the king; not only because she had fine qualities, but because her merits turned wholly to the fashion of this world; and her mind was filled more with the desire to please and to enjoy all favours here below than with the austere hopes which, according to Christian maxims, promise us eternal felicity.

The queen-mother continued much displeased by the boldness with which Madame de Brancas had spoken against her to the king; and her love for him made her feel painfully the coldness he had shown since the indiscretion of that lady, whom she suspected of continuing to fail in the respect she owed to her. The king and his mother were, in short, at variance, and visibly on bad terms with each other. The vexation of the queen-mother broke out altogether after the dis-

missal of the Duc and Duchesse de Navailles, and the pain she then received made her more sensitive to other things. The king, for this reason, and because he did not like those whom she regretted, let himself be affected by a like feeling, and showed openly that the persons in whom the queen-mother had confidence displeased him.

It was just at this time that the queen-mother thought it wrong of the king to decide an affair, which the Abbé de Prière had brought before the council, in a different manner from that which the king had already promised her. This abbé wished to reform his Order, and as the queen-mother was the protectress of all good objects, she wished to be so of this one in particular; for she esteemed the abbé's piety. He was ill, and she had begged the king to wait until he was better before deciding his affair; but the king, as the queen-mother thought, out of ill-humour to her, ordered the case decided in the abbé's absence; and said, as to this, in the Comtesse de Soissons' apartments that the Abbé de Prière was perfectly well, and that the queen his mother had not told the truth, or something to that effect, which did not seem respectful to her.

This blow wounded her deeply, and, joined to all the rest, increased her sadness and distress. She showed it to the king by her silence; and she inwardly resolved to leave the Court and retire to the Val-de-Grâce. Le Tellier, knowing the condition in which the king and his mother then were, did what he could to reconcile them, and the Abbé Montague also; but they did not succeed. These two royal persons were both angry, and neither could resolve to speak to the other. On one of the days when their vexation was in full force, the king, being with the queen-mother in the cabinet of her apartment, Monsieur and Madame went out, leaving them alone intentionally, in order to force them to be recon-

ciled; but the king, after standing for some time looking out of the window, made a low bow to the queen-mother and went away without saying a word.

I was not then at Fontainebleau; nevertheless, I know as well as if I had been present that she was keenly hurt, and that she said soon after to Monsieur, with a heart full of sorrow, "You see how he treats me!" She passed into her little room leaning upon him, going by way of the terrace to avoid the eyes of those who filled her large cabinet. There she wept much with Monsieur, and said to another person (Donna Maria Molina) who was near her, and from whom I heard this subsequently: "Do you think we spoke together, the king and I, in the cabinet? I assure you no; we came out in the same state in which we went in."

That evening she declined to sup with her family because she was really ill. The king, coming to her room at the hour of the meal (for they spoke to each other in public), met the queen who was returning to her own apartment. He asked in much surprise why she was returning before supper; to which she replied that the queen-mother had told her to do so as she could not eat. The king turned pale and seemed confused. He followed the queen, who went to sup in her own apartment; there he stayed, without sitting down, but leaning on the back of the queen's chair. He assumed a good demeanour in presence of spectators, but his heart, very estimable in this, suffered pain and made him feel that he was guilty towards that worthy mother who had loved him so much, and whom until now he had always honoured.

The next morning Señora Molina entering the queen-mother's oratory was surprised to find her in tears. The Molina wished to retire, fearing to offend her by the liberty she had taken in opening the door, which few persons would have ventured to do during her hours for prayer; but the

queen-mother called her back, not trying to conceal the state in which she was, and made her a sign to put herself on the ground beside her. She did so; and after asking, in Spanish, what troubled her, the queen-mother, looking at her fixedly with eyes filled with sorrow and tears, replied with these words only: *Ay! Molina, estos hijos!* — "Ah! Molina, these children!" Then, after thus slightly discharging her heart upon her she sent her away.

This virtuous princess, seeking the most solid consolations that a Christian can receive, had that day made her devotions, and her confessor had ordered her to speak to the king first, and to listen no longer to either her vexation or her sorrow. She had resolved to do this; thinking it right to sacrifice her feelings to God. She now thought of nothing else than of speaking to the king; but she did me the honour to tell me shortly after that it was not without pain, and that the humiliations she feared she might encounter caused her to suffer some anguish.

The king, on his side, ill-satisfied with himself through his natural goodness, went to see her with the sincere intention of being reconciled with her; but the strong desire the queen-mother had of obeying God made her hasten, when she saw the king enter her room, to be the first to speak to him. She did me the honour to say, in telling me of these things, that she was indeed well satisfied with the king, and that God had fully rewarded her for the sacrifice she had meant to make to Him.

The king spoke to her in a manner both affectionate and submissive; he asked her pardon on his knees, he wept with sorrow for having failed in duty towards her, and he showed her feelings so tender and respectful that she had good reason to bless God for having given her *estos hijos* — these children — who sometimes made her suffer, for none

are perfect, but who gave her, oftener still, causes for joy and consolation. The king owned to her that he had not slept all night, from the uneasiness he had felt in having displeased her; and as she had made known to Le Tellier the desire she often had to retire to the Val-de-Grâce, of which he had warned the king, the latter begged her earnestly to think of it no more, and urged her to give him her word that she would never leave him.

These two royal persons thus communicating to each other their resentment and their repentance, became even more content and satisfied with their mutual affection than if they had had no fear of losing it; they knew its greatness the better through this recovery of it. The king told his joy to Le Tellier and said to him, as the minister himself related to me when I saw him, that if the queen his mother had not begun to speak first to him, he had gone there with the intention to make all the advances; owning to Le Tellier that he could not live happy without her, and that the affection he had for the queen-mother would have obliged him to do all things to recover her good-will.

After this happy peace, the queen-mother, a mother not only in tenderness but a true Christian mother, resuming at once her sentiments of virtue and wisdom, did not fail to speak to the king of the state in which he then was. She told him that he was too intoxicated with his own greatness; that he set no limits to either his desires or his vengeance. She represented to him the peril in which he stood as regarded his salvation; and said all she could to bring him back to his own self, and to oblige him to at least desire to break the chains that bound him to sin.

He replied to her heartily, with tears of sorrow that came from the depths of his heart, where he still had some remains of his past piety, that he knew his wrong-doing;

that he felt at times the pain and the shame of it; that he had done what he could to restrain himself from offending God, and from giving way to his passions; but that he was compelled to own to her they had now become stronger than his reason; that he could no longer resist their violence, nor did he even feel the desire to do so. He said that he had long disputed against himself about asking women of quality to attend on Mademoiselle de La Vallière; but at last he had resolved that, as she desired it, it must be done, and he begged his mother not to oppose it.

That august mother told him that it was something to know that he did wrong, for from that he could see that God had not wholly abandoned him; but that he should take care not to irritate Him entirely; and she begged him at least to pray for the favour of good desires and that of doing better. As the king had just expelled the Duc de Navailles and his wife, the queen-mother told him she was resolved not to speak to him again of their misfortune, seeing that all her entreaties had been useless; but that solely in the interests of his own fame, she wished to tell him he must consider that he had driven them away because they had virtue. He answered that he could not conquer himself on that point any more than on the rest, and that he chose to avenge himself on the husband and wife; adding that the Comtesse de Flex and I were two other persons whom he had some desire to dismiss, and that he had thought of doing it a score of times.

The queen-mother was astonished at what he said to her of the Comtesse de Flex and me. She did what she could to assure him of the innocence of her lady of honour and her good intentions. She owed this to the esteem she felt for her and to the rank Madame de Flex held beside her. The danger was then over; it never returned, and I do not

know if that lady ever knew of it. The king also admitted to the queen-mother that Madame de Brancas had told him certain things against her which might have produced still further trouble between them; but he showed her at the same time that, with the feelings he had in his heart, it would have been difficult to do so. After these explanations, the queen-mother remained as much afflicted at the state of the king's mind as she was satisfied with his affection and sincerity; which obliged her to redouble her own prayers and have many others put up for him.

The things that I have just told will show that the king had great contradictions within him; that his virtues were mingled with much that opposed them; and that, bearing in himself the common nature of human frailty, he was not always virtuous nor always just. Nevertheless, I cannot avoid saying that, to my mind, there was strength in the acknowledgment he made of his weakness, and much Christian humility in blaming himself for his injustices. We must not expect that men, in order to be worthy of high esteem and be placed in the rank of heroes, should be exempt from faults. There are none such; God alone is perfect. Cæsar, Augustus, Constantine, Theodosius, all committed crimes, and their passions triumphed over their reason and their equity. The difference between them and those whose memory is dishonoured is that their virtues surpassed their vices; that they knew them, and were at least ashamed of them; that by their own sentiments they distinguished good from evil, and esteemed the one while they condemned the other. Those among these great men who were Christians did more; they did penitence for the wrongs they committed. We must hope that the king followed their example in this as he did in the great things which made them admirable.

The queen-mother, seeing the king's ill-will in regard to me, had the goodness to feel anxious about it; and thinking that at the moment when my nearest friends were driven away the air of the Court was not good for me, she did me the favour to send me word not to come there; so that I remained in Paris awaiting her orders until matters softened down again. When I had the honour of seeing her later at Vincennes, where the Court went to stay some time, she related to me all the particulars that I have just written, which few persons have known. The Molina told me of the tears which she had seen the queen-mother shed in her oratory.

XI.

1664 — 1665.

During the stay of the Court at Fontainebleau Madame gave birth to a son, at which the queen-mother showed great joy, and the king seemed to feel as much as if it were a gift of heaven to himself. The child was called the Duc de Valois to resuscitate in him that illustrious branch which has given so many great kings to France.

After these events, the Court returned to Vincennes, where I had the honour of again seeing the queen-mother. In consequence of a long conversation with her, I thought it necessary to speak to the king. I did so; and I entreated him to believe that as I was faithful to my friends, I was more so to my master; and that it was impossible for me, with my sentiments, to fail in that first duty. He looked favourably at me, and did me the honour to reply quite obligingly; that is to say, in his usual way, — few syllables, but such as restored to me life and strength to endure the frequent vexations of that evil place, which we hate, often with good reason, but still persist in loving.

On the 4th of October the queen-mother, having come from Vincennes to visit the Carmelites, was taken ill at the latter place. She had sickness at the stomach and a species of faintness. From there she went to sleep at the Val-de-Grâce, where she had a bad night. The next day the king, hearing of her illness and that she could not return to Vincennes, started at eight in the evening and galloped to Paris to visit her; showing by his eagerness and his anxiety that his affection for her had strong roots in his heart. The

queen-mother was touched, and showed her gratitude by the praises she gave him.

One day, after her return to Vincennes and while she still kept her chamber, the king brought Mademoiselle de La Vallière to her. He was not afraid that the queen would see her, because she was ill herself. But when she knew that the girl was in the queen-mother's room, playing cards with the king and Monsieur and Madame, she was excessively distressed; and as I happened to be with her at the time she commanded me to go and speak of it to the queen-mother. I found her in her oratory apparently much grieved at what the king had done. As soon as she saw me she blushed; and seeing only too well in her eyes that she divined my embassy, I said nothing about it to her. I closed the door of her retreat, and my respectful silence made her understand even better than words all that I feared to say to her. The part she had had in this little incident being only forced compliance, her reflections made her suffer much; so that the next day she talked of it with the queen her daughter, and I know that they continued satisfied with each other.

As for me, I returned to sleep in Paris without going back to the queen; for, not being able to take her any consolation from my errand, I trusted in the prudence of the queen-mother, whom I knew too well to doubt that she would employ it fully.

I cannot, in this connection, refrain from telling an incident which will show how the people of a Court have, as a usual thing, their hearts and minds corrupted and filled with the wicked maxims of the world. At the moment when the queen had commanded me to go and speak to the queen-mother, I met on my way Madame de Montausier, who was delighted with the very thing that filled the queen with de-

spair. She said to me with a great exclamation of joy: "Do you see, madame, what an admirable action the queen-mother has done in being willing to receive La Vallière? That is the action of a very clever woman and a politician. But," added the lady, "she is so weak that we can scarcely hope she will sustain her action as she ought." I was truly astonished to see how in the comedy of the world difference of sentiment makes different personages act. Not wishing to answer her, I hurried on like a person who had business which did not allow her to stop and listen.

The Duc de Montausier, who had the reputation of a man of honour, gave me, about the same time, but on another subject, equal pain; for, in speaking of the anger the queen-mother had felt against the Comtesse de Brancas, he said to me these very words: "Ah! truly, the queen-mother is very ludicrous to think it wrong in Madame de Brancas to be obliging to the king in keeping company with Mademoiselle de La Vallière. If she were clever and wise she would be very glad if the king were to fall in love with Mademoiselle de Brancas; for being the daughter of a man who is her chief servant, he and his wife and daughter would do her good offices with the king." — We owe all to God, and nothing should be in our hearts or wills above Him. He commands us to obey the king, but that obedience is not to be given in matters contrary to divine law. On that principle, I leave casuists to decide as to the quality of the sentiments expressed by M. and Madame de Montausier.

I answered M. de Montausier that I seemed to have remarked in history that Catherine de' Medici was dishonoured by showing just such compliance to the kings her children; and that I should be sorry, from the interest I took in the fame of Anne of Austria, if she were capable of doing likewise.

On the 10th of October the whole Court left Vincennes to go to Versailles and pass a few days in certain amusements which the king had been preparing for it. The queen, who was then far advanced in pregnancy, had pains in the thighs which caused anxiety; she did not wish to go upon this trip, fearing to miscarry; for she liked to take care of herself in pregnancy. The king, to persuade her, and cure her anxiety and her tears, took pains himself to invent a chair which was like a portable bed, and which the queen admitted she found very comfortable. As it was advantageous to the king to have children, and as journeys are always dangerous to women in this condition, it would seem that he ought, out of prudence, to have preferred the preservation of the queen to his own pleasures. But the king was of an age when the heart almost always carries the day over everything.

On the day the queen left Vincennes she came in her machine to dine at her favourite Carmelites; where she told the nuns of her griefs. The queen-mother went straight to Versailles; and on her return from this little journey she stopped at the convent of Sainte-Marie de Chaillot, where I was. She did us the honour (Mère La Fayette, superior of the convent, my sister, and myself) to tell us of the distress she had had at Versailles from the vexed and jealous humour of the queen, who, she said, had not enough experience of the world nor sufficient force of mind to sustain herself in it as she could have wished.

On the 4th of November the queen was taken dangerously ill. Her illness began with a tertian fever attended by unfortunate accidents. She had great pains in the legs, and these, which were very violent, were followed by her delivery at eight months of a princess who lived but a few days. The next day, the queen had convulsions which

made them fear her death. The king, following the law of astounding contradictions which existed in him, as in some other men, showed very tender sentiments for the queen. He wept, and in his grief, besides the marks he gave her of his affection, he showed his faith. He distributed quantities of money to the poor, and he sent to the prisons to release the prisoners; he made vows for the life of a queen he esteemed for her virtue and could not dislike in view of her beauty and her timid, respectful, and submissive tenderness. He said to the Maréchal de Villeroy, while she was in travail, that although it would be a great misfortune for him to lose a child, he could be consoled for that, provided God did him the favour to preserve the queen's life, and also that his child could be baptized. God restored the queen to the king, the queen-mother, and to France. She recovered on the 18th of November, after taking an emetic.

The queen-mother for some time past, and particularly during this illness of the queen, had felt much pain in her breast. As she had too long neglected this ailment, she was astonished to see that in a very short time it had grown notably worse. By the yellow colour of her face we could see that the anxiety she had felt during the queen's illness had injured her. She had consulted doctors at the beginning of this strange malady, and they had then applied hemlock, which did her no good. At first she had the intention, as she did me the honour to tell me, of putting herself in the hands of Vallot, the king's head physician, who, being versed in the knowledge of simples and chemistry, ought, it seemed, to know the specific remedies for this disease. But he showed such feebleness in supporting his opinion against those that were opposed to it, that she was disgusted with him.

Seguin, who was her own doctor, was a man learned in

the manner of the Faculty of Paris, which is to bleed always and use no other remedies. He had no experience, for he came when young into the service of the queen. To increase the misfortune, he was self-willed and valued no one's advice; being without knowledge of any remedies suitable for the queen-mother's malady, he merely opposed those that were suggested; so that in the beginning all was indecisive, and during this suspension the disease became so strong that extreme remedies had to be sought at once. The queen-mother, finding succour in no one, was compelled to abandon herself to the wrangling of men who tortured her more than her disease.

Her attendants had each their private opinion as to the course she ought to follow; some were for Vallot, others were against him; and because she was so great and so beloved, she found herself without ability to receive comfort or remedy from any of those who ought to have given it to her. I often saw her in those days at the feet of God, recognizing, with pain, all that she lacked, but having ever the utmost confidence in His divine providence, and saying, as she had often said on other occasions, "God will help me; if he permits that I shall be afflicted with the terrible disease that seems to threaten me, what I suffer will no doubt be for my salvation; and I hope," she said, "that He will give me strength to bear it with patience." She added to these words that having seen cancers in the nuns of the Val-de-Grâce, who had died all rotten, she had always had a horror of this disease, so terrible to her imagination; but that if God permitted that she should be attacked by it she must have patience; that He was the master, and it was right to bless Him at all times.

She continued to put the hemlock on her breast though it seemed to make it worse. I told this to Vallot. He

answered coldly that if he had been alone, seeing how adverse that remedy was to her, he would have left it off two weeks earlier. I was surprised to see how such small civilities could hinder a man from telling the truth and maintaining it, and make him risk the life of so great a princess and one so useful to the world. I went at once to tell the queen-mother, who, without murmuring at this barbarity, merely said to me, though she coloured in saying it, " We must have patience."

It was at Christmas, at the Val-de-Grâce, that her malady suddenly declared itself very great and incurable. She had a bad night; and when, the next day, the doctors examined her they found her breast in such a state that they were astonished. She saw their surprise on their faces; and her women, who saw it also, began to weep; she herself showed no affliction, and made no complaint; but, after letting it be seen by the emotion of her face that she was not insensible, she reproved and consoled them by making them feel her entire submission to the will of God. She told the king, who came to see her after her dinner, and Monsieur, who had been with her all day, that she begged them not to be troubled by this event; that she was quite content to die; that it was but a few years more or less; and that she esteemed herself happy in that God would let her in this way do penance for her sins. A consultation was immediately ordered of the most celebrated physicians and surgeons in Paris. They all pronounced it a cancer, and said it was now beyond remedy. The king, following the first inclination of the queen-mother, commanded that she should be attended by Vallot, his head-physician.

She herself thought well of this, although the disease seemed to have grown much worse from what he had latterly applied. But soon, finding that his remedies did not relieve

her, she let herself listen to the advice of several persons urging her to send for a poor village priest, named Gendron, who nursed the sick poor and had acquired a reputation for this charitable work. She saw him at the Val-de-Grâce; and Seguin, her physician, who saw that Vallot had been so far unable to benefit her, advised her to put herself in the hands of this man. The queen-mother followed his advice with some hope of cure, or at least of prolonged life, for Gendron promised to harden her breast like stone; declaring that after that she would live as long as if she had no cancer.

But Gendron did not speak in good faith; for, besides the fact that his remedy was new and that he had never tried it enough to answer for it, a young lady whom we knew soon after, and to whom he had given it, became much worse, and her breast had opened. The remedy was hot, and consequently violent. The queen-mother felt great pain from it; but she had now begun to form within herself a resolution to accustom herself to suffering. During the day she dressed as usual, and amused herself in the best manner possible for her. Her nights were bad; those who slept in her chamber said she seldom slept; but all the ills she had were known more by their own visible magnitude than by her complaint of them. She did me the honour to tell me one day, when I was alone with her in her oratory, that she believed she should die of this malady, but perhaps not at present.

In this way she passed the whole winter, during which her suffering was very great; it could be seen in her eyes and on her face, but, as it was still endurable, her mind was soothed by Gendron's promises as to the prolongation of her life. Little by little, however, the cancer grew worse and began to open, which gave great anxiety to all about her.

During this time, many other persons boasted of possessing great secrets; assuring the queen-mother that they could cure her if she would put herself in their hands. Among them was a certain Lorrain, named Alliot, who had written to me, and who had shown us a young lady who was almost cured by him. She had been worse than the queen-mother, and the good constitution of the latter gave us reason to hope that she might resist the disease, and that remedies, aided by her natural strength, could master it. But, in spite of all promises, instead of finding health and life in any art, we saw her hastening to her end by the path of a terrible and hard penance.

The last apparent imperfection that virtuous minds could notice in this great princess was that, bearing death in her breast, she was still a little too much attached to love of her person. Habit had a great deal to do with this; and her firmness, which prevented her from fearing death, kept her free from anxiety, and made her act as if she were in full health, forgetting none of the cares she owed to herself. Some of these she gave to her cleanliness and to her attire; being convinced that her quality of queen, which placed her before the public, obliged her to do so. She took none, however, that could shock propriety; so that instead of blaming her, this intrepidity in keeping herself at all times equal to her best self personally ought to be placed in the rank of moral virtues.

But, as I do not wish that the private respect I preserve for her memory should make me judge perhaps, too advantageously of her sentiments, and as what I write is a simple recital of the truth, without which history would become a ridiculous fable, I own that, speaking according to the precepts of Saint Paul, it is to be wished, for the edification of the public, that this great queen had, by greater detach-

ment from these trifles, shown in her exterior person that God alone reigned within her. On the other hand, according to the same apostle, all things work for good to those who love God; and we saw clearly that the recollection of this weakness, which was entirely innocent, produced in her the strength to suffer willingly. The sincere sense she had of her nothingness gave her grandeur, and her repentance for the regard she had felt in her youth for the beauty of her body was the cause of the saintliness of her death.

While the queen-mother suffered, and the king was engaged with his business and his pleasures in the spring of 1665, the unfaithfulness of his friends made him aware of the innocence of those he had formerly cast aside. If he was not in a state to be willing to repent of having done so, at least he must have seen by his reason that nothing is more uncertain than the judgment of men. To make plain what I shall now relate, we must return to the year 1662. Madame, having at last let it be seen that she did not hate the Comte de Guiche, had to bear what the queen-mother and her own mother, the Queen of England, thought proper to do against her. Montalais, one of her maids of honour, was sent away for having been the depositary of her secrets; and the king, for the sake of Monsieur's peace, again exiled the guilty count and sent him to Poland. Monsieur, from feelings that seemed incompatible, loved the whole family of Gramont, and the Comte de Guiche himself had been his favourite until the moment when he was exiled in 1662. In spite of this first affair, Monsieur consented that the Princess of Monaco (who had returned from the exile into which, as I have said elsewhere, the queen-mother had sent her) should be the declared confidant of Madame. He had made, as I have already said, Madame de Saint-Chaumont, aunt of the Comte de Guiche, governess of his children.

Lord Montague, to please Madame and the family of Gramont, who reigned in the little court some time after the trouble that had been made against Madame, urged the queen-mother to consent to the return of the unfortunate Comte de Guiche, who, environed by the false glory of the world, no doubt considered himself happy to suffer for so fine a cause. The queen-mother, too easy of persuasion as to this, consented to his return, but on condition that the criminal should never be in the same place with Madame. The Comte de Guiche accordingly returned to France, and went to see the king at Marsal, who received him favourably; Monsieur treating him as he ought, — that is to say, with some coldness.

On his return the Comte de Guiche manifested a desire to obey strictly the orders he had received. Monsieur thought they were obeyed; and the ease with which he persuaded himself of this came no doubt from the good opinion that he had of Madame; who, as soon as Montalais was dismissed, effaced all suspicions from his mind and heart by an avowal of the past (which was not criminal) with what had seemed to Monsieur sincerity. He consoled himself for his griefs with the queen-mother as being his best friend, and he often acted by her advice. She, while blaming the outward conduct of Madame, believed her to be full of innocence; and wishing to correct her faults, she worked with all her might for their mutual happiness; but without success.

Madame, on the return of the Comte de Guiche, did not lack confidants through whom to receive news of him; and hence the affair had great consequences. I am ignorant of the details, and only know a few particulars. What appeared to the public was that the Comte de Vardes, an intimate friend of the Comte de Guiche and the Comtesse de

Soissons, had entered into Madame's confidence. The story goes that, in the absence of the exiled one, and even after his return, the friend had tried to injure him with the princess, and that having formed a design to hold her bound to himself through fear of the harm he could do to her, he advised her to recover her letters and those of the Comte de Guiche from Montalais, who held them, and who, in spite of her dismissal, had been clever enough to save them and carry them away with her. I know for a certainty that Madame, not perceiving the malice of this advice, consented, and gave Vardes a note by which to obtain the letters from Montalais; and that when he saw himself their possessor he had the treachery to keep them, in spite of Madame, who did all she could to oblige him to give them up. I know too, that the princess, outraged by his perfidy, was very angry not only with him but also with the Comtesse de Soissons, whom she suspected of being concerned with him in doing her this outrage.

It was said that Vardes had wished to join love with ambition, and that his craft and his sentiments acted together with a view to triumph over Madame's heart. I know nothing of this, for I never had any intercourse with him, and I cannot give a just description of the duplicity of his soul; but it is certain that a mixture of so many passions must produce bad things; and that is what happened. The two ladies quarrelled; the Comte de Guiche and Vardes became rivals and enemies; all of which gave birth to hatred and jealousy among these four persons.

The Comtesse de Soissons, who pretended to have reason to complain of Madame, threatened her with telling the king all that she asserted had been done by Madame and the Comte de Guiche against him; but Madame, fearing these threats, was forced, as it were, to forestall them, and to con-

fess all the past to the king. By this confession he learned that the letter written to the queen purporting to come from the Queen of Spain, and given to Molina in 1662, was the invention of Vardes, and written by the hand of the Comte de Guiche before his exile; and he also learned the truth of the conversation between the queen and the Comtesse de Soissons at the Carmelites.

The Comtesse de Soissons, on her side, hoping to justify herself to the king, told him that besides the letter which Madame avowed, the Comte de Guiche had written others to her in which the king was called a braggart and spoken of in a manner that could not please him, and in which, also, the count did all he could to make the princess advise her brother, the King of England, not to sell Dunkerque to the king.

All these matters were amply cleared up by his Majesty. He even required declarations written by the hand of the Comte de Guiche, who denied a part of these things, but admitted the letter written by Vardes and translated into Spanish by himself for the purpose of exciting the queens to hatred of La Vallière.

When at last these intrigues were brought to light, on a day when the queen-mother was more ill than usual, we saw the king have a long conversation with her, and then take Madame and shut himself up with her several times. The Comtesse de Soissons also had long conferences with him; but she would never own to him having had any share in the letter written to the queen in 1662, although, according to all appearances it must have been she who picked up in the queen's room the cover of a letter directed in the Queen of Spain's handwriting, which served to envelop the missive.

The king asked the queen the truth about the conversation the Comtesse de Soissons had had with her at the

Carmelites. The queen told him only the lesser things, not desiring to ruin her. But this kindness did not prevent her dismissal. Vardes, who was already exiled for having said, in the beginning of the quarrel and before its outbreak, certain disrespectful things of Madame, was sent as a prisoner to the citadel of Montpellier; and, on the 30th of March, 1665, the Comte and Comtesse de Soissons left the Court with secret orders to retire to one of their estates.[1]

On that very day, March 30th, a person very well informed on this whole affair (Le Tellier), meeting me in the queen-mother's apartment, said to me in a low voice that no one at Court gained more than I did on that day; and then he told me that the king had long been undecided as to the suspicions he had of me about the letter written against him and given to Molina; and that doubt had, until then, given him an ill-feeling towards me.

To finish the fate of the Comte de Guiche, the hero of this bit of history. He was exiled for the third time and ended his romantic adventures in Holland. The passion that he had for Madame brought him many misfortunes, but vanity, of which he seemed but too susceptible, no doubt took away their bitterness.

The author of all these intrigues being now exiled without hope of return, Madame seemed to wish to change her conduct; she lived on better terms with the queen-mother, and apparently thought only of amusing herself by sharing with the king the honourable pleasures that are considered necessary at a Court, and in pleasing every one in general. As she had much intelligence and penetration, and could talk

[1] Olympe Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons; she fled from France some years later, with her sister, Marianna, Duchesse de Bouillon, on being compromised in the trial of the poisoner, Madame Voisin. It was rumoured after this that she poisoned the Queen of Spain in a cup of milk. She led a roving life and died in great poverty at Brussels in 1708. — TR.

rationally on many subjects, those who had the honour of being with her believed that there were moments when, through her own experience, she had almost understood that the charms of life, which she sought with such eagerness, are not capable of wholly satisfying the human heart. But she was not yet in a state to fully understand that truth; she saw it only from afar and through such mists that it was impossible she could be wholly touched by it.

The spring weather having stirred in the mind of the king a desire to go to Saint-Germain, many persons counselled the queen-mother not to go there; but she wished to follow him, saying that if she was to die she liked as well it should be there as in Paris; so the whole Court started on the 20th of May. The king proposed to the queen-mother to make this journey in a boat; but she wished to go in a chair that she might stop on the way at Sainte-Marie de Chaillot, to see once more, so she said, that poor convent. I shall venture to say that my sister, a nun of that house, had a large share in this visit, for the queen esteemed her, and Mère La Fayette being dead, there was no one in the convent but my sister whom she cared for; but for this very reason I shall all my life regret the visit; for the agitation of the journey did her much harm. She dined there, and told us she felt more pain in her breast than usual, though she seemed no less tranquil; on the contrary, she expressed much joy in seeing the place once more, having always honoured it with her royal protection. The next day she put herself into Monsieur's barge and went by water to join the king at Saint-Germain.

On the 27th of May, of a Thursday morning, the queen-mother had a severe chill, which she felt while at mass. She would not speak of it, fearing to trouble a pleasure-party on which the queen and Madame were going; and

therefore said nothing until the princesses had departed; then she owned to those who thought she looked ill, that it was true she believed she had a fever and that she felt very cold. She went to bed and the chill lasted six hours. It was followed by intense heat; after which an erysipelas appeared which covered the arm and shoulder on the side of the cancer.

At this news I went to Saint-Germain, where I was not living at that time. I found the queen-mother with a very high fever, and Vallot had told the king that morning that she ought to be confessed. As soon as she saw me, she did me the honour to speak to me, asking me at what hour I left Paris, and how and when I had heard of her illness; seeming to me in the frame of mind she was always in; that is to say, tranquil, firm, and without any agitation which could show that her soul was troubled.

At this moment the Abbé Montague approached her to speak of confession and her will, to which I saw her listen without losing anything of the calmness of which I have just spoken. I heard her say to him: "You give me pleasure; these are the truest and most solid marks of friendship." Following these words, she spoke to Tubeuf, one of her principal officers; she talked with him about her affairs, but in a manner so reposeful, in a mental peace so perfect, that it is impossible to express its beauty. She spoke to other of her officers; and then concluded with Tubeuf alone what she had to say to him. She asked him to write down a memorandum for her will, recalling him several times to tell him of things which she remembered.

There was some difficulty about her jewels, which she had long intended to leave to Monsieur for Mademoiselle; often saying that she wished to give them to her granddaughter, who was poor, for the king's children would have enough

without hers. But the king showed that he was not content with this: he wanted the queen-mother's large pearls to increase the crown-jewels, which, to tell the truth, were not very fine; and he thought these pearls should remain with the head of the royal house. The queen, too, without, perhaps, caring much for diamonds and pearls, but out of a species of jealousy she felt of Monsieur and Madame, desired to have her share, and even commanded me to speak to the queen-mother about it; but I thought this ought not to be done. I took the liberty of advising her to let the king act, as he had a just right to demand them, and I tried to stifle in her this little sentiment which would doubtless have given great pain to the queen-mother. I saw that the queen did not like it; for all great personages choose to be obeyed. She fancied that I acted thus to serve Monsieur, but that prince knew nothing about it and never rewarded me. This is what usually happens at a Court; in doing right in regard to great people you will always lose; and you gain nothing but anxiety at having displeased them.

All these matters settled themselves without any change appearing in the royal family. It was arranged that Le Tellier should draw up the will; and through the equity of the king, who paid for the pearls, Monsieur was satisfied. But the king and he were more touched by the state of the queen their mother than by any desire to possess the property she left them. They had a true intention to love each other and preserve the union which had hitherto always existed between them; self-interests could not disunite them. I even think that the greatest interests and those which have caused so many wars and troubles between brothers of the blood-royal will never be able to do it in this case.

The queen-mother, after having made the plan of her will remained in a state of great repose. The queen having come

to her, she told her before me in Spanish, to send word to her confessor to come to her that evening. She herself had no confessor, having sent away a former one for sufficient reasons. Since then she had employed the queen's confessor, who was Spanish, a good ecclesiastic and a good man, but simple; perhaps too much so to confess a queen who had been regent. I believe she had already prepared herself for this last journey by several other confessions; and I imagine that her long retreats at the Val-de-Grâce had been employed in this sacred exercise; but I know nothing specially about it; I only hope it may have been so, and that she received much benefit from heaven.

After the queen-mother had put her affairs in order, she called the king and made every one leave her room, the door of which remained open. He was more than half an hour with her; and we saw that when he left her he flung himself on some seats on the other side of her bed, where he wept bitterly. We heard afterwards that his mother, when he was beside her weeping many tears, told him to go; because he would affect her too much if he continued to show such grief; and the king was compelled to do so, for his sobs strangled him.

The next day, feeling better, she said to Tubeuf, superintendent of her household, that she saw that her disease would not hurry her, and therefore he might return to Paris; that if her fever increased she would send for him; but that meantime, he was to draw up her will in conjunction with Le Tellier.

Sunday, the day of the Holy Trinity, the queen-mother seemed better of her fever, which, since the day of the great chill, had been continued, sometimes with paroxysms. It was now not so violent, and conversation went on about her bed very agreeably. She commanded us to keep up a little

murmur of talk, which, in spite of her sufferings, might send her into a doze for some moments. I say for some moments, for, in the state in which she was, though she made no complaints, it was impossible for her to find repose. She had to suffer the burning of the fever and of the erysipelas, which covered well-nigh half her body; her arm, on the side of the cancer, was so thick and swollen that they had been obliged to cut the sleeve of her chemise that morning to take it off; she had to bear the pain of her cancer, the worst of all suffering; she had to face the approach of death, which she saw coming towards her with great strides; but her constancy was greater even than her malady, and by this virtue, or rather by the grace God gave her, she might have said with Seneca, but in a more admirable manner because she would have spoken as a Christian: "Fever, cancer, erysipelas, anguish, you do me no hurt, for nothing that God commands can be called evil."

On the Eve of Saint John I was sitting at the feet of the two queens in a little cabinet close to the bedroom of the queen-mother. She felt a little better, and was now beginning to sit up. The two princesses talked together of things that are nothing in reality, but seem to be great events when they happen and when they fill the mind and heart of those who feel them — they were speaking of certain particulars of the king's love for Mademoiselle de La Vallière. The queen, feeling touched by the consolation to be found in confidence and affection, suddenly turned to the queen-mother, and looking at her tenderly, said in Spanish with tears in her eyes: "My troubles will be nothing, provided God preserves to me my mother. But," she continued, looking at me, "if I lose her, what have I?"

The queen-mother, seeing that these words made me bow my head, looked at the queen and then at me, and said, in

a gentle, tranquil manner: "Here are both of you in tears; but do you not see that you and all who love me must resolve to see me die soon, for indeed I cannot escape; and death is so present to me that when I find I have lived another day it seems a wonder I did not expect."

The king neglected nothing that concerned the life of the queen his mother. He ordered experiments to be made by those who desired to treat her. He talked of them often to her, and worked with great persistency in trying to find remedies and physicians; but while he employed himself in discovering the one with the most skill and efficacy time was passing, and the queen's malady was becoming day by day more incurable.

I hoped more in that Alliot of Lorraine than in all the others, and I urged the queen to employ him, for Vallot and Guenaud, physicians to the king and queen, who had visited the patients whom he treated, esteemed him, and seeing nothing better to do, advised the queen-mother to employ him. She had heard it said that his remedies were violent; she dreaded them and could not resolve to abandon herself to his management; she felt he was destined — not to cure her, but — to be her executioner; and one of my keenest distresses is to have known him and to have had a share in the resolution she finally took to employ him. He was a man, and therefore a liar; he assured us so strongly that he could cure the queen with his remedy that it was impossible not to let one's self be caught by that winning thought; all the more because he was a doctor by profession, esteemed in his own region, and already accredited, as I have just said, among our best physicians.

Though the queen-mother seemed fully convinced of the shortness of the time she had to live, if any person entered her chamber to whom she did not wish to show her suffer-

ings, she immediately put on a smiling face, talked to them of things she knew would please them, entered into their interests and their affairs, into their needs and their afflictions, and without thinking of her own ills, remembered those of others and gave them comfort by her charitable care, her words, her benefactions and her protection with the king.

During this little interval of amendment, the king went to Versailles to spend some time. He took with him the queen and Monsieur and Madame. A few days later the Queen of England returned to France because the air of London did not agree with her. She came to drink the waters of Bourbon which she had always found salutary to her ailments. She arrived on the 25th of July, and on the same day the queen-mother became worse. She had great lassitude, with some fever, and was two days in this state, the doctors saying it was nothing; but on the third day a tumour came out under her arm on the opposite side to the cancer. The doctors hoped it would disperse; but the hope was vain, for it was soon evident it would come to a head.

On Saint Anne's day the fever increased very much; the queen-mother suffered great pain, as much from the tumour as from the cancer. The king, who was then at Versailles, came to Saint-Germain to see her. Versailles was the scene of his pleasures and the place he destined for his magnificence, in order to show by its adornment what a great king can do when he spares nothing to satisfy his wishes. He often took Mademoiselle de Vallière there, and Madame was sometimes of the party. The queen-mother, who felt his absence, did me the honour to tell me of the grief it caused her. That virtuous mother spoke to him about it and said (as she told me) that he ought to remember that, in the state in which she then was, his subjects would murmur against

him if they saw him occupied in amusing himself at a time when she was threatened with speedy death. He answered that she was right; that he saw plainly that his pleasures carried him too far, and that he would follow her counsel; which he did.

He went back to Versailles, however, on the same day to receive the Queen of England, who wished on arriving to go there at once to see Madame. But he did not stay long; he came back to the queen-mother on the last day of the month, leaving at Versailles all the ladies, his friends, who cared only for delights and did not trouble themselves about the sufferings of the great princess at Saint-Germain. Her abscess was now to be lanced, and the king returned to her the evening before the operation.

On Sunday, returning from mass at the Récollets, I met persons who told me that the operation was over, and all was going on admirably; for kings are usually said in their guardrooms to be well; and courtiers, who always wish to flatter, would think they failed in the venerable rules of Court policy, if they told the truth even once in their lives. As I entered the queen-mother's chamber, I saw her with the pallor of a person dying of exhaustion, and covered with a cold sweat. The waste of the nervous strength had been very great. Her abscess may perhaps have been opened too soon; great quantities of blood and pus had issued from it, which doubtless caused this distressing faintness. The night had been good; but in the morning the doctors found her pulse intermittent, which they attributed to her fear of suffering. I am convinced they were not mistaken. The firmness of the queen-mother did not proceed from insensibility; on the contrary, no one ever had more apprehension of what may be called personal unpleasantness. The grandeur of her birth had accustomed

her to the use of all delicious things that could contribute to ease of body. And her cleanliness in all such ways was so extreme that it was doubly surprising when we saw how stern her courage made her to herself. Her natural inclinations and the delicacy of her skin made all that was innocently delectable agreeable to her. She loved good perfumes with passion; it was difficult to find cambric fine enough for her sheets and her chemises; and before she could use them they had to be dampened several times to make them soft. Cardinal Mazarin often jested her about this in the days of her perfect health, telling her that if she went to hell she would have no other punishment than that of sleeping in Holland sheets.

The operation that had been performed was an extremely painful one; yet she had uttered no cry and made no complaint, nor had she shown any weakness; on the contrary, the excessive pain, instead of putting her beside herself, having, as it were, bound her more closely to God, she exclaimed when they cut into the abscess, in which it was necessary to reiterate the stabs of the lancet: "Ah! Lord, I offer you these pains; receive them in satisfaction of my sins. I suffer them with a willing heart, O Lord! since you have willed them."

That evening when they dressed the wound it was found dry, withered, and black; the cancer was found in the same bad state. Her pulse was feeble and intermittent, and her weakness, which continued, made the doctors judge that she had but little time to live. They hastened to warn her of the danger she was in, and the Abbé Montague, who had always promised her that he would tell her when it was time to think of dying, approached her to inform her she was now to go. She received the news like a person prepared for the great journey into eternity, whose daily thoughts had

accustomed her to death. She hastened then to do all she had to do before dying; but it was with her usual tranquillity, and the calmness of her soul did not seem troubled by that which troubles most men. She called her confessor; and when she had confessed, they brought her the holy viaticum. All that day she had had the pallor of death upon her face, and she had been in a state of great weakness; but at the sight of her Creator her strength returned to her and her eyes seemed to kindle with love to God.

After this she called the king and Monsieur to her; she spoke some time to the king and begged him, aloud, to love Monsieur; then she said to Monsieur: "As for you, my son, I know I have only to ask you to love the king, to obey him, and to keep yourself united to him all your life, for I am certain you will not fail in this; but I ask you both to love each other for love of me." The two great princes then embraced each other tenderly and pledged themselves, more by their tears than by their words, an eternal friendship. After this, she recommended to the king certain things which she wished him to do, one of which I chanced to hear, namely, to complete the building of the Val-de-Grâce. Then she called all her children, saying to them, "Come my dear children, and receive my blessing." Those four persons — the king, the queen, Monsieur and Madame — threw themselves on their knees before her and kissed her hand, bathing it with their tears, as they received her benediction for themselves and their children. The queen-mother said as she blessed them these fine words, worthy of being noted: that she prayed God to bless them; that she commanded them to honour and fear Him, and conjured them to think of their salvation, which was the only great affair of consequence. Then she begged them to leave her.

Immediately after she called for the Archbishop of Auch,

and told him that she begged him to assist her to die. Other persons came to speak to her on business, but she begged that nothing more might be said to her except of God and what concerned her salvation. The Archbishop of Auch made her a great discourse on the mercies of God, on the terror of His judgments, and on the fear and confidence we ought to have of Him and in Him. I had the honour to be all that night the only woman with her, an honour I hold very dear; the Comtesse de Flex, her lady of honour, being then in Paris with her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Foix, who was dying; and the Duchesse de Noailles, her lady-in-waiting, having gone to some baths.

She desired me to read to her some chapters of Gerson ["Imitation of Jesus Christ"], for she had always loved that book. I did so, and sought, in presence of the Archbishop of Auch, for those which speak of death and the necessity of suffering for Jesus Christ. I took those that were beautiful and fit to comfort her soul. She enjoyed their beauty, and often said as if they consoled her: "Ah! how beautiful that is!" and commanded me to read again the passages that touched her most. The archbishop told her she was quitting a corruptible crown to gain an everlasting one, but that in order to obtain the latter from the mercy of God she must offer Him with sincerity all that she possessed on earth. She answered: "Alas! that sacrifice is a small matter; I value my crown as mud."

The archbishop withdrew and Lord Montague also, to let her rest awhile; and the ladies of the chamber who were watching having gone to sleep on their couches, I remained alone with her. At that moment it seemed as if the human nature within her, weary of such suffering and such tension of mind, demanded repose; but she, feeling that she had slept too much, woke suddenly and turning quickly, though with

an effort, towards me, said, "I do not wish to sleep, for fear I should die without thinking of it." I told her that, thanks to God, I did not think her in that state, and that she had better rest. I then resumed my reading, and after awhile she fell asleep.

At three o'clock they dressed her wound and changed the ointment. Then she slept several hours and on waking said to me that she was surprised her pulse continued to be so bad, for she felt well and much stronger. About eight o'clock Beringhen, her chief equerry (who was called "M. le premier") entered her chamber; he was one of her oldest servitors; I have mentioned him before in these Memoirs. When she saw him, she said: "Monsieur le premier, we must part." He answered coldly according to his usual way of speaking and acting, which seemed all ice: "You can think, madame, with what sorrow your servants receive that verdict; but what consoles us is to see that your Majesty escapes great suffering, and, what is more, great unpleasantness, especially to you who love good odours; for these diseases towards the end have a very bad smell."

The queen-mother had sent for Le Tellier and Tubeuf. They now arrived; and as soon as she saw them she called Mademoiselle de Beauvais, who through her virtue and her merit had acquired in her esteem more confidence, honour, and distinction than her mother. She commanded her to open her cabinet and give her a memorandum written by her own hand, in which were her last wishes. She gave this to Le Tellier and Tubeuf, telling them to write it on her will. Shortly after, she signed her will and sent it to the king, asking him to read it; but he signed it without looking at it. The queen-mother was much gratified by this, and spoke of it publicly as a praiseworthy action and one for which she was much obliged to him. After all these

things, done with such quietude and peace, she fell asleep, and, on waking, her pulse seemed much better. Her wound was dressed, and it was found in a better state, so that they made her take cordials, which did her great good.

After midday, the doctors concluded to purge the queen-mother. They gave her a medicine from which she found relief. On this, a great joy spread about the Court; but as the purgation had disturbed her, her pulse was once more weak and bad, and every one fell back into the alarms of the previous day. However, after taking nourishment, and feeding her soul with a few chapters of the "Imitation," which I read to her, she fell asleep and had a fairly good night.

On Tuesday her pulse changed and became better; she had great pain in her cancer; the wound also caused her much suffering; and yet, in spite of this bad condition, the doctors gave the king and the royal family the agreeable news that she was out of danger.

Her great sufferings were, nevertheless, not ended, and what they called amendment was but the beginning of a fatal and cruel illness. After those two sad days of Sunday and Monday were over, I said to this unshaken princess that I had admired the firmness she had shown at the almost certain sight of death. To which she answered, not as a braggart but with humble sincerity: "No one is very glad to die; but it is true that God has given me the grace to be less troubled by it than others."

The king then, urged by himself and by the necessity of finding remedies for the queen-mother's malady, spoke to her of giving up Gendron. She resolved to do so at once, seeing the bad state of her cancer, which, far from being hardened as he had promised, was now open on all sides,

and in several places her breast was full of holes. In this extremity, and following the advice of the doctors, she put herself into the hands of Alliot, at which many persons eager for her preservation rejoiced greatly; for they hoped he was able to cure her, or at least to make her live longer. But on being sent for he said that he found her too ill to be able to apply his remedies with hope for good success. The king, however, commanded him to undertake it and do his best.

After many consultations, the doctors decided that in order to apply Alliot's remedies it was necessary to remove the queen-mother to Paris; but the state in which she was seemed to make the thing impossible. The pain from her cancer was excessive, and the abscess was discharging purulent matter; she was weak, and the doctors themselves dared not hope she had enough strength in her to endure such fatigue with all its pains. No doubt they made her leave Saint-Germain because the king desired it. I have never been able to imagine any other reason; for those that they alleged were not good, because kings in all places, wherever they are, can be well served; and it is one of the advantages of their greatness to have persons skilled in all the arts to follow and minister to them when needful.

The queen-mother was therefore placed, lying down, in a chair covered with black velvet, she herself in a mantle of gray taffeta. She was put into it at the door of her room, assisted by the king, the queen, Monsieur, and Madame; then she was gently carried in the little machine, followed by her officers with cordials and vinegar to give to her if she turned faint. It was impossible for me to see her in that species of tomb without being moved by many different thoughts, all grievous, nor without making great reflections on human misery, which subjects to its harsh laws

and sufferings the chief persons of the world — often with more bitterness and less freedom than the lesser beings of earth.

In view of her feeble state it was thought, with reason, that the air might make her faint; but it was quite the contrary. She felt herself much stronger for it; and when she reached Nanterre and entered the great hall of the monks of Saint-Geneviève, where she stopped to rest, she said to us that she felt better. She even dined there with appetite, and ate of a chicken with a sauce in which there were capers. I mention this particular because I remember with pain, the joy we felt at the moment; for it seemed to assure us that her constitution would still have strength to resist the disease. We dined ourselves with the pleasure that hope gives to those who have feared a great misfortune which they ardently desired to escape; already we thought we saw that Alliot could do marvels.

Having resumed her route the queen-mother arrived safely at the Val-de-Grâce, where she had long desired to be. As soon as she saw herself in that saintly house she declared that she felt the consolation of it; and as she went to bed she said to the abbess: "Now I am content. Let God dispose of me as He will." That night she was very ill; the agitation of the preceding day had made the condition of her sore much worse, and on the following day gangrene set in. The doctors now, not content with being in Paris, found it troublesome to go every day to the Val-de-Grâce; and they all said that the queen-mother must be brought to the Louvre. In truth, I think that compliance again had much part in this, and that they urged their reasons with the idea that this return would not displease the king or the Court; for it was certainly a great fatigue, not only to the royal family but to the queen-mother's officers, to make such

frequent trips so far. I am persuaded, however, that if the king had believed that the queen his mother felt the pain she did in quitting that retreat he would never have allowed this violence to be done to her, and would have felt, no doubt, a horror of the compliance of the doctors, which deprived her of a consolation she had all her life desired. I myself hurried to the Louvre to await her arrival. On entering her room, which she did in the same chair which served to bring her from Saint-Germain to Paris, she saw me and looked at me with eyes which quickly made me know her feelings. I said, approaching her, that I praised God for seeing that she practised the virtues of the daughters of Sainte-Marie, the chief of which is to surrender their will in all things. She answered only by shrugging her shoulders and lifting her eyes to heaven.

On the 20th of August the queen-mother was thought able to bear Alliot's remedies, and he began, for our sorrow, to apply them on the 24th of that month; and the steadfast queen, issuing from one form of torture entered upon another not less violent, but which proved in the end more protracted. At first, Alliot, to accustom the illustrious patient to his cruelties, moderated the strength of his remedies; so that in the beginning there were short intervals when the doctors made the queen-mother hope for the success of the man's science. The flesh mortified and was then cut off in slices with a razor. This operation was shocking to see. It was done night and morning in presence of the whole royal family, the doctors and surgeons, and all those persons who had the honour to serve her and to approach her familiarly. She saw her flesh cut with patience and estimable gentleness; and she often said she never could have believed that a fate so different from that of other human beings could be hers; that usually no one

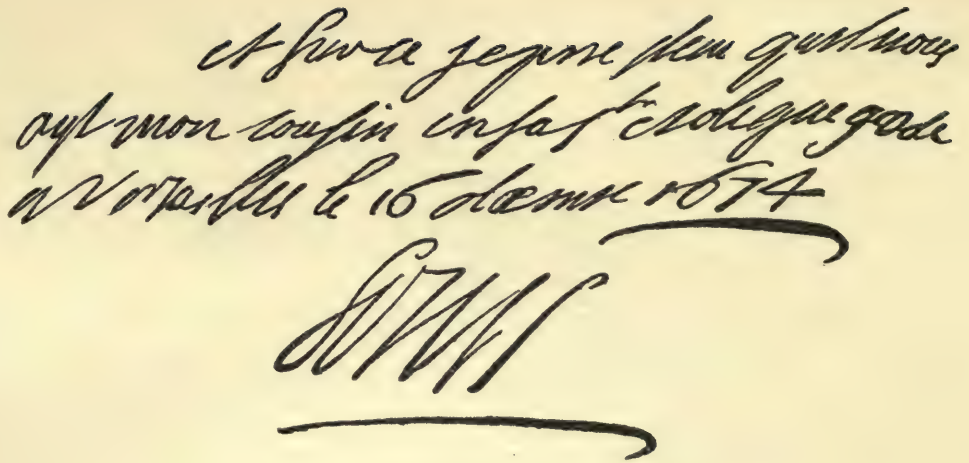
rotted till after death, but as for her, God had condemned her to rot in life.

Throughout this whole treatment she had suffered much; but her pains increased excessively when Alliot's remedies approached live flesh. She came at last to such an extremity of suffering that, having lost the power to sleep they made her take every night the juice of poppies. In that way alone could she get relief from her pain; and though it was easy to judge that this remedy would bring her sooner to death, it was impossible to blame the use of it, because this fatal soothing put a few moments' interval in the course of her suffering. There were, nevertheless, days and times when Vallot and Guenaud, after having so many times condemned her to death, said she would not die of her cancer. But they were mistaken in all ways; and never did I see them make a sure judgment on this illness.

XII.

1665—1666.

In spite of the ills with which the body of the queen-mother was overwhelmed, her soul, always occupied in doing good, made her constantly act for the benefit of others, whether in general, or for each in particular. As I knew she had kind intentions for the Duc de Navailles and his wife, whom she honoured with her esteem and remembrance, I spoke of them to her and made her see how kind it would be in her to protect them strongly with the king in order to bring their exile to an end. I engaged the Abbé Montague to serve them also and together we made the queen-mother resolve to speak of them to the king. This she did, and in the strongest manner possible. The king answered favourably as regarded the Duc de Navailles, saying, as he was accustomed to say, that he was a man of honour who had served him well, and that he would willingly consent to have him near him like all the other men of rank in his kingdom. But in regard to the duchess his wife, the king said to the queen-mother that he still did not wish to see her, and that he entreated her to ask nothing in her behalf. The queen-mother contented herself for the time being with obtaining the return of the husband, and told the king she would ask nothing for the duchess inasmuch as he did not wish it; but she asked him to be so kind as to approve of her sending word to the Duc de Navailles that he might return to Court. But finding, from my advice, that it would



(Fac-simile Letter.)

Louis XIV. to the Prince de Condé.

Et sur ce, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ayt, mon cousin, en sa sainte et digne garde.

Louis.

À Versailles le 16 Decembre, 1674.

be better if she ordered Le Tellier to do so, she sent for him on the morrow and spoke to him about it.

The minister, who had always made profession of a long-standing friendship with the duke, and who was usually in favour of things that were easy to do, seemed to receive this order coldly; and merely said in reply to the queen-mother that he would obey her. I saw Le Tellier when he came to receive the queen-mother's commands, but though I was fairly convinced of his good intentions, I did not wish to let him see that I shared in the secret, fearing to weaken this important protection in his mind. I therefore remained in expectation of the success which the queen's words might have produced. I contented myself by writing to my friends that they would soon have news from great sources, and that something of importance was to be communicated to them. I did not explain myself further because, never doubting that the queen-mother would be obeyed, I wanted them to be agreeably surprised by a courier from the king and herself.

The courier was never sent; and by all the letters my friends wrote me it seemed to me that it was intended to leave them peacefully where they were. When two weeks had passed in this forgetfulness I spoke of it to the queen-mother, who was amazed. The Abbé Montague went by her orders, to Le Tellier to ask the reason of this silence, and to say she thought it strange to hear no news of the Duc de Navailles. Le Tellier seemed surprised at this message, and said that he had represented to the queen-mother the bad effect that her good-will to the exiled duke would have, owning to the Abbé Montague that he had spoken to the king, but had not thought it best to do what the queen-mother had commanded, adding that he had advised her not to send for the Duc de Navailles. He told him also in confidence that the

king could not endure that dismissed persons should receive a favour from any other hand than his own.

I was not surprised at this sentiment; the king's spirit led him invariably to desire all glory for himself, following in this the maxims usually practised by all sovereigns. It is to be believed, moreover, that the minister, who was shrewd, and as interested in the preservation of royal favour for himself as the king was in the maintenance of his authority, had said to his Majesty on this subject whatever would please a master who wanted all matters to appear to proceed from his sole will. The fear Le Tellier may have had that he should be suspected of favouring the exiles may have increased his compliance to the king; for friends who will risk nothing are sometimes more dangerous on these occasions than declared enemies. I will not say positively that Le Tellier was such as I then suspected him of being; but as the Duc de Navailles was the one among his friends whom he liked the most, I think that he shared the king's maxims of sham glory, and approved readily of what passes among politicians for necessary shrewdness.

I rendered an account to the queen-mother of what Lord Montague had said to me, and told her of Le Tellier's answer. She, who in spite of her sufferings, was always diligent in the interests of those she honoured with her good-will, said to me quickly and with some emotion that M. Le Tellier did wrong in not doing as she commanded; that he was weak and a bad friend, and had lied (these were her very words) when he said he had advised her not to send word to the Duc de Navailles to return; and she ended by saying she should speak to him again.

She did so, and maintained to him that she had the king's promise, and that she willed absolutely that he should send a courier to the duke from the king and herself. Le Tellier,

without refusing, made a thousand difficulties; he told her that he was the friend of the Duc de Navailles, but that it was not desirable for the duke's own interests that he should return so soon. The queen-mother settled the matter by saying to him: "Monsieur Le Tellier, the king my son is too honourable a man, and too reasonable, to break a promise he has given to me. I wish you to send for the Duc de Navailles, in his name and mine, and I permit you at the same time to inform him of all your difficulties, and tell him to choose between returning to see the king and me or following your counsels."

After this regal decision was given, two days after, which was on a Thursday, the 10th, in the evening, the king came to see the queen-mother and told her publicly that as he knew the good-will she had for Navailles, he had come to tell her he intended him for the command of the region of Aunis, La Rochelle, and Brouage, in place of the Duc de Nevers, who was then in Italy. The queen-mother received the news with joy. She gave the king infinite praise, and gave no sign of having spoken to him in favour of the duke. The whole Court praised the king, and everybody admired his generosity in pardoning a man who had displeased him, and in crowning him with benefits when he scarcely seemed to hope for forgiveness. The king himself sent a courier to the Duc de Navailles to take him, from himself, the patents of those great governments, which obliged the exiled pair to stay away from the Court, where he did not choose to have them. This clever prince, to prevent them from coming back and gratifying the queen-mother, had discovered this laudable invention, which was, in truth, very advantageous to the Duc de Navailles, satisfying in a certain way to the queen-mother, and glorious for himself. It would even be useful to his service, because the Duc de Navailles was well fitted to

serve him in that important post, where a faithful man, and one capable of great things was needed.

It can be seen by this action of the king how covetous he was of glory, because he would not leave even a crumb of it to his mother. This was being too greedy; but the hunger which caused such gluttony, faulty as it is, has ever been remarked in all great princes, and has been the source of many of their finest actions. The king desired to hold the nobles of his kingdom bound to him by his favours; he wanted to gather everything around himself; and we can see by his conduct on this occasion that the craftiness of Louis XI. must yield to his. It is, however, more honourable to him, being free from malice and followed by good results.

It was only necessary, to satisfy the queen-mother, that this shrewd and ambitious jealousy should be accompanied by sincerity; for she was capable of entering into all of her son's interests and incapable of having any that would injure him. No one, therefore, mentioned her in this affair, and few persons knew the part she had had in the noble action the king had done. I said to her one day as to that, in order to amuse her, that I had a mind to say out loud that she deserved to share the credit that was given wholly to the king, and that I wanted her to be praised as well as him. She forbade me seriously to speak to any one, no matter who, about it, adding: "What I wished to do is done; and done in a manner even more advantageous to those poor people; for the king, not choosing to see them here, has given them more than I should ever have ventured to ask him for. Thanks to God," she said a moment later, "I do not care about praise; I am very glad that the king should have it all; I hope he may live virtuously enough to deserve it."

The news of the death of the King of Spain reached the

Court on the 27th of September, he having died on the 17th of that month. His life had been a most unhappy one; but he had known how to profit in his last years by his afflictions, his losses, and his maladies, having made, in all those things, a continual sacrifice to divine justice, in order to escape by such penances the just punishment of his sins and debauchery, both public and private. By his example he had done much to authorize vice among his people, who, at the present time are dishonoured by the excess of their licentiousness.

The death of the King of Spain may at once have occupied the mind of the king with the desire to draw his own advantages from the position in which Spain was now placed.[1] The Spanish king left behind him only one child, a son rather younger than the dauphin, and so unhealthy that it seemed impossible he should live. He was the son of a father suspected of many diseases; and the loss of his other children, gave reason to suppose that he could not give them health, for he had none himself.

But, as God gives to whom he pleases, this young monarch seemed, after the death of his father, to have more than could be reasonably expected. It was written to us from Spain that he even seemed to have taken the crown with a prospect of not only life, but life accompanied by happiness; for when, according to the custom of that kingdom, they proclaimed him king, his subjects took it as a good omen that of two chairs which were offered him, one embroidered in gold and pearls but old and faded, which

[1] Montglat says that the *dot* of five hundred thousand gold crowns which the king was to receive as the price of his "renunciations" of the rights he held through the queen his wife, were not paid when Philip IV. died. Louis XIV., who had kept quiet about this during the life of the king his father-in-law, thought of claiming his rights to Brabant and Hainault after the death of the Spanish king. — Fr. Ed.

had formerly been used by Charles V., the other new and brilliant with rich embroidery, he chose the one of his illustrious ancestor, saying: "Was it used by Charles V.? Then, in the name of God, I will sit upon it."[1]

While the queen-mother suffered, and the queen shed tears for the death of her father, the king, whom the long illness of his mother had made less sensitive to the sadness of it, attracted by pleasures, let himself go readily to the enjoyment of them. The winter, which invites to amusements, brought the king and Monsieur, who believed that the ills of the queen-mother would not end soon, to consent, partly against their better judgment, to follow the promptings of nature, which instead of gloom wants joy. On the eve of the Epiphany (January 5, 1666) Monsieur gave a grand ball, and notwithstanding the affection he had for the queen-mother, he did not fail to take pleasure in it. The ball was preceded by a great supper, given with all the magnificence required on such occasions. The queen, who did not go to entertainments at this time, attended herself to the making of the king's suit, which was of violet cloth, because of the mourning he wore for the King of Spain, but so covered with great pearls and diamonds that it was marvellous to behold. Monsieur and Madame were also very splendidly dressed; for neither was unwilling to show their charm.

Monsieur had no passion in his soul that troubled him. Instead of loving the beauty of ladies, he liked to please them himself with his own beauty, and their praises did not displease him. He diverted himself in their company, but

[1] He reigned under the name of Charles II. Born in 1661, he was four years old when he came to the throne. He died in 1700, and bequeathed his crown to the Duc d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., who was Philip V. of Spain. — FR. ED.

seemed by his behaviour to have such innocence in his heart in regard to their sex that the most dangerous among them all lived with him and he with them as modestly as if he were a woman. This fête was given under the apparent necessity of entertaining certain foreigners of distinction, to whom the king wished to show the grandeur and beauty of his Court.

On the 6th of January the king and Monsieur were obliged to put an interval of two days between their amusements, for the queen-mother became very much worse. On the day of the Epiphany she had violent fever and a strong chill, after which another erysipelas appeared, which they say is the usual effect of cancers. The queen-mother being now in a state worse than death, it was thought that she must be weary of Alliot's remedy, which caused her incessant and intolerable pain; though she did not speak of it, and we only divined it. Many persons proposed to her to leave him and put herself into the hands of a man who came from Milan and had lately introduced himself into France with a remedy which he said was infallible for the disease of the queen-mother. The Spanish ambassador had written to Italy to know about him, and the accounts returned were not to his advantage; but he had treated a woman in Paris who seemed to be much better ever since she had made use of him.

The indifference of the queen-mother to all that concerned her life was so great that she seemed to have no determined will either to keep or to leave Alliot. When it was proposed to her to change, she said that another might do worse; and all that we could see in her was a firm resolution to endure suffering. She abandoned herself wholly to the will of God even so far as to abandon herself in all things to the will of men. Every one wanted to give her advice; but she took

none and seemed not to listen to any. Those who spoke to her of this matter she sent to the king, begging him to order it as he pleased; and he seemed to think of it with enough attention to let it be seen that the affection he had always felt for his mother was not extinguished in his heart. But the queen-mother was growing worse; and the doctors who, shortly before, during a good interval, had said that she would not die of her cancer, now despaired, and not knowing what more to do, urged her to employ the Milanese. She consented immediately, without showing either hope or fear or repugnance; and on the 9th of January, this man began to apply his remedies; but they had no other effect than to hasten her death.

On this day there was a wedding at the Palais-Royal, of one of Madame's maids of honour, named d'Artigny, the confidant of the king and Mademoiselle de La Vallière. The king gave her considerable sums of money and married her to the Comte du Roule, giving him great advantages also. She had reason, according to the false maxims of the world, to esteem herself fortunate in having been the confidant of the king's secrets; for, from being poor and crushed by ill-fortune, she became a great lady.

After the wedding at the Palais-Royal came a fête given by the Duc de Créqui, a relation of the Comte du Roule, a ball, a comedy, and a supper. The queen, who on that evening was alone with the queen-mother, not being able, on account, as I have said, of her mourning, to be present at any amusement, murmured against this fête; it displeased her more than all the others, because of the part that Mademoiselle de La Vallière had in it; for the favours done to her friend d'Artigny had their rise in her. The queen-mother, with her usual gentleness, replied to the queen that she must pardon the excitements of youth; but from

the manner in which she said it, I saw clearly that her heart was not in harmony with her prudence.

The day after this wedding, which took place on the 10th of January, the queen-mother's fever, which had lessened on the previous day, redoubled after a great chill which lasted a long time. In spite of this unfortunate change, the king and Monsieur went to the theatre with the bride. That evening, the doctors found the queen-mother's fever so high and her pulse so bad that they judged it necessary to bleed her. She sent at once for the king. He came, when the play was over, to see her; she having in the meantime been bled.

In this terrible state she passed very cruel nights, and the excess of pain forcing her at times to sigh now and then, we could hear her saying: "Alas! Lord, I complain; yet you will me to suffer." After she employed the Milanese her martyrdom was increased by the odour that came from her cancer. This suffering was repugnant to her nature, and we may say with truth that this evil alone was too great for her to bear. One of those days when she complained of this discomfort, I being alone with her, she said to me in a low voice: "God wills to punish me in this way for having had too much vanity and for loving the beauty of my body too well."

On the night of the 15th she was very ill. The pain was so great that she felt as if forced to shed tears, which flowed from her eyes abundantly. Mademoiselle de Beauvais, who watched with her that night, told me in the morning that the courageous princess said to her: "I am not weeping; these tears that you see coming out of my eyes, it is pain that forces them out; for you know I am no weeper."

The grief that I felt at seeing the queen-mother in such a state, on the 17th of January, made me leave her room and

seek, away from her presence, some relief to my distress. I went to mass at the Jacobins in the rue Saint-Honoré. There I felt what it is to lose one we love; but having recovered some strength in that place through the submission that every Christian soul must have to the divine will, I returned to the Louvre. When I entered the queen-mother's chamber, I found Monsieur alone with her sitting by her pillow. She was in one of her best moments; I mean the interval between the attacks of fever. She was slightly better than in the morning, because she had dozed for a few moments.

But her sufferings were none the less extreme; I knew it by her eyes, and in spite of her silence I saw her pain. I knelt down beside her bed, and as I was trying to feel her pulse she said to me these very words: "Madame de Motteville, I suffer much. There is no spot of my body in which I do not feel the greatest pain." Then, raising her eyes to heaven, she said: "God wills it. Yes, my God, you will it; and I will it also with all my heart — yes, my God, with all my heart."

Monsieur, tenderly touched by those wonderful words, began to weep, and the tears having come into my own eyes, I went away from her without replying. God was in her heart, giving her the patience and the piety which she needed; the reasoning of human beings could add nothing. Those who had the honour to be near her could only admire her; but that admiration might be dangerous to her perfection; it was better to be silent and thank God for the grace he gave her.

On Monday, January 18th, I went early to the Louvre. The queen-mother had suffered much; the fever and the cruel incidents of her disease were increasing rather than lessening. The remedy of the Milanese was so violent in

itself that it had consumed all the flesh of the cancer too quickly, and its vigour being lost, nature had no power to cast out the humour of the erysipelas. That humour lay between the flesh and the skin, so that her shoulders began to ulcerate; and as she was obliged to lie always on her back she felt much pain in them. She asked me to touch them. I found them already full of pustules, and I was amazed that she could bear so great an addition to her pains without a word.

I spoke to the doctors, to oblige them to apply some remedy. They promised to do so, and I returned to tell this to the queen-mother. That pious, unshaken princess, regarding herself before God with the humble feelings of a Christian and the sole desire to do penance, answered, her mind all occupied with God: "I have abandoned my body to the justice of God; men may do what they like with it." As men were fated to make her suffer, they put nothing on her shoulders. It is to be believed that God so ordered it to purify her the more in His eyes.

The Comtesse d'Ille having approached the queen-mother at this moment, the latter said to her that she suffered extreme pain; then, speaking of the misery she endured through the bad smell that came from her breast, she looked at her fixedly, and added, touching her sheet: "Ah! countess, cambric sheets! cambric sheets, countess!" She meant to show her by those words and pointing to her sheet that she blamed herself now for the excessive delicacy she had required for her person, when, being in health, she could endure no sheets that were not extraordinarily fine.

The next day, Tuesday, January 19, all the bad symptoms that were so soon to take her from us increased; but her love of cleanliness, which in spite of the nature of her illness never left her, made her desire towards evening to have her bed

made. She was obeyed with much difficulty, as she was very weak and very heavy. As soon as she was put back to bed the doctors, who saw that her pulse was bad and that she was sinking, told the king that it was time to make her think of receiving the holy viaticum. This was between five and six o'clock in the evening; and though she had never shown any fear of death, they thought it best to dress her wound before telling her of the state in which she was.

The Archbishop of Auch, to whom she had intrusted the care of the most important matter of her life, which was to help her to end it, now told her she had no time to lose, and that it was necessary that she should think of receiving the last sacraments. At this moment I was not beside this great princess; my grief obliged me to leave her at times, and the archbishop's speech which warned me of the fatal approach of death made me retire to a corner of her cabinet. Those who were nearer to her said that her voice changed, and that in spite of her usual firmness, the natural horror which all mankind feel at the sight of their destruction had its effect upon her.

If that were so, it could not surprise me; there are few heroes, philosophers, or even saints who have not felt that bitterness. But as for me, I can say with truth, that having returned to her one moment later I saw no change; and that if nature forced her to feel for some moments the loss of her life, her reason and her strength of mind surmounted very quickly those feelings in her soul, for, from that instant, no sign appeared in her of either sadness or fear. She had no pitying sentiments about herself; she showed no weakness in her words or in her actions. God gave her a firmness which, on all the great occasions when she had to resist either misfortunes or enemies, had never abandoned her. She was not deprived of it in these last hours when we must believe that

the hand of the Most High, which had always been her helper, now sustained and strengthened her.

The Archbishop of Auch brought Our Lord, followed by the Bishop of Monde, the rector of Saint-Germain, the Abbé Guemadeuc, and several other chaplains. The archbishop, holding the sacred Host, made the queen-mother a very Christian exhortation. She listened with a collected mind, and received the sacrament with a devotion worthy of the feelings of piety which she had shown all her life. The emotion of so sacred and important an action, added to the effect of fever, gave her such brilliancy in her eyes and such colour in her cheeks, that she seemed at this moment most beautiful to every one, and especially to the king, who was standing at the foot of her bed; so that he turned to Mademoiselle de Beauvais, who was next him absorbed in the service, and said to her in a low voice: "Look at the queen my mother; never did I see her so beautiful."

After this admirable queen had employed some time in thanking God, adoring him, and thinking of eternity, she desired her illustrious children to come nearer to her, and gave them her blessing and asked for that of God upon them. She gave it also to the queen for Monseigneur the dauphin, her grandson, and to Monsieur for his two children. She did not speak to Madame in particular; believing, as we imagined, that the sentiments of that young princess were so firmly established in her heart that it would be impossible to change them. These four royal persons threw themselves on their knees beside the bed and kissed her hands and wept; but (as I make profession of speaking the truth sincerely) it seemed to me that they did not weep as much as when they thought to lose her at Saint-Germain — or at any rate they did not weep enough. It is in the nature of time to exhaust everything, and the state in which she

had so long been no doubt diminished their sorrow; for inasmuch as her sufferings could end only with her life, it was really loving her to regard her death with a species of consolation.

All those who were in the chamber wept; but she who was so worthy to be regretted, seemed untouched by emotion at what she saw; she maintained a gravity in which there was something very noble. Her spirit was thinking of God only, who, reigning within her by faith, prevented her from feeling the loss of her life. The king was standing, weeping, in front of her. After she had remained collected in thought for some time, she looked at him fixedly, and said, with the majesty of a queen and the authority of a mother: "Do what I told you. I tell it to you again, with the Holy Sacrament upon my lips." The king, with profound respect and his eyes filled with tears, bowed his head and answered that he would not fail; and to this hour we are ignorant of what it was.

The Prince de Condé, beside whom I stood, and who was leaning against the baluster of the bed, turned to me, with an exclamation both glorious and honourable to the memory of this virtuous queen, and did me the honour to say to me: "I have never seen anything so fine. There 's a woman whose merits are worthy of eternal esteem."

After this action the queen-mother ordered the curtains of her bed to be closed, as if to recover her spirit and to think of what she had just done and of what was about to happen to her. Monsieur, who must be excepted from the number of those who did not weep enough, thought proper to open her curtains and say to her: "Madame, you have loved me so much here below love me still when you are above, in heaven, and pray God for me." The queen-mother, who had turned to the other side, hearing these words, feeling no doubt

that this eagerness of devotion and tenderness was ill-timed, replied coldly: "My son, I beg of you, leave me in peace."

After remaining there about a quarter of an hour she ordered her curtains opened and calling the doctor, held out her arm to him, saying: "Monsieur Séguin, feel my pulse; it seems to me that I am sinking." As he touched it, she said, "Is it not very small?" He answered, "Yes, madame." Then this steadfast princess, courageous to her last moment, said, in the same tone and with as much tranquillity as if she were speaking of a matter of little consequence, "I felt that it must be." She repeated the words twice; and knowing now that her pulse was falling, she said to the Archbishop of Auch with earnestness: "Ah! my God, do not let me die without the extreme unction. Let them fetch it immediately." They answered that she need not feel uneasy; on which she persisted, and said they must go for it; on which they told her it was already on the altar of her oratory.

After the queen-mother had received this last sacrament, she remained for some time in repose, and her eyes began, little by little, to be covered with the cold and gloomy film of death; but hearing the king's voice beside her, she opened them wide, and looking up with a sort of glad surprise at seeing him again, she said tenderly and with emotion, "Ah! here is the king!" After considering him for some moments, with an attention which seemed to come from her heart and soul touched by a natural sentiment that had roused her from the fatal drowsiness in which she had been lying, she said to him, "Go, my son, go to supper." The young queen having also approached her, she looked at her in a manner that seemed to me full of sensibility; but, wishing to detach herself from these royal persons whom she had so loved, she said in a tone that made me divine all that she meant, *Hija mia, vayase* — "My daughter, go away."

Yes, no doubt she was thinking at that moment how much the young princess would lose by her death in being deprived of her wise counsels, surrounded as she was by certain persons capable of leading her into paths of sorrow and discontent, which the passions of the king were preparing for her. No doubt she told her to go away because these thoughts were able to give her pain and fill her mind too much at a moment when she desired to think no longer of those so dear to her, although her heart had forced her to make this slight return to them for the last time.

The queen had always been much attached to the queen-mother; she had rendered her every duty; she was no doubt certain that in losing her she lost many consolations; but, apparently, the desire for primacy had found a place in her soul. A malicious female adulator, to insinuate herself into the queen's confidence, had already flattered her on the additional importance she was about to gain; telling her that, duty being no longer divided, she alone would be considered by the Court. Whether this feeling diminished the tenderness she had hitherto shown to the queen-mother, or that the long drawn out illness of the dying queen had, as it were, accustomed her to death, it is true that she did not seem to feel as much grief as she had formerly shown affection.

During the last moments of the life of the queen-mother it was told to me that such speeches as the above were made to the young queen by a lady who saw her familiarly; but I had reason afterwards to believe that those opinions did not convince her to whom they were given. About a year after the queen-mother's death I went one morning to pay my duty to the queen at her waking; and having thrown myself on my knees beside her bed to kiss her hand, she was touched, on seeing me, with a tender feeling that caused

her the keenest pain. She took my head in her hands and leaning hers against my face, she shed a torrent of tears, which, as they wetted my cheeks, gave me positive proof of the faithfulness of her heart towards the illustrious aunt who had loved her so well.

With regard to the king, his reason and his own feelings obliged him to have respect for the counsels of the queen his mother. But perhaps, not being able to follow them, they were beginning to embarrass him, for he loved and honoured her much; but, knowing the weakness of his own heart, so many combats to maintain undoubtedly annoyed him; and in that position it is to be believed that the strength of his affection for the queen-mother was insensibly lessened without his will having any share in it.

This is something that should humiliate every one, and console us all for the little consideration which on many occasions of our lives is shown to us, and the little regret which our friends and, perhaps, our nearest relatives may feel at our death. No one should think himself necessary in this world, because this queen was not so to her children, — she, who had always been so accommodating to all that she thought would please the king, the queen, and Monsieur and Madame; that is, whenever she was convinced that her compliance was not against her duty. The Comte de Las Fuentes, Spanish ambassador, used to tell her, to make her notice the difference between the queen and Madame, that the one was her daughter, and the other a veritable daughter-in-law; but it must be owned that at her death she who had held in her heart the place of a veritable daughter did certainly too much resemble a daughter-in-law.

But to return to the dying queen: after letting the king and queen feel her last tenderness, she began to sink entirely, and her lungs grew obstructed. She knew then that the

hour to quit life had come. She called Séguin, her doctor, and asked him if the cough she now had was not the death rattle; and as he left her without making any answer, she knew what his silence meant, and remained very peaceful. Little by little nature was seen to perish within her, her forces to diminish, her life to end, and her eyes to close forever on the things of life. This was on Wednesday the twentieth day of January, 1666, between four and five o'clock in the morning.

Immediately after this terrible and fatal event Monsieur embraced her tenderly. The tears he shed made visible his grief and how deeply he was afflicted. He was right; he lost in her for whom he grieved, a friend, a mother, a confidant, the one, in short, who could always soften his troubles. He left immediately to go to his own home at Saint-Cloud to pass the first days of his grief. The king sent after him to come and hear the will of the queen-mother and to take the key of her jewels. Monsieur returned a message that he entreated the king to excuse him, and to do all that he thought best; saying that whatever he ordered would be right and agreeable to him.

The king, as the one who was to regulate all matters, waited only so long as was necessary to fulfil his duties. He sent to ask Mademoiselle de Beauvais for the queen-mother's will, she having had the honour to be the depositary of her last wishes. She gave the will to M. Le Tellier, who read it aloud before the king and queen. The king said, at the clause which related to me, "That is done already." It is true that the queen-mother had had the goodness to pay me during her lifetime ten thousand crowns which she had done me the favour to leave me. She gave the same to the Comtesse de Flex, her lady of honour, to the Duchesse de Senecé, mother of the said Comtesse de

Flex, and to Madame de Brégy. She left to the Duchesse de Noailles, her lady of the bed-chamber, fifteen thousand *livres*, that lady having only lately entered her service. The king ordered what he pleased about her jewelry. He commanded that all the ornaments should be removed from her chamber; and then he went away to Versailles leaving the Comtesse de Flex and the Duchesse de Noailles near the body to do the honours of it.

I know, from persons who slept in the same room with the king, that he wept in his bed nearly the whole night. The next day, speaking to the Duchesse de Montausier of his mother, he said, as she told me afterwards, that he had the consolation of thinking that he had never disobeyed her in anything of consequence; and, continuing to speak of her noble qualities, he added, that the queen his mother was not only a great queen, but that she deserved to be put in the rank of the greatest kings — a eulogy that was indeed worthy of her for whom it was made, and worthy, too, of him who made it. In her cabinet were found two thousand pistoles which the king had lately given her and which were now, by his orders, given to the poor.

Having now written the life and death of Anne of Austria, I think that I ought to end this narrative of her virtues by relating a thing which she did me the honour to say to me on the subject of these Memoirs. I made known to her one day, in the time of her good health, that I had written something about her, and that I intended, with the grace of God, to continue it. She answered as to that, in a tone that was truly humble, that I was very foolish to amuse myself in such an occupation; that she could trust me to say whatever I wished; but that the one thing she feared was that I should give her more praise than she deserved; for she believed that the affection I had for her

would prevent me from seeing her faults and making them public.

As I saw that she felt a true uneasiness as to this, I was constrained to promise her seriously that I would tell the truth, as much against her as in her favour; I even assured her that it was necessary to do so, in order to gain belief in the minds of men; who, by nature, love the truth. I told her also that as no human creature was exempt from faults, history could never please unless it contained both good and evil, and unless the faults as well as the good actions were equally set down. I assured her, moreover, that, according to my nature and my sentiments, I could not do otherwise.

That wise princess was content and satisfied with my answer; she assured me of it; and never after that did she show the slightest curiosity to know or to see what I had written about her. Never in my life have I known a person less eager for fame and applause. She made no parade of her noble qualities; she rarely spoke of herself or her feelings; they had to be drawn from her heart and her soul by the force of actions which sometimes obliged her to speak out. Her humility has been the reason why the excellence of her mind and the soundness of her judgment have not had all the fame nor all the esteem that she ought to have received from the public. If she had taken more pains to let their greatness be seen she would have won more praises during her life; but we may quote with truth of her this verse of Psalm xlv., which served as a text to one of the finest of the funeral orations that were made upon her after death:—

"Omnis gloria ejus filiæ Regis ab intus."

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